Oct 24th
1880

The past is gone
The present flitting by
The future is uncertain
Except that we must die

When hills and dales divide us
And my face no more you see
Remember Oh Remember
She who penned the lines on thee

Mrs
St Thomas

Let Byron rhyme no more
Let Scott lie in his tomb
Let Shakespeare stand behind the door
And give this poet room

M. M. S.

THE CANADIAN

SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN:

A CHOICE

COLLECTION OF HYMNS, TUNES, AND PIECES

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL, IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS;

ALSO,

FOR THE PRAYER MEETING, FAMILY, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

COMPILED, WITH GREAT CARE, FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

"Both young men and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord."—PSALM 148: 12, 13.

TENTH THOUSAND.

TORONTO:
A. & S. NORDHEIMER.

1871.

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PREFACE

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A CALL has come from many earnest Sunday School workers, in various parts of the country, for another Sunday School Music Book, containing the latest, as well as the choicest compositions. In response to this call we are happy to be able to issue THE CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN. This work is not designed, in any way, to supersede that admirable book *The Canadian Sunday School Harp*—which has now attained a circulation of 18,000 copies—but rather to follow up and occupy a similar place in the same field. The ORGAN is a compilation of some of the very choicest Tunes and Pieces, from the best sources, old and new. Selections have been made from *Fresh Laurels*, *Bright Jewels*, *Notes of Joy*, *Songs of Gladness*, *Songs of Devotion*, *Songs of Salvation*, *Standard Singer*, *Singing Pilgrim*, *Musical Leaves*, *Fresh Leaves*, *Hallowed Songs*, and various other works. To these have also been added a number of favorite Pieces, published heretofore only in the form of Sheet Music. To enable all to learn to sing by note we give the Rudiments of Music, in a very concise and simple form, so that he who runs may read, and learn to sing, even without the help of a master. The book will be found not only admirably adapted to the wants of the Sunday School in all its departments, but also to the Prayer Meeting and Family and Social Circle. Great care has been taken to select such Hymns as are scriptural, clear, pointed and practical, and to adapt them to the music; and, on the other hand, to reject everything in the shape of lame poetry, empty rhymes, and hymns of doubtful theology. It is earnestly hoped that this work will assist in cultivating good taste for music and greater love for the Sunday School; and, at the same time, be the means of conveying to thousands of our youth the truth as it is in Jesus.

S. ROSE,
A. SUTHERLAND,
C. W. COATES,
} COMPILERS.

TORONTO, May, 1871.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

THE NOTES.

How many different kinds of notes are there in general use?
Six, viz:, the whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note, and thirty-second note.

What is the form of a Whole Note?
It is a round, open, or white note,

What is the form of a Half Note?
It is a round, open note, with a stem,

What is the form of a Quarter Note?
It is a black note, with a stem,

What is the form of an Eighth Note?
It is a black note, with a stem and hook,

What is the form of a Sixteenth Note?
It is a black note, with stem and two hooks,

What is the form of a Thirty-second Note?
A black note, with stem and three hooks,

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—It is thought unnecessary to occupy much space with Scales and Exercises, as those are usually written on the black board by the teacher, and each one can best adapt his examples to his own classes.

Repeat the table of the relative value of notes.

Whole note = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16 = 32.
Half note = 2 = 4 = 8 = 16.
Quarter note = 2 = 4 = 8.
Eighth note = 2 = 4.
Sixteenth note = 2.
Thirty-second note

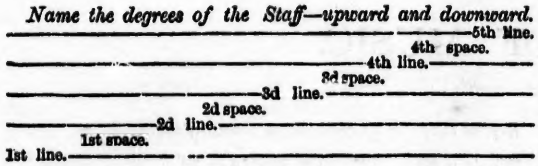
EXPLANATION.—One whole note equals two halves, four quarters, eight eighths, &c. One half note equals two quarters, four eighths, eight sixteenths, &c.

LETTERS, STAFF, CLEFS, &c.

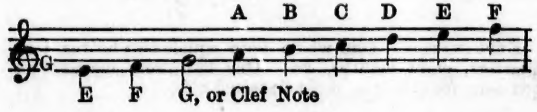
What letters are used in Music?
The first seven letters of the Alphabet, viz., A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The eighth, or octave, is a repetition of the first.

What is a Staff?
A Staff consists of five lines and four spaces, on which the notes are placed, and named regularly by degrees.

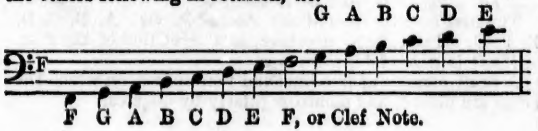
Name the degrees of the Staff—upward and downward.



How are the letters applied to the Staff?
By a Clef or Key, placed at the beginning.
What Clefs are in general use?
The Treble, or G Clef, and the Bass, or F Clef.
On what line is the Treble Clef placed?
On the 2d line, thus giving the letter G to that line, the others following in rotation above and below.
Name the letters on the Staff, commencing with the Clef note.

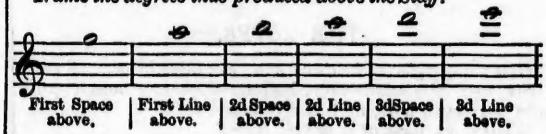


On what line is the Bass Clef placed?
On the fourth line, thus giving the letter F to that line, the others following in rotation, &c.

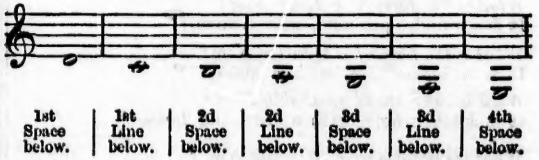


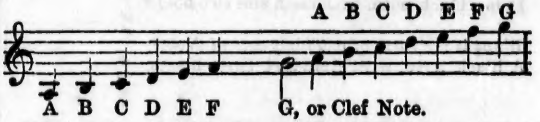
Where are higher or lower notes written?
On added lines, and in the spaces between them, placed above and below the Staff.

Name the degrees thus produced above the Staff.



Name the degrees thus produced below the Staff.





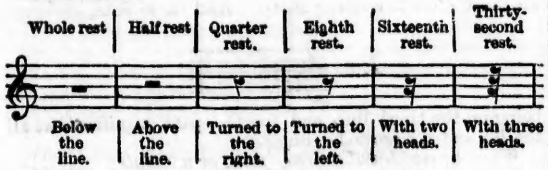
These Scales should be thoroughly committed to memory, so that they can be repeated with equal facility, ascending, or descending, taking care always to name the line or space before naming the letter.

RESTS DOTS, &c.

What are Rests?

Marks indicating silence, corresponding with the different notes.

Describe them.



What is the use of a Dot after a note or rest?

It adds one half to the length of it, consequently a whole note with a dot is equal to *three* halves, and a dotted half will be equal to *three* quarters, &c.

Repeat the table of dotted notes.

A dotted whole note, ○ · equals 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥

A dotted half note, 𝅗𝅥 · equals ♩ ♩ ♩

A dotted quarter, ♩ · equals ♪ ♪ ♪

A dotted eighth, ♪ · equals 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯

A dotted sixteenth, 𝅘𝅥𝅯 · equals 𝅘𝅥𝅰 𝅘𝅥𝅰 𝅘𝅥𝅰

What is a Triplet?

Three notes sung in the time usually given to two of the same denomination.

How is it marked?

With a curved line and a figure 3 over the notes.

What is the meaning of a figure 6 placed over six notes?

It signifies that the six are to be sung in the time of four notes of the same denomination.

TIME.

What are Bars?

Short lines drawn across the Staff to divide the music into equal parts. The music between two of these is also called a bar, or measure.

How many sorts of Time are there?

Two—Common time, and Triple time.

How are they distinguished?

If there is an even number of parts in a bar, it is common time—if an odd number, it is triple time.

Where is the time marked?

At the beginning of every piece of music.

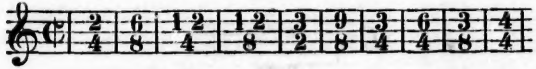
In what manner?

By figures placed in the form of a fraction, which refer to the whole note.

How do the figures refer to the whole note?

As a fraction refers to a whole number, viz., the lower figure, or denominator, shows into how many parts the whole note is divided, and the upper figure, or numerator, shows how many of those parts shall be in a measure.

Explain the following marks of time, showing which are common and which triple.



REMARK.—The 𝄵, at the commencement of the above example, signifies common time; expressing the value of a whole note, or four quarters in a bar.

Is it necessary to count the time exactly as marked by the figures?

No. Two quarters may be counted as four eighths—four quarters as eight eighths.

INTERVALS, SHARPS, FLATS, &c.

What is an Interval?

The difference, or distance, between two sounds.

What is the smallest Interval?

A semitone, or half tone.

What is the use of the Sharp?

A sharp, placed before a note, raises it one semitone.

What is the use of a Flat?

A flat placed before a note, lowers it one semitone.

What is the use of a Natural? (♮)

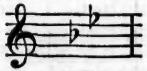
It restores a note that has been raised by a sharp, or lowered by a flat, to its former position again.

What is the meaning of flats and sharps at the beginning of a piece of music?

They affect all notes of corresponding letters throughout the piece.

Ex.

This sharp, being placed on the fifth line, signifies that all the F's are to be sung sharp. And these flats,

Ex. 

being on the third line, and fourth space, signifies that all the B's and E's are to be sung flat.

What are accidental sharps, flats, or naturals?

Those occurring in the piece, but not marked at the beginning.

How long does the influence of an accidental last?

It affects all notes of the same letter in the measure.

Does an accidental ever affect notes in the next measure?

Yes. If the last note of one measure, which has been made sharp, begins the next, that also is sharp. The same is to be observed of flats and naturals.

SIGNATURE.

How do you determine what is the Key Note of a piece of music?

Principally by the Signature, or number of sharps, or flats, at the beginning.

What method have you of discovering the key note?

Every key note is a fifth higher for every additional sharp, and a fifth lower for every additional flat, commencing always

with the key of C, which has neither sharp nor flat at the signature.

Name the order of keys with sharps.

The key of C has no sharp, G has one, D has two, A has three, E has four, B has five, F sharp has six, and C sharp has seven.

Name the order of keys with flats.

The key of C has no flat, F has one, B flat has two, E flat has three, A flat has four, D flat has five, G flat has six, and C flat has seven.

What letter is sharped in the key of G?
F.
What letters are sharped in the key of D?
F and C.
In the key of A?
F, C, and G.
In the key of E?
F, C, G, and D.
In the key of B?
F, C, G, D, and A.
In the key of F sharp?
F, C, G, D, A, and E.
In the key of C sharp?
F, C, G, D, A, E, and B.
What letter is flat in the key of F?
B.
What letters are flat in the key of B flat?
B and E.
In the key of E flat?
B, E, and A.
In the key of A flat?
B, E, A, and D.
In the key of D flat?
B, E, A, D, and G.
In the key of G flat?
B, E, A, D, G and C.
In the key of C flat?
B, E, A, D, G, C, and F.

MUSICAL SIGNS.

What is the use of double Bars?

They are placed in the middle, or at the end, of a piece of music, to show that a part, or the whole, is finished.

What is the use of Dots at a bar, or double bar?

They show that the part of music which is on the same side as the dots, is to be repeated.

What is the use of this sign? (𝄋)

It is used to designate the place from which the performer is to repeat. The second time it occurs, it is usually accompanied by the words, "*Dal Segno*," meaning "from the sign." The performer then returns to the first sign and repeats.

What is the meaning of Da Capo?

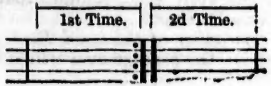
From the beginning.

What is the meaning of Da Capo Al Segno?

From the beginning at the sign

Why are the words first and second time sometimes placed at the double bar in the middle of a movement?

Ex.



The dots at the double bar show that the part is to be repeated, and the figures denote that the performer, in singing it through the second time, is to omit the bar marked one, and sing that marked two instead.

What are Tied Notes?

When two notes on the same line, or space, are joined by a curved line, over or under them, the first only is sung, and allowed the full time of both.

What is the use of a Double Sharp?

A double sharp (𝄪) raises a note two semitones.

What is the use of Double Flat?

A double flat (𝄫) lowers a note two semitones.

How is a single sharp or flat replaced, after a double one?

By a natural and sharp, or a natural and flat.

What is singing Legato?

Singing smoothly, and blending one note with the next; it is indicated by a curved line under or over the notes.

What is singing Staccato?

Separating the notes, and singing the notes short and distinct from each other; it is indicated by dots, or pointed specks, placed over the notes.

What is the use of a Pause? (𝄐)

A pause over a note, or rest, indicates that the performer may hold, or pause, as long as he thinks proper.

Why is a pause sometimes placed over a double bar?

A pause, or the word Fine, signifies that the piece is to end there, after a Da Capo.

What is the meaning of the word Bis?

Twice—that is—the passage over which it is placed, is to be repeated.

As one dot after a note increases its length one half, what is the effect of a second dot?

The second dot is equal to half the first; consequently, a quarter note with two dots, is equal to a quarter, eighth, and sixteenth.

In what manner is a WHOLE BAR REST *marked?*

The same as a WHOLE NOTE REST, be the value of the bar what it may.

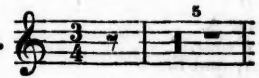
How are Rests for more than one bar marked?

For two bars rest, it is made from one line to the next; for four bars, one line to the next but one. Sometimes a figure expressing the number of bars is placed over the sign of the rest, and when the number of bars rest is large, figures *only* are used.

How do you count several bars Rest?

By naming the number, instead of the word ONE, at the first of each bar.

Ex.



These five bars rest should be counted

| 1, 2, 3, | 2, 2, 3, | 3, 2, 3, | 4, 2, 3, | 5, 2, 3, |

instead of always one, two, three.

Explain the difference between Melody and Harmony.

Melody is a succession of sounds. Harmony is a combination of sounds.

INTERVALS.

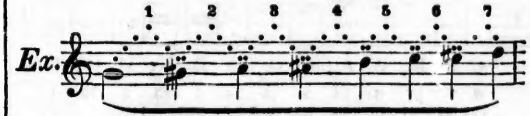
What is a Tone?
Two semitones—thus, the interval from G to G sharp is a semitone, and from G sharp to A is a semitone — consequently, the interval from G to A is a whole tone.

What is a Minor, or lesser third?
It consists of three semitones from the note named.

What is a Major, or greater third?
It consists of four semitones from the note named.

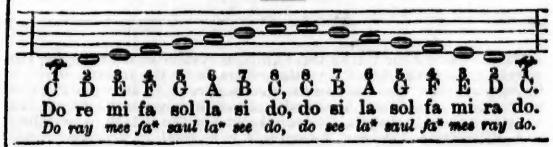
How many semitones has a fourth?
Five semitones from the note named.

How many semitones has a perfect fifth?
Seven.



It will be observed that all intervals are reckoned upwards from the note named, unless the contrary is expressed.

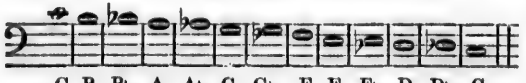
DIATONIC SCALE.



*Pronounce the a as in *ear*.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

C C♯ D D♯ E F F♯ G G♯ A A♯ B C
1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8
Do do re re mi fa fa sol sol la la si do.

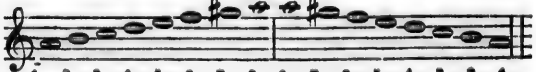


C B B♭ A A♭ G G♭ F E E♭ D D♭ C
8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1
Do si si la la sol sol fa mi mi ra ra do.

EXPLANATION.—When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c.; but, when naming them by letters, C sharp, B flat &c.

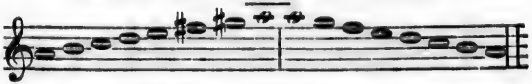
NOTE.—The author thinks the European system of not changing the vowel sounds in the chromatic scale, preferable to the practice so much in vogue, as many bad habits arise that require much after-practice and instruction to eradicate. Those who choose, however, can still use the old plan by simply changing the vowel sound of the syllable in ascending to E. whenever a sharp occurs—and to A in descending, whenever a flat is used.

MINOR SCALE—HARMONIC FORM.



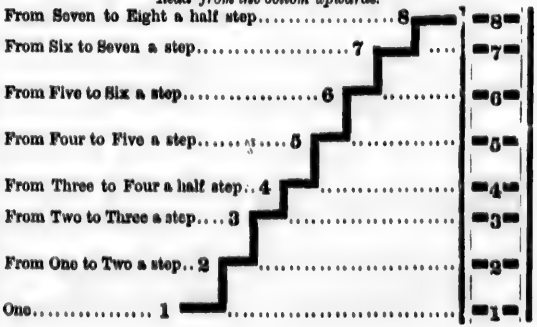
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
La si do ra mi fa sol la la sol fa mi ra do si la.

MINOR SCALE—MELODIC FORM.



THE MUSICAL LADDER.

Read from the bottom upwards.



EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A Capella, in the Church style.
Accelerando, with gradually increasing velocity of movement.
Accopiate, the union of two parts.
A Cinque, for five voices or instruments.
Adagio, very slow and expressive, admitting of much grace and embellishment.
Ad Libitum, at will or discretion.
Affanoso, with mournful expression.
Affettuoso, with tenderness and pathos.
Affrettando, accelerating, hurrying the time.
Agitato Un Poco, with slight agitation.
Agitato, with agitation, anxiously.
Allegro, a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto, somewhat cheerful, but not so quick as *Allegro*.
Allentando, decreasing the time.
Allonger, to develop, to lengthen.
Al Rigore di Tempo, in strict time.
Alto, counter, or higher tenor.
Amorosa, in a soft and tender style.
Ancora, once more, repeat again.
Andante, a slow and distinct movement.
Andantino, a little slower than *Andante*.
Animato, with animation, in a spirited manner.
Anthem, a musical composition set to sacred prose.
Appassionamento, with intensity and depth of feeling.
Ardito, boldly, energetically.
Articolare, to articulate distinctly each note.
A Tempo, in time, or return to the original time.
Audace, with boldness.
Bass, the lowest part in music.
Ben Marcato, well marked.
Bicinium, a composition in two parts.
Bis, twice, or the repetition of a passage in music.
Bravura, with vigor, with boldness.
Cadence, an ornamental passage at the close of a piece.
Cantabile, elegant, graceful, melodeous.
Cantata, a composition for one voice, with intermixture of air and recitative.
Canto, the highest vocal part in choral music.
Canto Recitative, the combination of an air and recitative.
Chorus, a composition or passage designed for a full choir.
Chromatic, a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda, a few bars added at the close of a composition.
Colla Voce, the accompanist must follow the singer in regard to time.
Con Affetto, in an affecting manner.
Con Anima, with animation and feeling.
Con Audace, with boldness.
Con Delicatezza, with peculiar sweetness.
Con Dolore, mournfully, with grief and pathos.
Con Energia, with energy.
Con Expressione, with expression.
Con Spirito, with quickness and spirit.
Counter Tenor, the highest adult male voice, and the lowest female voice.
Crescendo, *Cres.*, *or* (<), with an increasing sound.
Crescendo Poco-a-poco, to increase the sound little by little.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, from the beginning; finish with the first strain.
Decissimo, with greatest decision and firmness of touch.
Diatonic Scale, the seven gradations of tone arranged in conformity with some particular key.
Diminuendo, *Dim.*, *or* (>), with a decreasing sound.
Divoto, devoutly, in a solemn style.
Dolce, *or Dol.*, implies a soft and sweet style of performance.
Dolcissimo, with extreme sweetness.
Duet, a composition for two voices.
Dynamics, the various degrees of sound.
Eleganza, with elegance, gracefully.
Encore, an expression employed by audiences desiring a piece repeated.
Estro, elegance and grace.
Falsetto, certain notes of a man's voice above its natural compas.
Fine, the termination of a musical composition.
Forte, *or f.*, loud.
Fortissimo, *or ff.*, very loud.
Forzando, *or fz.*, the notes over which it is placed are to be boldly struck, with strong emphasis.
Fugue, a composition in which one or more of the parts lead and the rest follow in different intervals of time.
Gaiemente, in a cheerful and lively style.
Glee, a composition for three or more voices, generally in cheerful style.
Glissicato, in a gentle and gliding manner.
Grave, a very slow and solemn movement; deep, low, in the scale of sounds.
Gravemente, with gravity, dignified and solemn.
Grazioso, graceful; a smoothe and gentle style of execution, approaching to plano.
Guerriero, in a martial style.
Homophonous, voices in unison.
Hurtig, quick; a movement similar to *Allegro*.
Iambus, a musical foot, consisting of one short and one long note.
Il Passo Tempo, a short composition intended as a diversion.
Il Tempo Crescendo, accelerating the time.
Il Volteggiare, crossing the hands in plano music.
Imitando, imitating the inflections of the voice.
Imitazzione, a composition wherein each part is made to imitate the other.
Inquieto, perturbed, uneasy, with disquietude.
Interval, the distance between any two sounds.

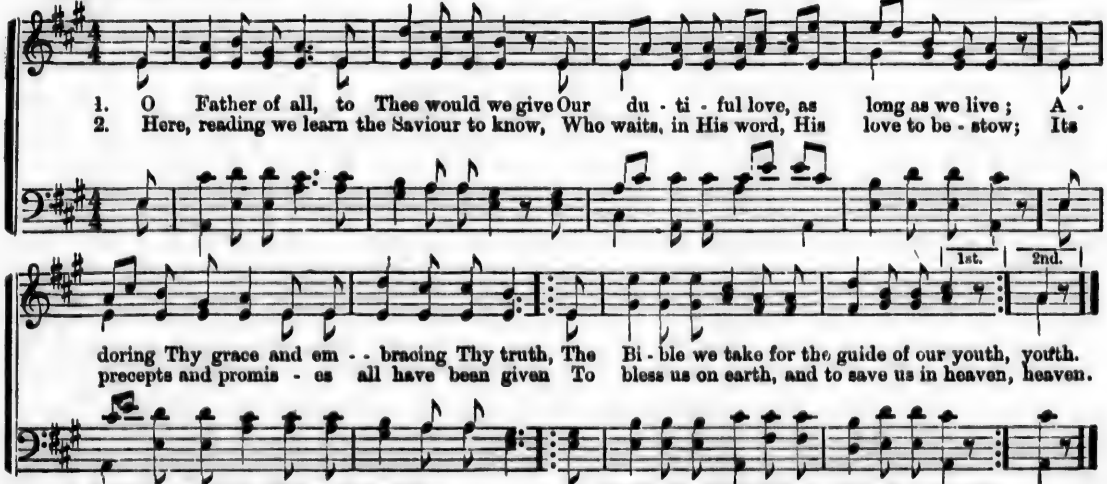
Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
In Tripoli, a composition in three parts.
Justesse, exactness or purity of intonation.
Klein, minor, in regard to intervals.
Lamentando, plaintively, mournfully.
Largamente, in a full, free, style of performance.
Larghetto, slow and measured in its movement, but less so than *Largo*.
Largo, a very slow and solemn movement.
Legatissimo, very smoothly connected.
Legato, a close, gliding style of performance.
Leggiermente, with lightness, gayety.
Lentando, with increased slowness.
Lento, or *Lentemente*, in slow time.
Madrigale, an elaborate composition for voices in five or six parts.
Maestoso, with majesty and grandeur.
Major, greater, in respect to intervals and modes.
Marcato, in a marked and emphatic style.
Medessimo Tempo, in the same time.
Melody, an agreeable succession of sounds.
Mestoso, sadly, pensively.
Mezza Voce, with a medium fullness of tone.
Moderato, between *Andante* and *Allegro*.
Motetto, a piece of sacred music for several voices.
Noblimente, with nobleness; grandeur.
Obligato, a part or parts of a composition indispensable to its just performance, and which cannot properly be omitted.
Oratorio, a species of sacred musical composition, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.
Overture, in dramatic music, is an instrumental strain, which serves as an introduction.
Orchestra, the place for band of musical performers.
Parlando, in a speaking or declamatory manner.
Pastorale, a composition generally written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, the style of which is soothing, tender and delicate.
Piano, Pia., or P., soft.
Pianissimo, Pianiss., or PP., very soft.
Poco Animato, a little more animated.
Poco Adagio, a little slow.
Poco Piu Messo, a little faster.
Poco a Poco, by degrees, gradually.
Poco a Poco Crescendo, louder and louder by degrees.
Poco a Poco Diminuendo, softer and softer by degrees.
Poco Piano, somewhat soft.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, first; as *Primo Tempo*, return to the original time.
Primo Tempo, at the point at which it is placed, renew the original time.
Quartette, a composition for four voices.
Quartetto, a composition consisting of parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Quintette, a composition for five voices.
Rallentando, a gradual diminution in the speed, and a corresponding decrease in the quantity of tone.
Recitative, a species of musical recitation. It was first introduced in the year 1600, at Rome.
Refrain, an old term for the burden of song.
Rinforzo, or R F., with additional tone and emphasis.
Ritardando, a gradual retarding or slackening of the time and tone.
Rotondo, round and full, as regards tone.
Sanctus, a part of the mass in Catholic service.
Scherzando, in a light, playful and sportive manner.
Semichorus, a chorus to be sung by only a portion of the voices.
Sempre, always; *Sempre Staccato*, always staccato or detached; *Sempre Forte*, always loud; *Sempre Piu Forte*, continually increasing in force.
Siciliano, a composition written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.
Soli, two or more principal parts played or sung together.
Solo, a passage for a single voice or instrument, with or without accompaniments.
Sonoramente, with a full, vibrating kind of tone.
Soprano, the treble or higher voice part.
Sostenendo, an even degree of tone throughout.
Sotto Voce, in a soft or subdued manner, in an undertone.
Spirituoso, with spirit.
Staccato, the opposite to *Legato;* requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance.
Suavemente, with sweetness and delicacy of expression.
Subito, quickly, turn over quickly.
Symphony, a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.
Syncopate, syncopated, bound together.
Te Deum, a hymn of thanksgiving.
Tempo, time; or the degree of movement.
Tempo Primo, return to the original time.
Tempo Marcia, in time of a march.
Tenor, the highest male voice.
Timoroso, with awe and timidity.
Treble, the acute part, that which, in general, contains the melody.
Trio, a composition for three voices or instruments.
Tutti, all; all together.
Un Poco Ritenuto, gradually slower.
Variamento, varied, changed, altered.
Vellutatto, softly and smoothly.
Velocissimo, with extreme rapidity.
Verse, one singer to each part.
Vigaroso, with energy.
Volante, in a light and rapid manner.
Volti, turn over.
Zeloso, with zeal; enthusiastically.

THE

CANADIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL ORGAN.

FATHER OF ALL.

WORDS BY MRS. J. M. PRAY. MUSIC BY MOZART.

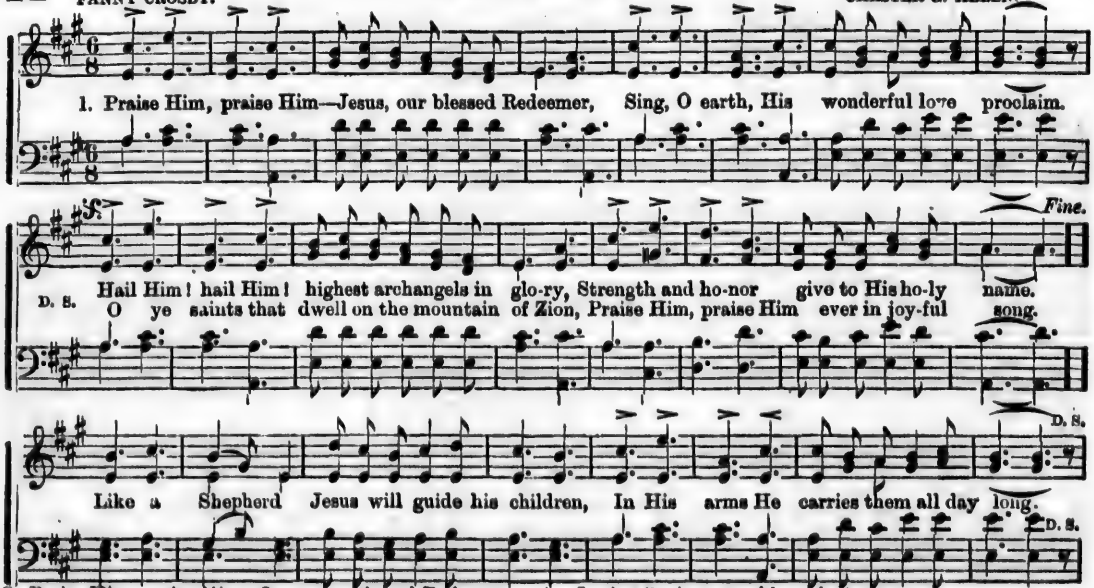


3. Salvation we take and burn to impart
The love that we feel transforming the heart:
Dear Saviour, O help us henceforth to proclaim
To perishing sinners the grace of thy name.

4. Our Sunday-school bless, and help us to win
The children, who now are walking in sin:
Speed on the glad time, when with joy we may say,
A nation is born to our Lord in a day.

PRAISE! GIVE PRAISE.

FANNY CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.



2. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the crucified.

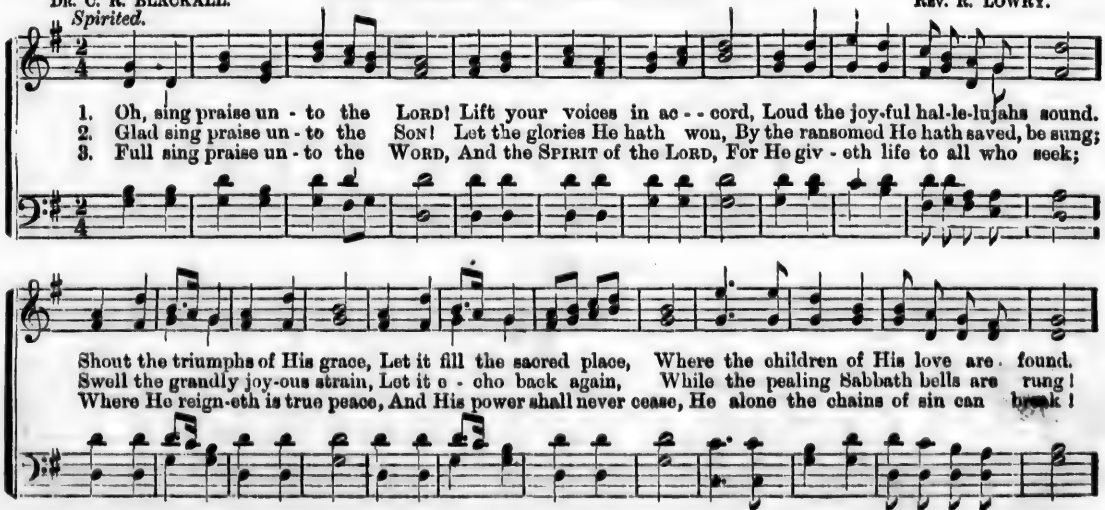
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

3. Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him—Prophet, and Priest and King.
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. REV. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.



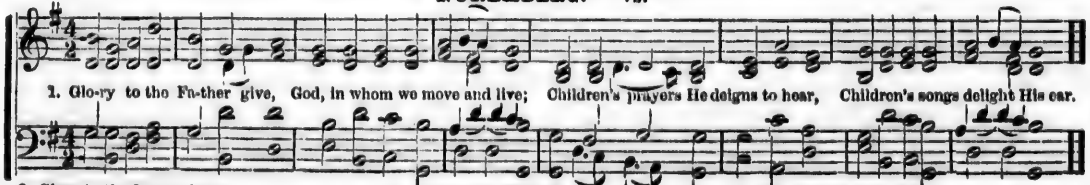
SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD, Concluded.

CHORUS.

Praise Him! praise Him! All ye children praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Children, ever praise Him!

With u-ni-ted voi-ces, Hear-ty hap-py voic-es, Ev-er, ev-er praise Him! Praise the Lord!

NUREMBERG. 7s.



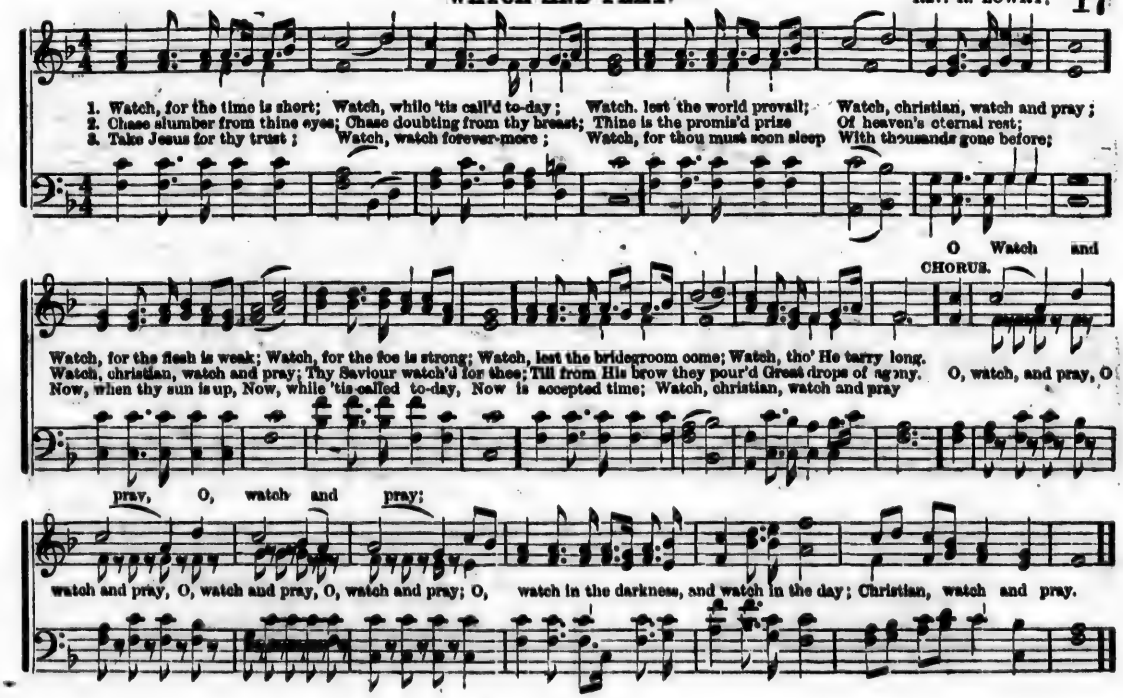
2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost.
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

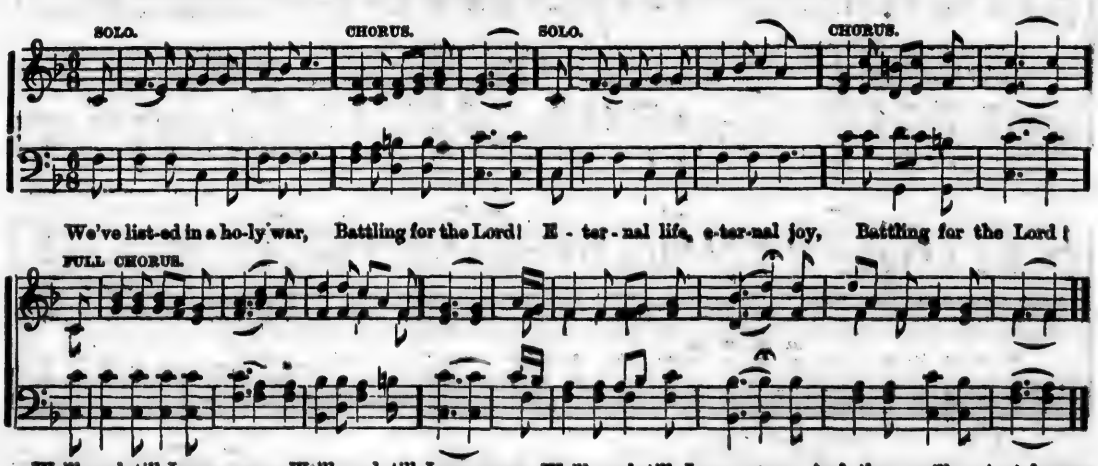
WATCH AND PRAY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

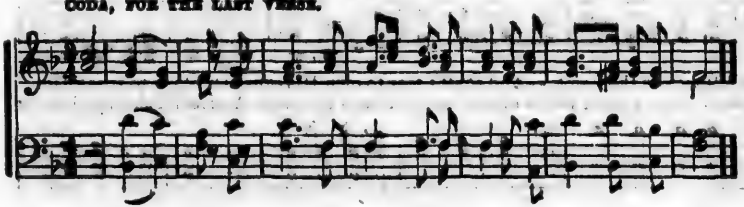
"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." T. R. PERKINS.



Under our captain Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, etc.

3. We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, etc.

CODA, FOR THE LAST VERSE.

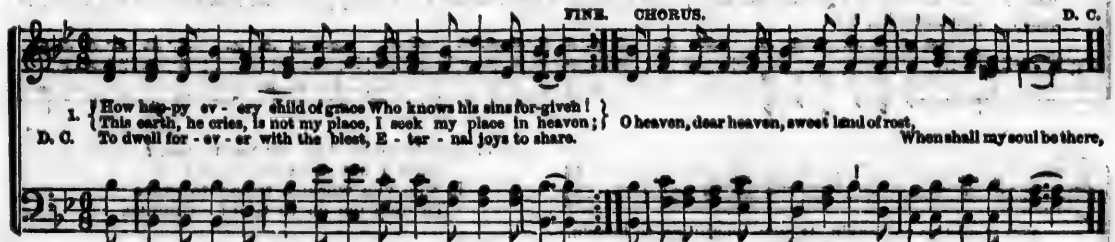


4. And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, etc.

5. Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!
We'll work, etc.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

SWEET LAND OF REST.



1. How hap-py ev - ery child of grace Who knows his sins for-given! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven; O heaven, dear heaven, sweet land of rest,
D. C. To dwell for - ev - er with the blest, E - ter - nal joys to share. When shall my soul be there,

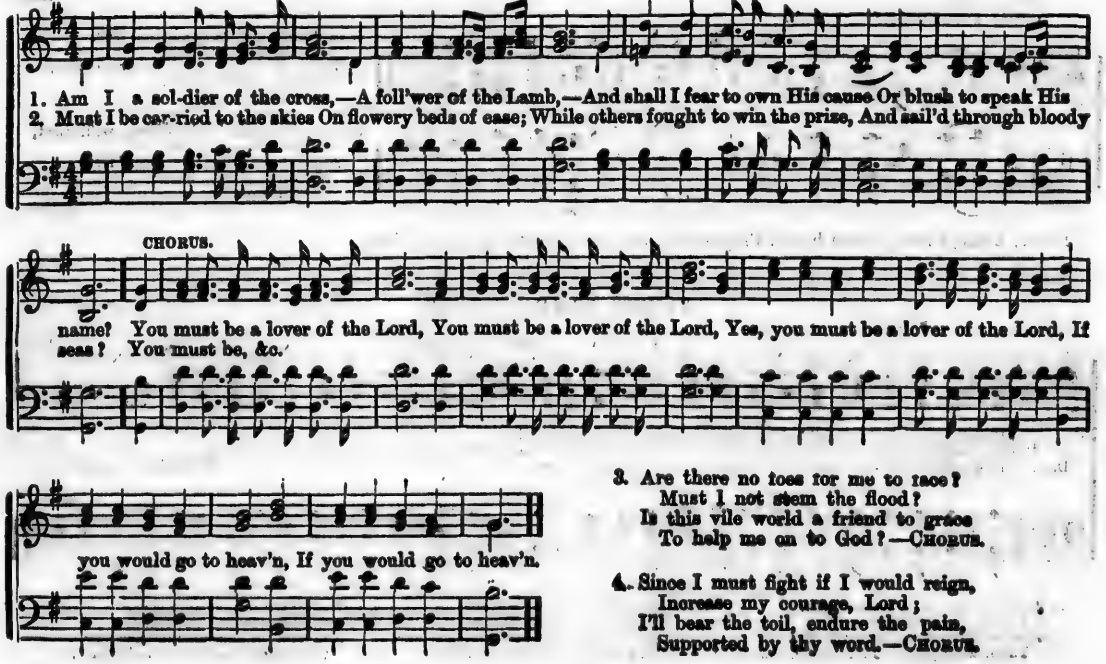
2. A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight—
The heaven prepared for me.—Chorus.

3. Oh, what a blessed hope is ours
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.—Chorus.

4. We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.—Chorus.

BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

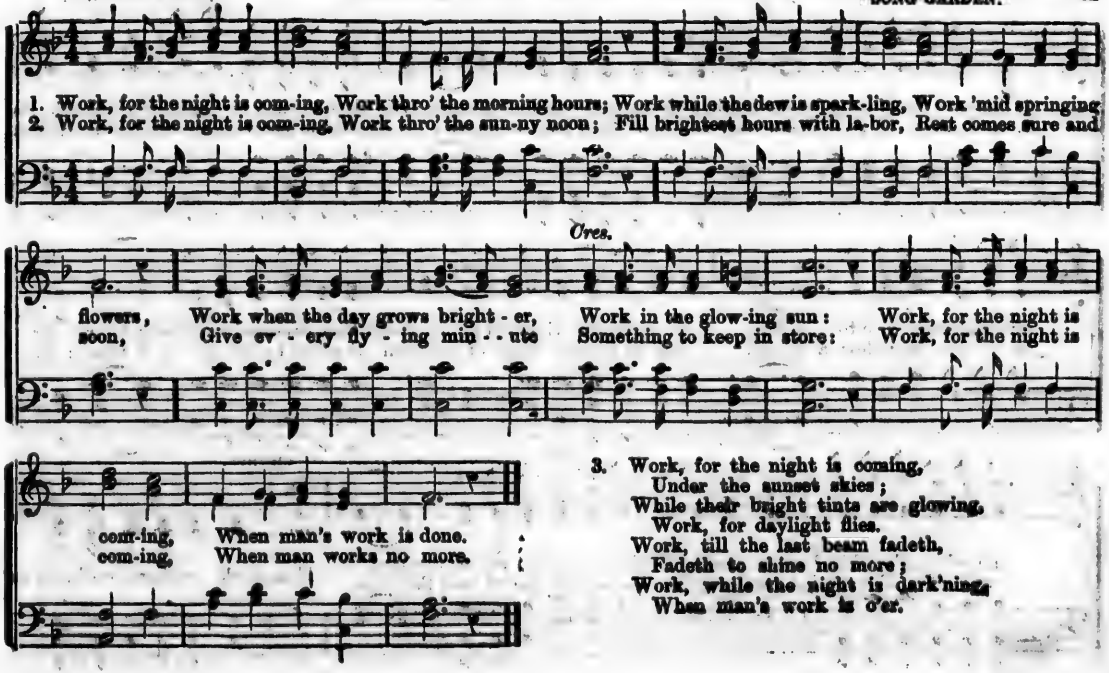
S. J. VAIL.



3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?—CHORUS.

4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—CHORUS.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

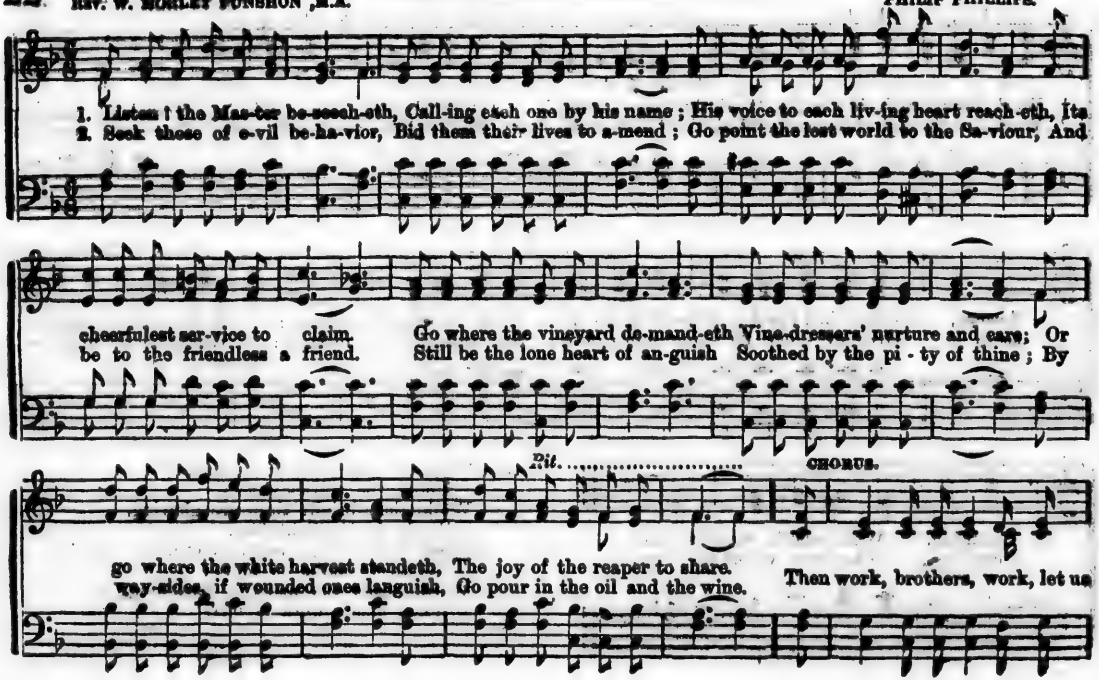


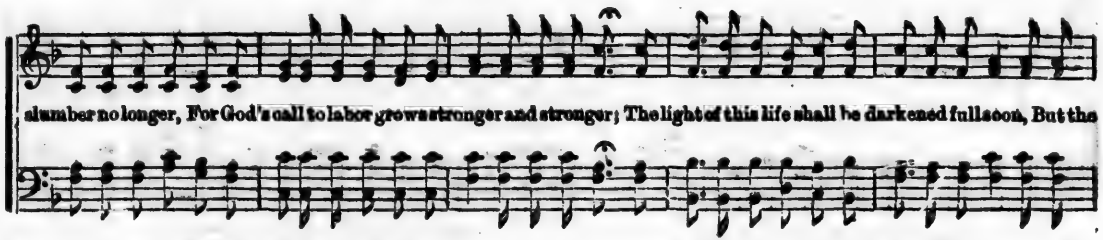
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





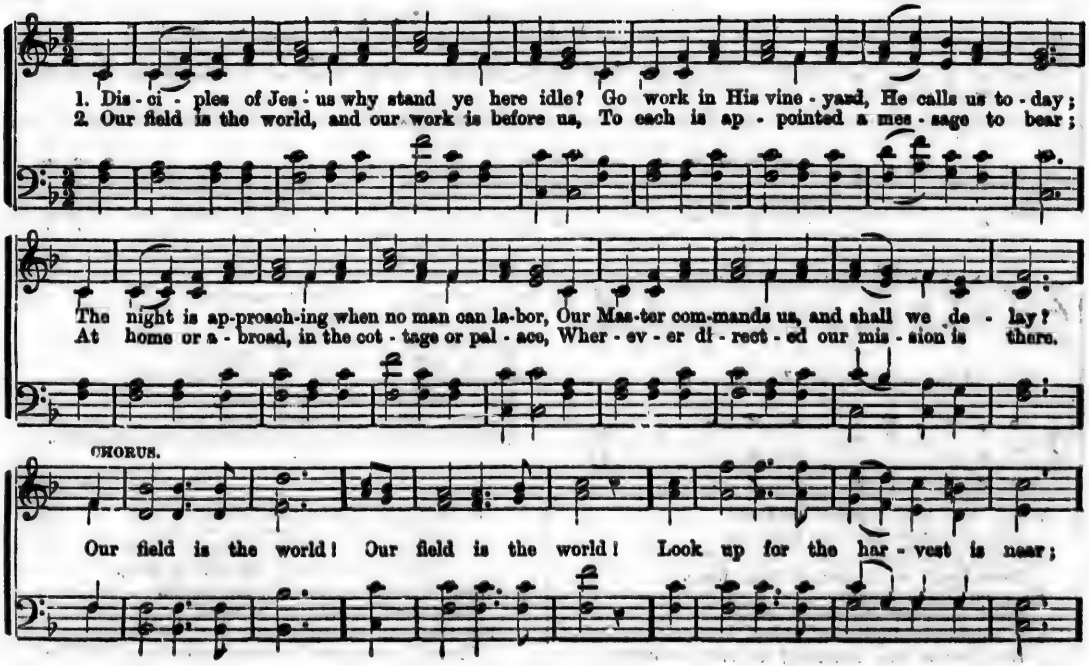
3. Work, tho' the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.—CHORUS.

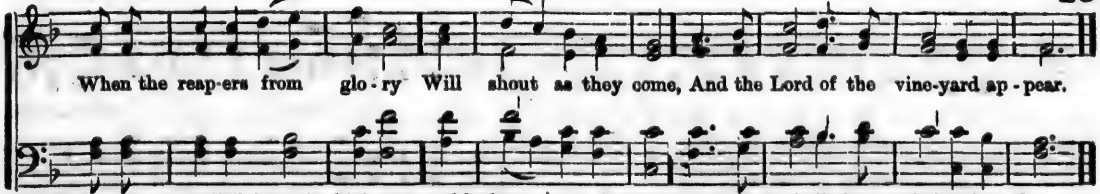
4. Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.—CHORUS.

5. Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its waiting be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.—CHORUS.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

PHILLIPS AND O'KANE.





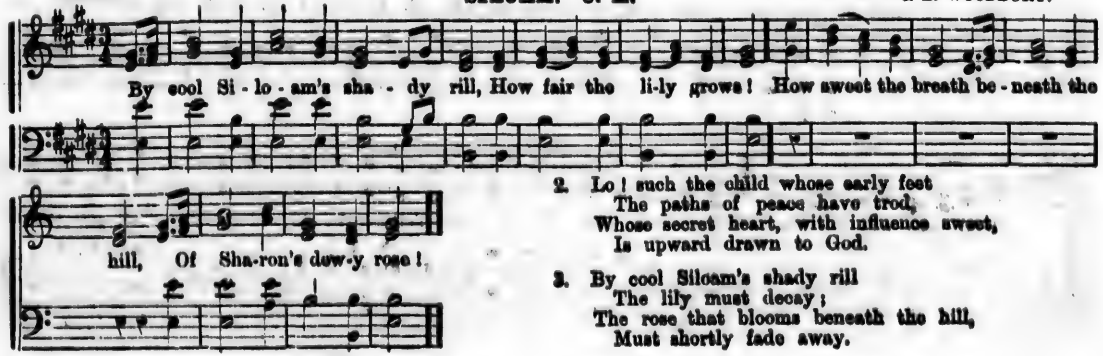
3. Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
Our field is the world, etc.

4. Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.
Our field is the world, etc.

HEBER.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

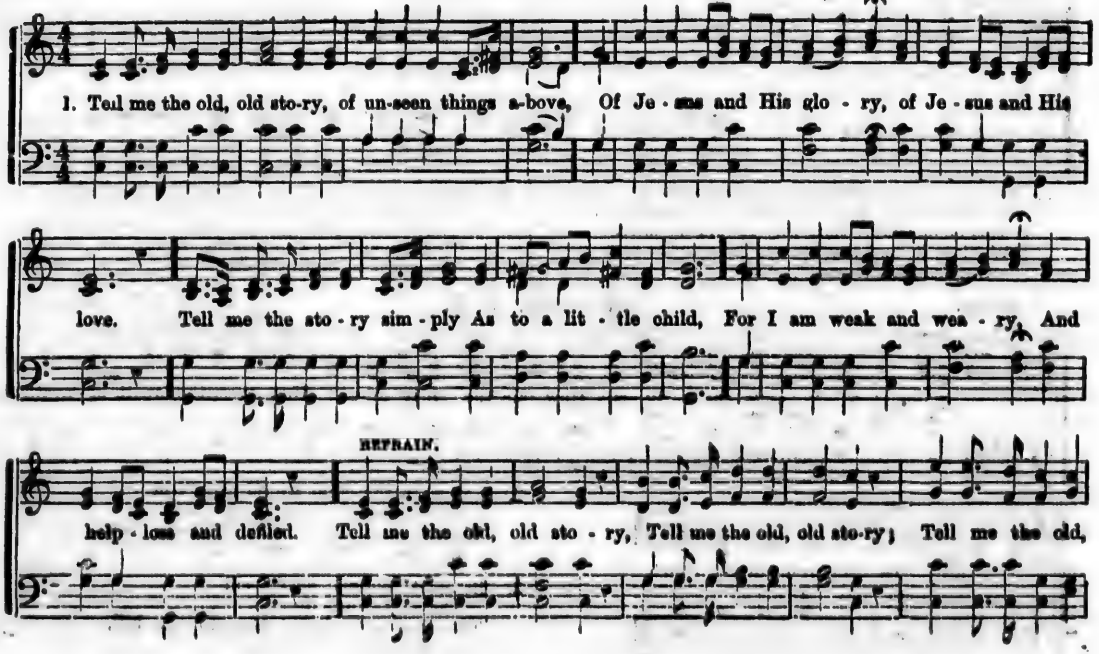


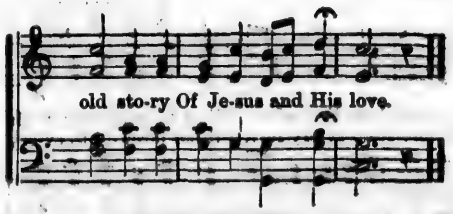
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.



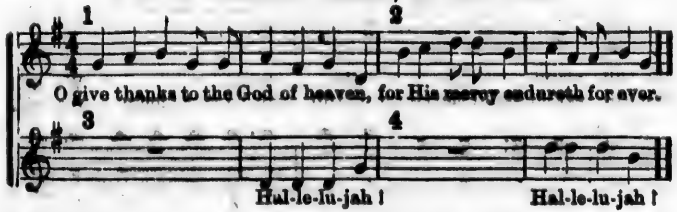


2. Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

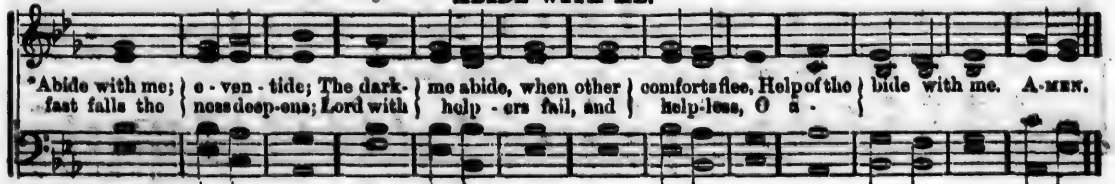
3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave:
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

O GIVE THANKS. (Round, in Four Parts.)



ABIDE WITH ME.



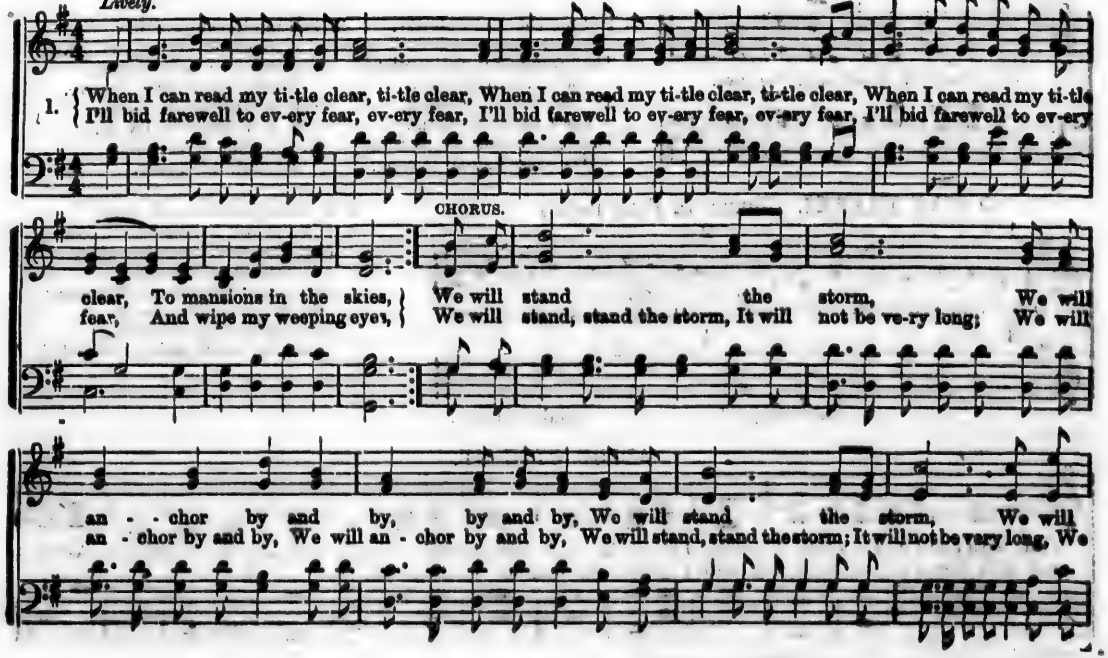
*For balance of Hymn, see *Sunday-School Harp*, page 62.

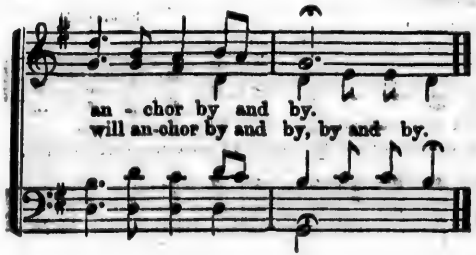
TITLE CLEAR.

Dr. WATTS.

Lively.

T. C. O'KANE.



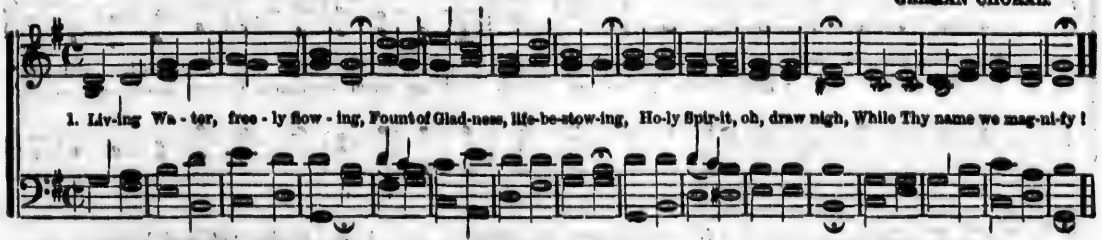


2. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—CHORUS.

3. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—CHORUS.

HOLY SPIRIT.

GERMAN CHORAL.



2. Full of grace from heaven Thou bendest,
And to lowest depths descendest;
Seeking, through a world of sin,
Souls whom Jesus died to win.

3. Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,—
Oblest Spirit! Thou art there.

4. When the Word of revelation
Glows with tidings of salvation,
Through the cross of Christ made known,—
There Thy saving power is shown.

5. Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that languish;
When his spirit finds repose,—
Comforter! from Thee it flows.

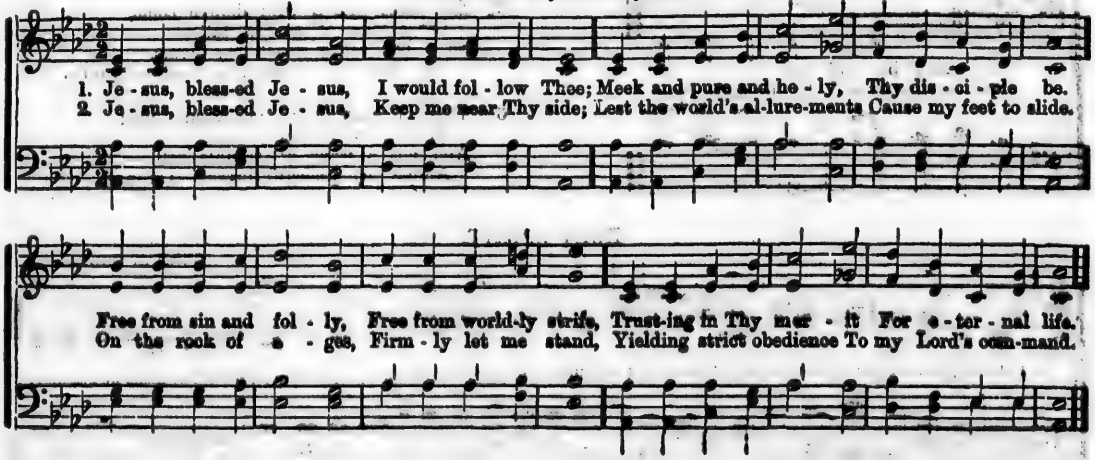
6. O Eternal Spirit! hear us;
Let Thy power and presence cheer us;
With Thy life our souls inspire;
With Thy love our bosoms fire.

7. By the Father sent from heaven,
By the Saviour's promise given,
Thee we claim, O Power Divine!
Come and make our hearts Thy shrine.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

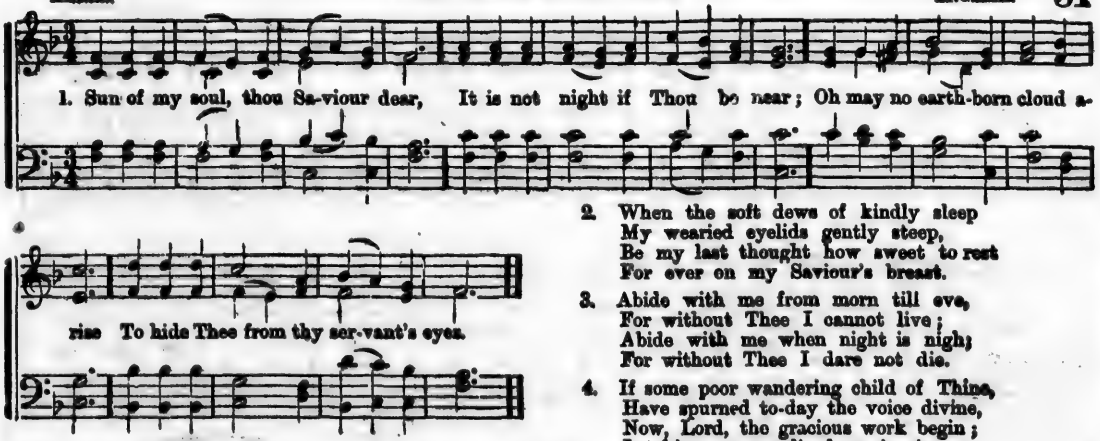
S. J. VAIL.



3. Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4. Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

5. Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light.
Light, serene, and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.



2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

WORK FOR JESUS.*

1. Work for Jesus, work to-day;
Work for Jesus, work and pray!
Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,
Banish each doubt and fear.—

CHORUS.—He will cheer thy fainting heart,
Give thee strength, and take thy part,
Casting on Jesus all thy care;
Thy Master will hear thy prayer.

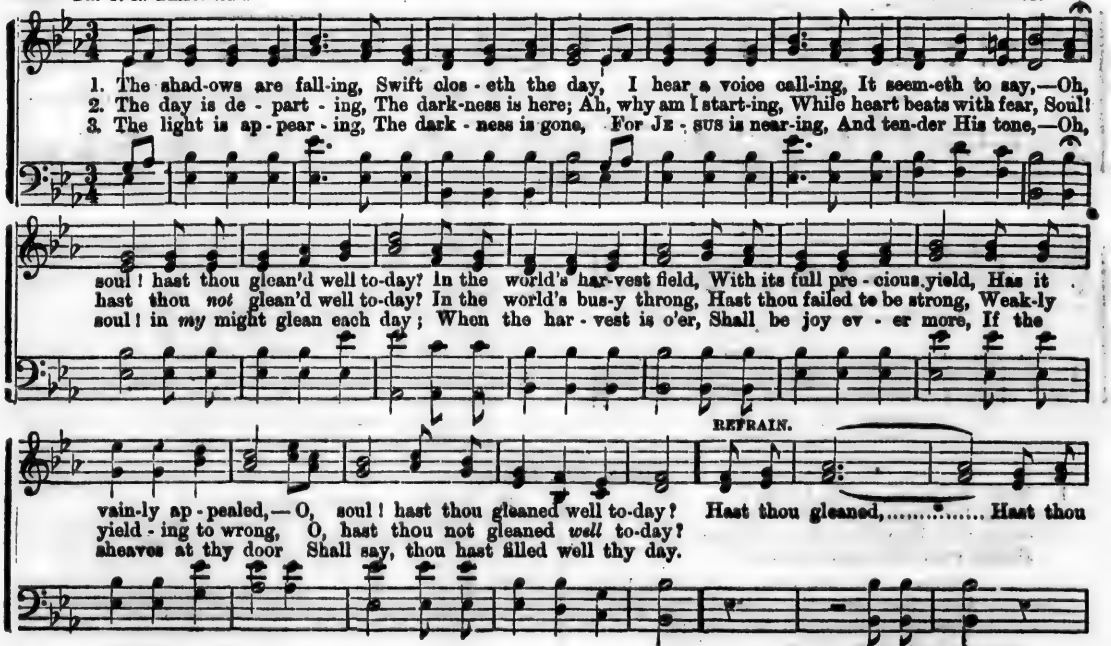
2. Work for Jesus in the light,
While the noon-day sun is bright;
Jesus hath called thee from on high.
Jesus is standing nigh.—CHORUS.

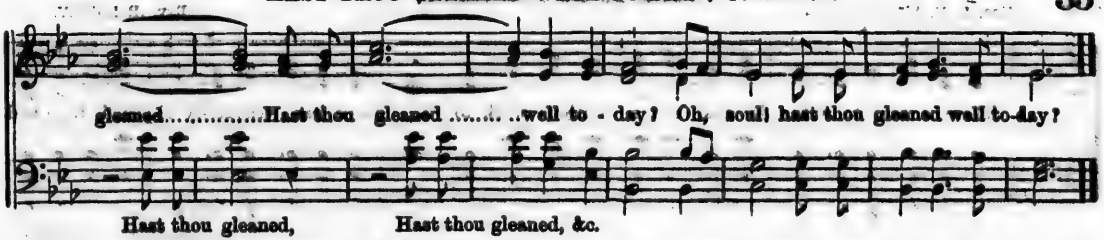
3. Work for Jesus; soon 'tis night,
Soon will fade the evening light;
Then, as sinks the setting sun,
Jesus will say, "Well done."—CHORUS.

* (Tune, "POLAR STAR," page 182, *Sunday-School Harp.*)

HAST THOU GLEANED WELL TO-DAY?

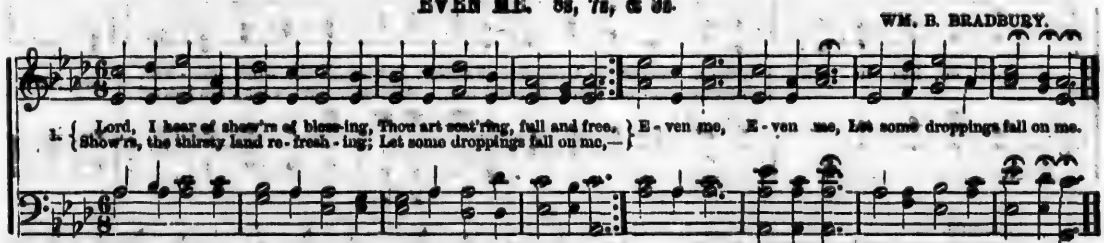
DR. C. R. BLACKALL. REV. R. LOWRY.





EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, & 3s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me!—
Even me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst Thou art calling, oh call me—
Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

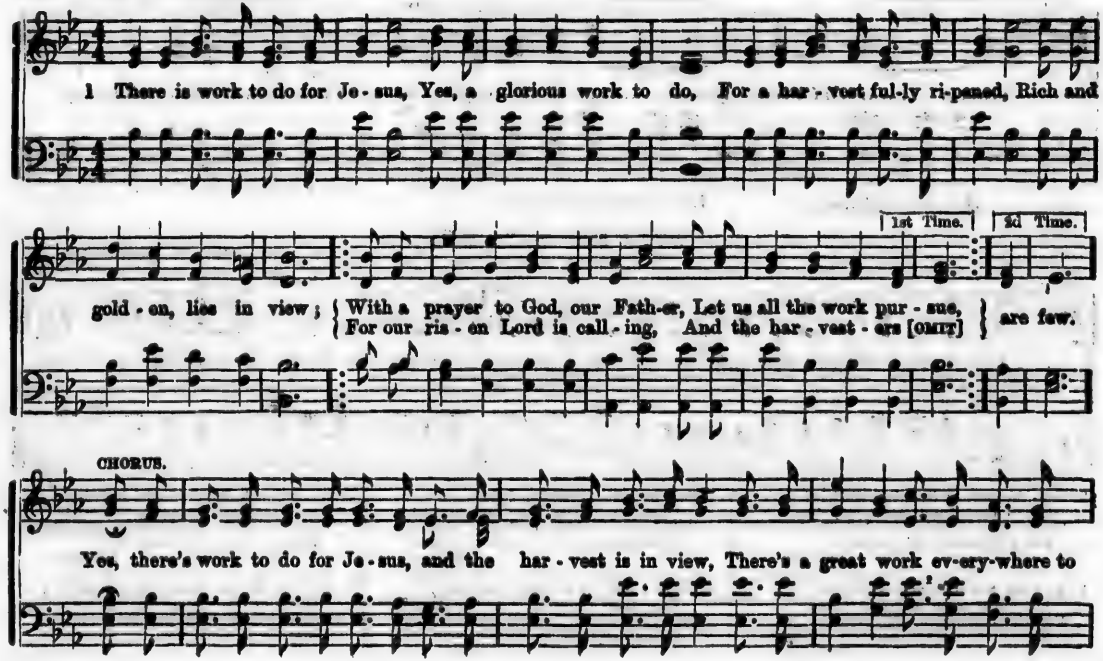
5. Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh forgive, and rescue me!—
Even me.

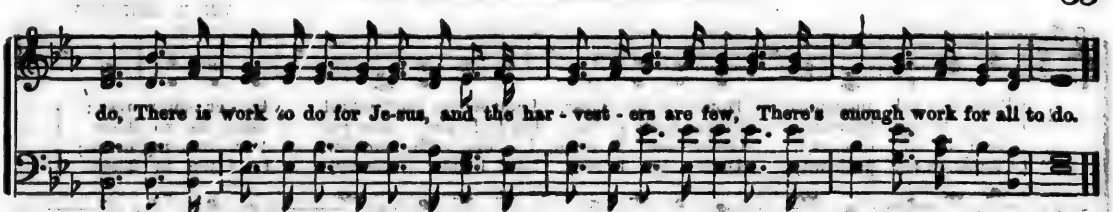
6. Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—
Even me.

7. Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

Mrs. L. H. WASHINGTON. Rev. .R LOWRY.





2. There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide on the way?
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest thy wages pay;
Go and labor in my vineyard
Till the closing of the day.—CHORUS.

3. Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appall;
For He claimeth our life service,
Till the shades of death shall fall.—CHORUS.

NO CRUMB FOR ME?*

1. Passing, Lord, by vale and mountain,
Highway, byway, through the land,
Bringing wine from Calvary's fountain,
Bread from God's free-giving hand:
None for me? None for me?
Saviour, drop one crumb for me!

2. On, dear Lord, pursue Thy mission
To the lost of Israel:
Yet give ear to my petition,
Pitying Immanuel!
None for me? &c.

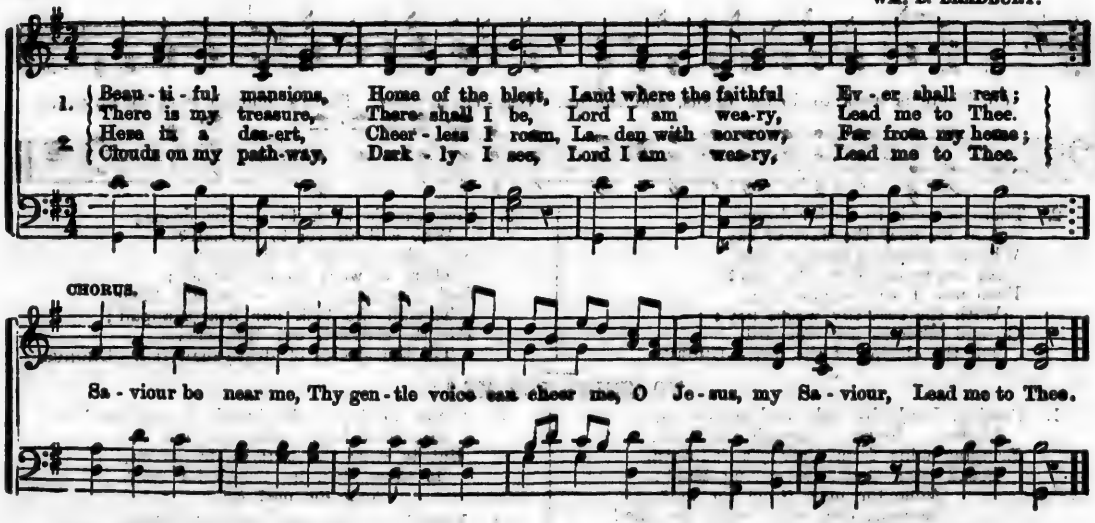
3. "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—
No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;
But to dogs the crumbs are given,
Is there then no crumb for me?
None for me? &c.

4. Wretched, way-worn, grief-o'ertaken,
Low at Thy kind feet I bow,
Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,
Jesus, feed me—feed me now!
None for me? None for me?
Saviour, drop one crumb for me.

(Tune "EVEN ME," page 38.)

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



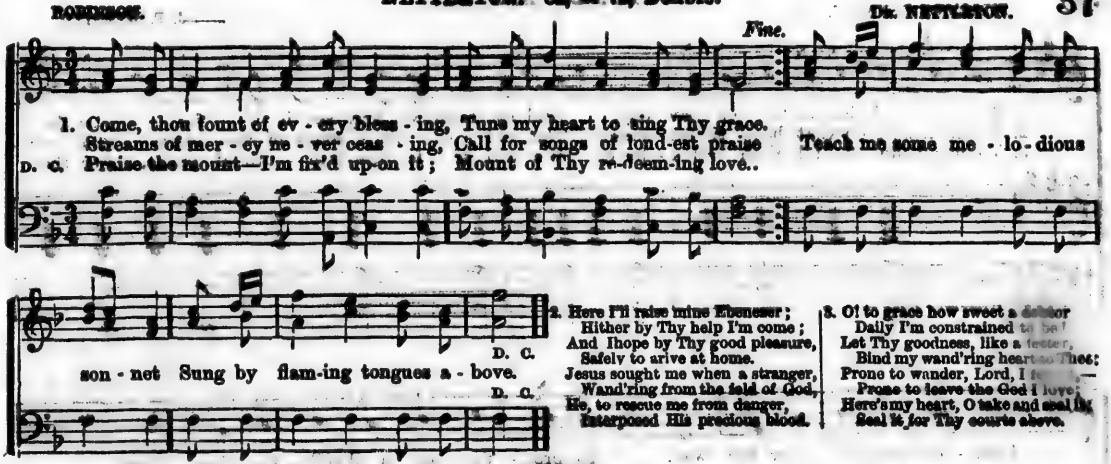
3. Thou wilt not leave me, Comfortless here,
Why should I doubt Thee? what do I fear?
Light in the distance, Breaking, I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.
Saviour be near me, &c.

4. Jesus I love Thee, Dwell in my heart,
Never, oh never, From me depart;
Hope like a rainbow, Shining, I see,
Yet I am weary, Lead me to Thee.
Saviour be near me, &c.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. Double.

ROBINSON.

Dr. NETTLETON.



PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.*

1.

Jesus lead me, Jesus guide me
In the way I ought to go;
Help an erring one to praise Thee,
Teach me, Lord, Thy word to know
Tho' my heart is weak and sinful,
May I bring it, Lord, to Thee!
Wash me in Thy precious fountain,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

2.

In Thy word I read the promise—
Ask for mercy and receive;
They who early seek shall find me,
Lord, I will, I do believe:
Jesus hear me, Jesus guide me,
In the way that leads to Thee,
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

3.

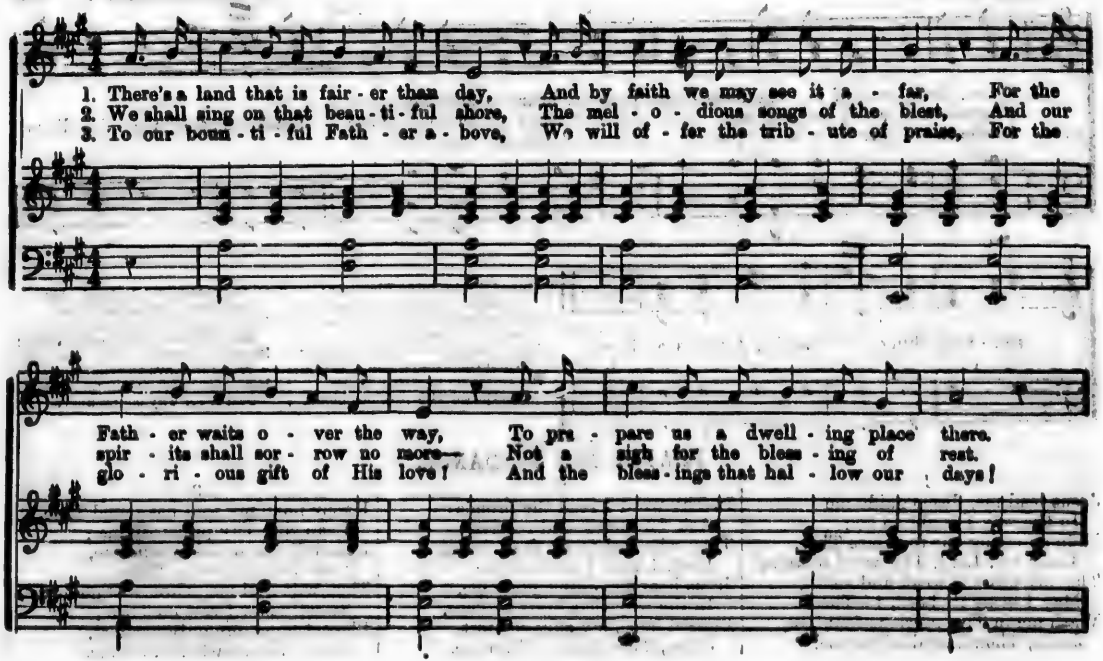
Happy now, my soul has found Thee,
I can sing Thy praise divine;
I can tell the world around me,
I am Thine, forever Thine.
Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt guide me,
Sweetly now I rest on Thee;
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

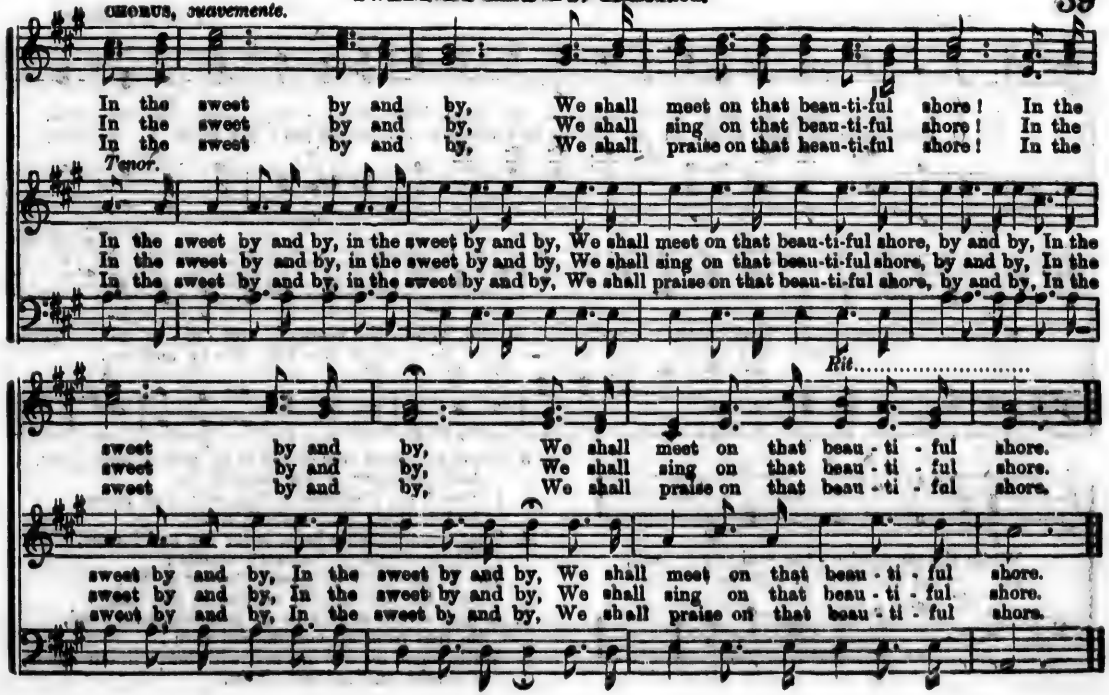
(*Tune, above.)

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

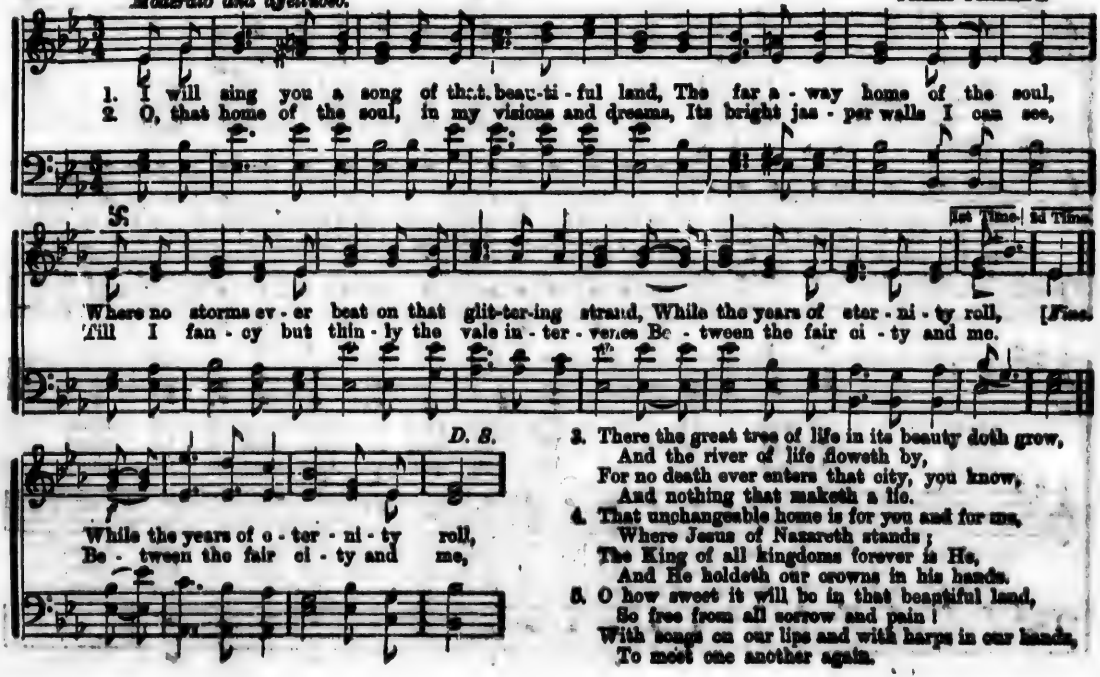
SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. WEBSTER.




CHORUS, suavemente.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore! In the
Tenor.
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti-ful shore, by and by, In the
Rit.
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.

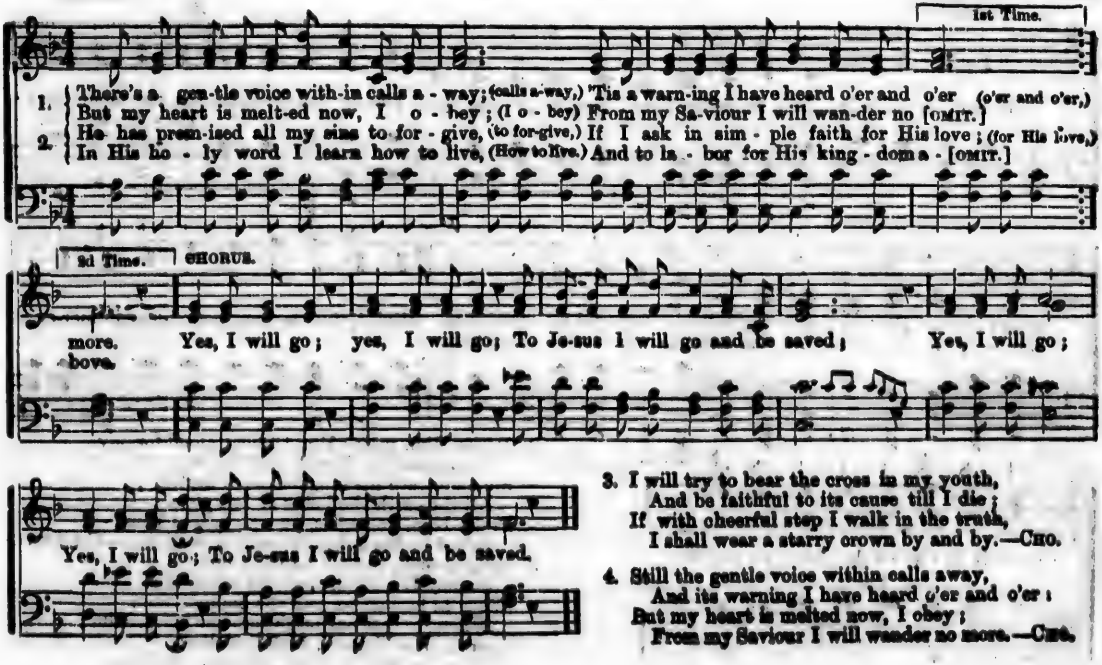
Moderato and affettuoso. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3. There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

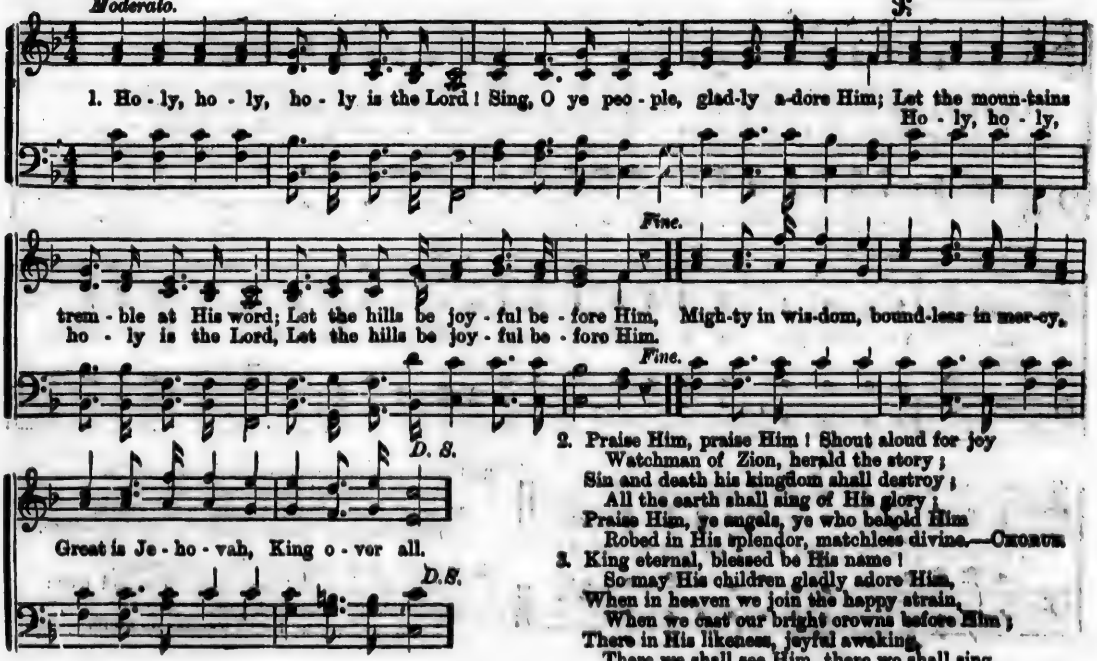


3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.—CHO.

4. Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er:
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.—CHO.

HOLY IS THE LORD.

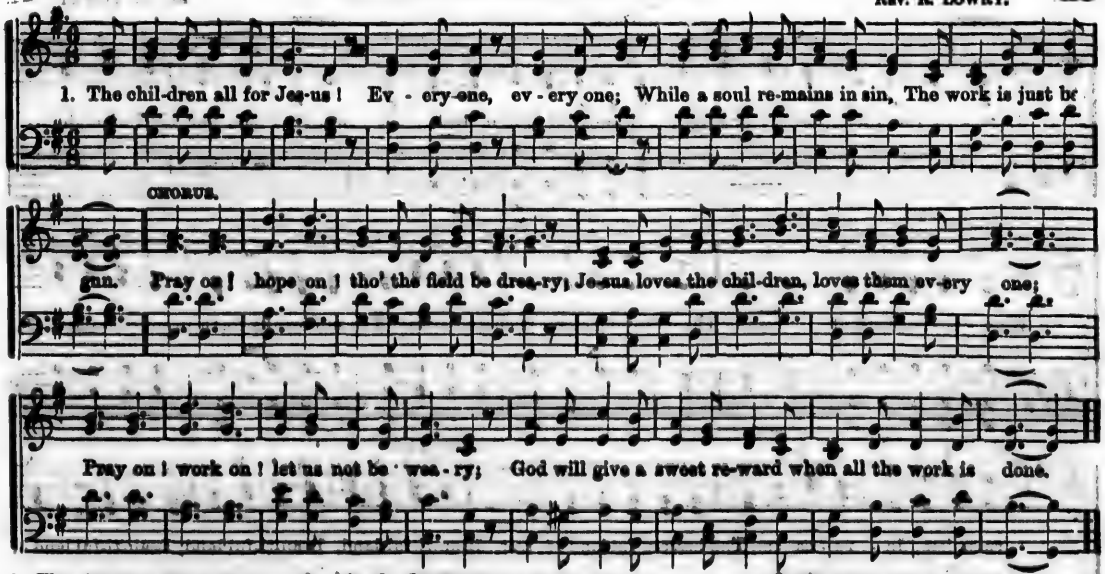
WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Praise Him, praise Him! Shout aloud for joy
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of His glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
Robed in His splendor, matchless divine.—CHORUS.

3. King eternal, blessed be His name!
So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
There in His likeness, joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing

REV. R. LOWRY.



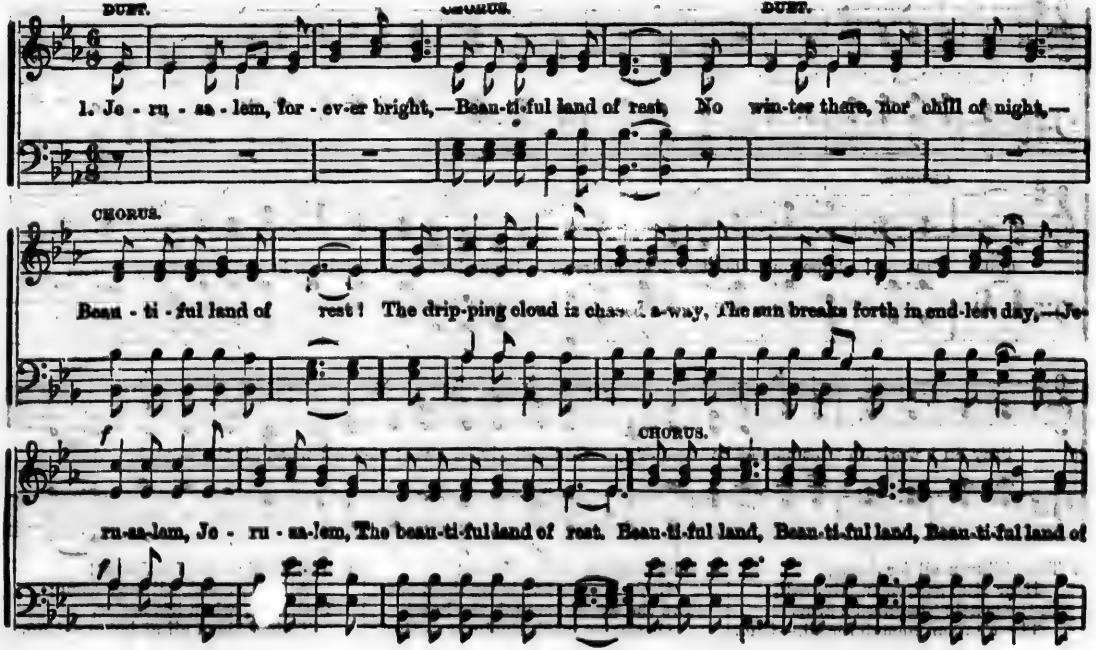
2. The children all for Jesus,
Hear Him call, hear Him call,
In the gentle Shepherd's arms
There's room enough for all.—CHO.

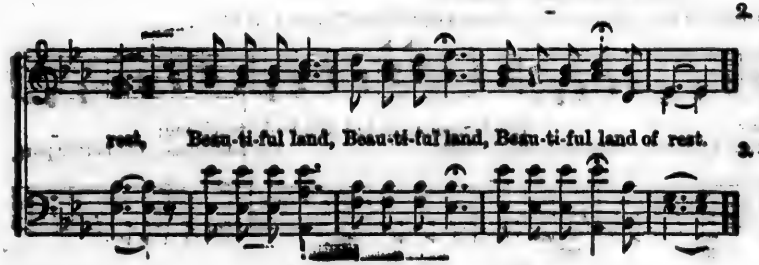
3. The children all for Jesus!
Bring them now, bring them now,
Ere the world benumb the heart,
Or sorrow mark the brow.—CHO.

4. The children all for Jesus!
All may come, all may come;
O the joy, when life is o'er,
To find them all at home.—CHO.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



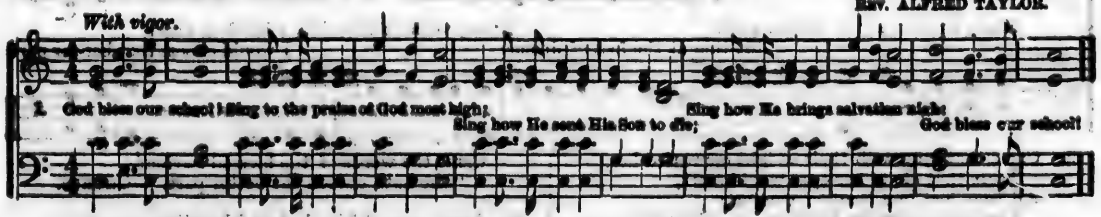


2. Jerusalem, for ever free,—
Beautiful land of rest! [shall be,
The soul's sweet home with Christ
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, &c.

3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore
We'll sing the song we've sung before.
Jerusalem, &c.

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



2. God bless our school!
Bring all the wandering children in,
Bring all the heirs of death and sin,
Bring them immortal life to win:
God bless our school!

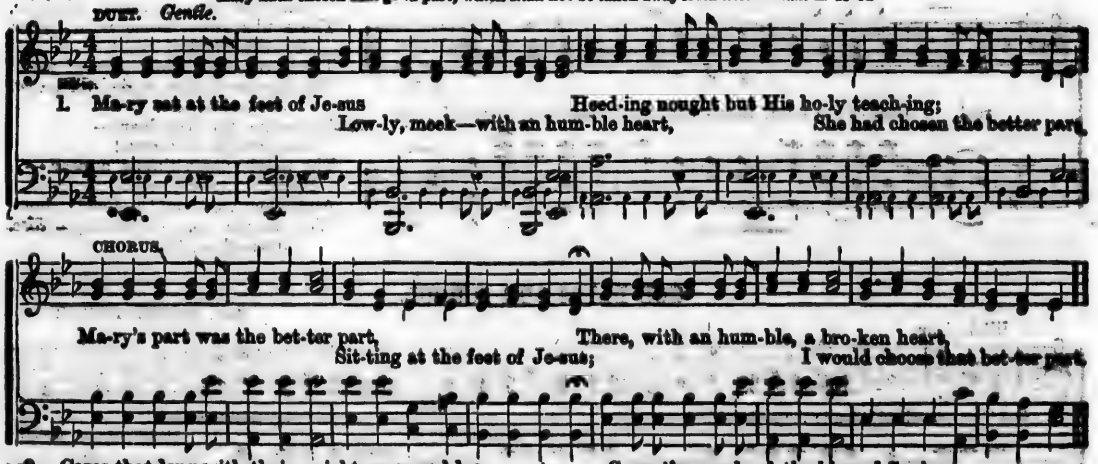
3. God bless our school!
Teach us the word of truth to know,
Teach us in Christian strength to grow,
Teach us to serve Thee here below:
God bless our school!

4. God bless our school!
Fill all our hearts with heav'nly grace,
Lead us in love to that blest place
Where we shall see our Saviour's face:
God bless our school!

THE BETTER PART.

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—*Luke* x. 42-52

DUET. *Gentle.*



2. Cares that long with their weight oppressed her,
Tears that oft to her eyes would start,
All were lost in a beam of comfort:
She had chosen the better part.—CHORUS.

3. Like a stream in a lonely desert,
Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,
Came the words of the blessed Saviour,
"She hath chosen the better part."—CHORUS.

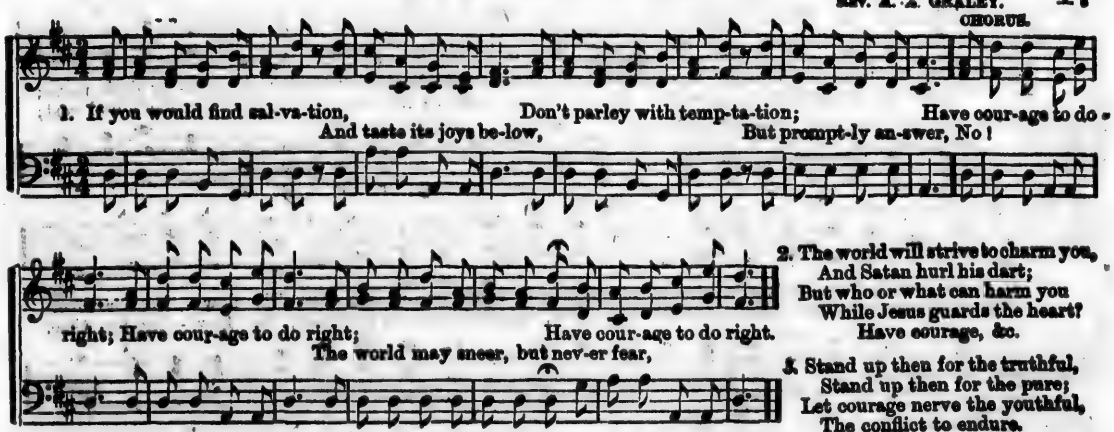
4. Jesus, now at Thy footstool kneeling,
Grant Thine aid to my longing heart;
That I may sing with the blest in glory,
I have chosen the better part.—CHORUS.

*The small notes in the bass are for the voice, when it is more desirable to have a vocal bass than a mere instrumental accompaniment.

HAVE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

CHORUS.



2. The world will strive to charm you,
And Satan hurl his dart;
But who or what can harm you
While Jesus guards the heart?
Have courage, &c.

3. Stand up then for the truthful,
Stand up then for the pure;
Let courage nerve the youthful,
The conflict to endure.
Have courage, &c.

GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.*

1. God bless our Sunday-School,
Increase our Sunday-School,
God bless our School.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love, all hearts entwine;
God bless our School!

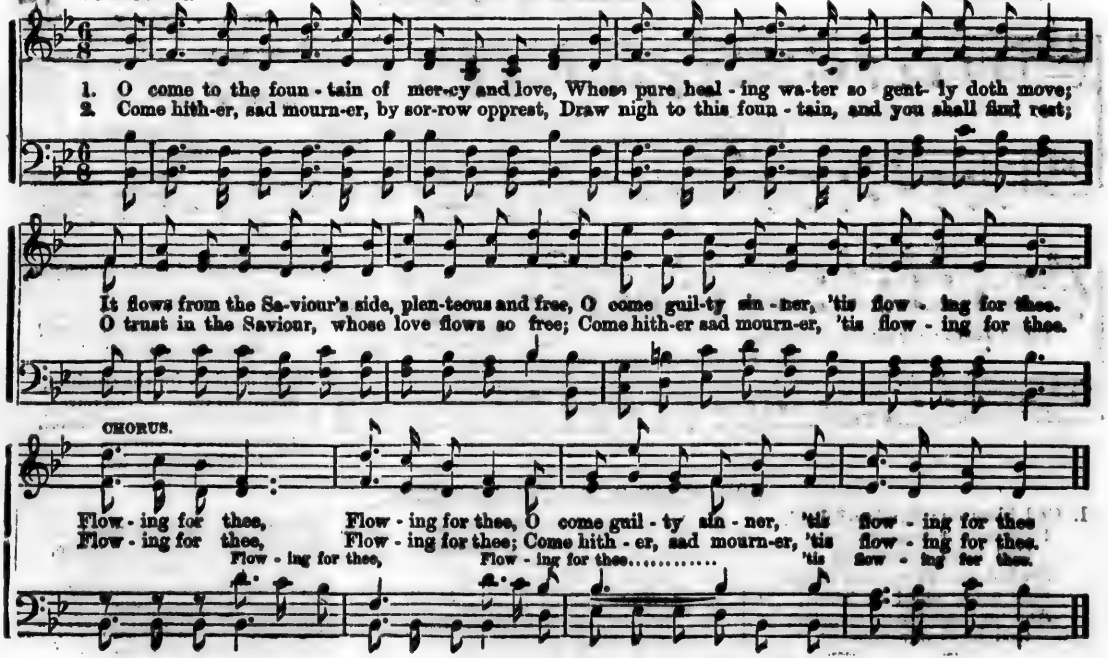
2. All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls:
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labors crown'd by Thee;
God bless our School.

3. So may our School increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our School.
And when death's arrows fly
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply;
God bless our School.

*Tune, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," page 42, *Sunday-School Harp*

O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. BENNETT. W. F. SHERWIN.

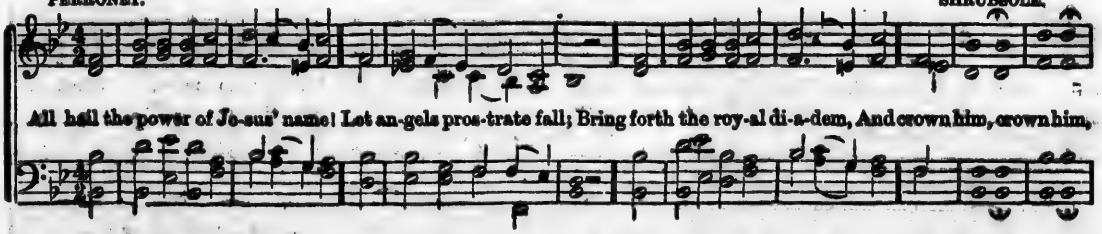


Come, weary and laden with trouble of heart,
O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;
Drink deep of its waters, refreshing and free,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flowing for thee.
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flowing for thee.

4. Whoever shall hearken and turn to the Lord;
Shall find full redemption and peace thro' His blood;
Then hear all ye nations, and come at His call
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all.
Flowing for all, flowing for all,
This soul cleansing fountain is flowing for all

MILES LANE. C. M.

PERRONET. SHRUBSOLE.



2.
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

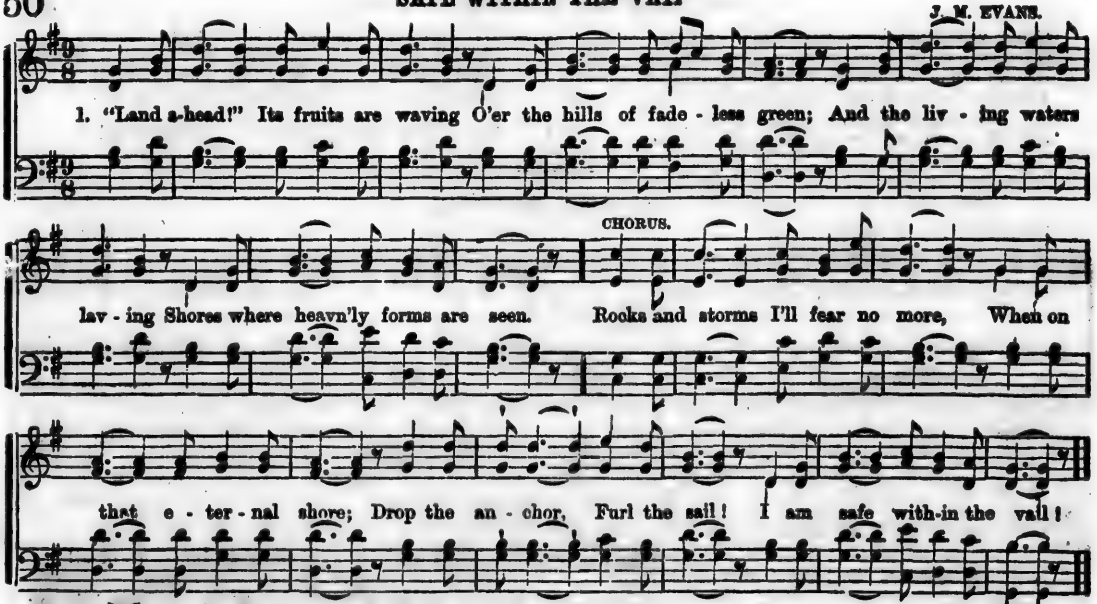
3.
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4.
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all

5.
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL

J. M. EVANS.

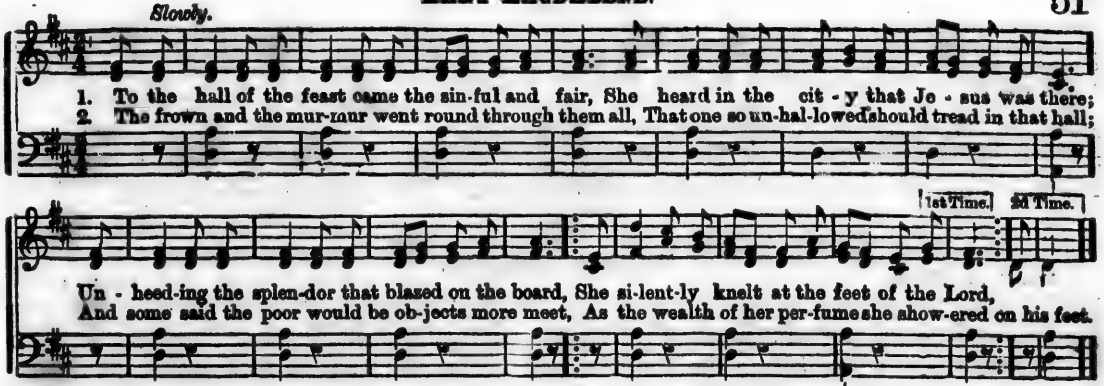


2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.—CHO.

3. There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—CHO.

4. Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last.—CHO.

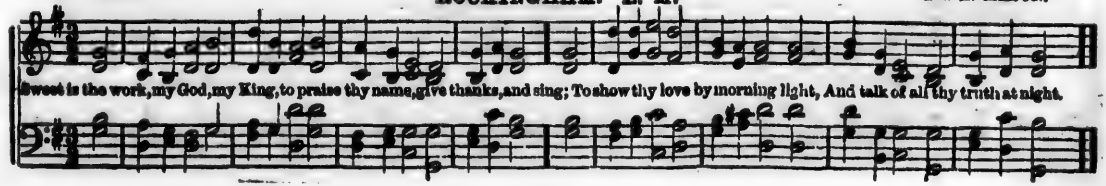
Slowly.



3. She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with sighs;
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes,
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4. In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one, "thy sins are forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Dr. WATTS. **ROCKINGHAM. L. M.** Dr. L. MASON.



2.
Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3.
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4.
Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

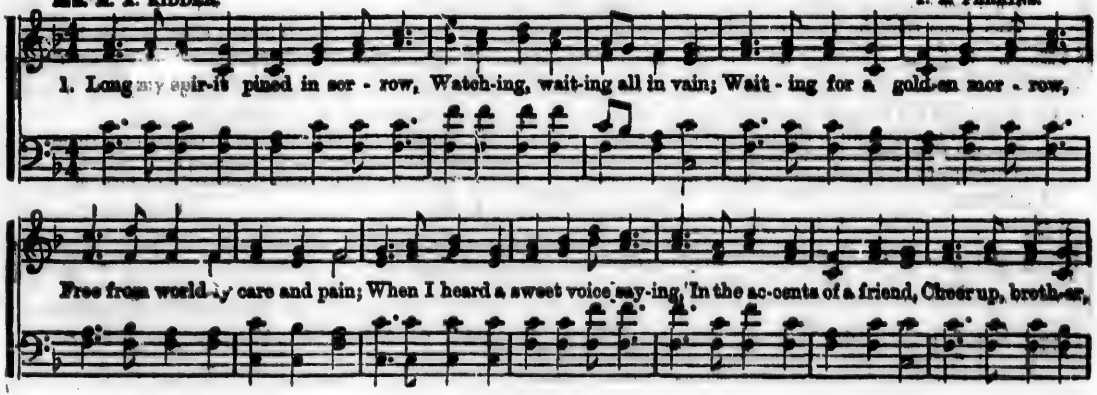
5.
But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6.
Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

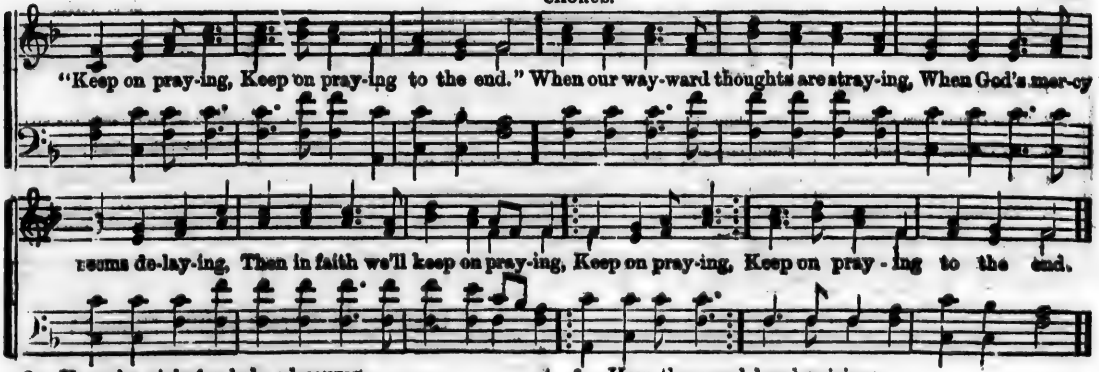
7.
Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. T. E. PERKINS.



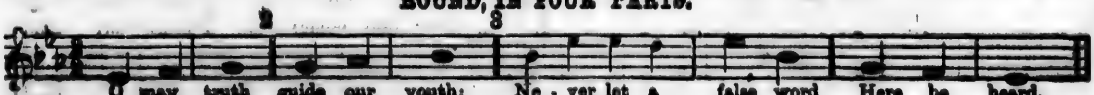
CHORUS.



2. Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you'r sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.—CHORUS.

3. How the angel band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days;
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—CHORUS.

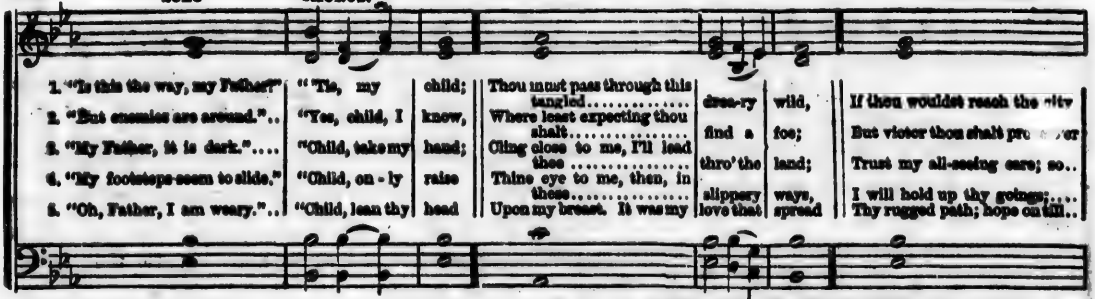
ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.



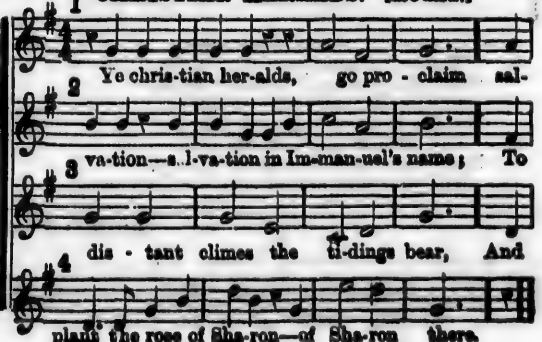
THE GUIDING HAND. Hymn Chant.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO CHORUS.

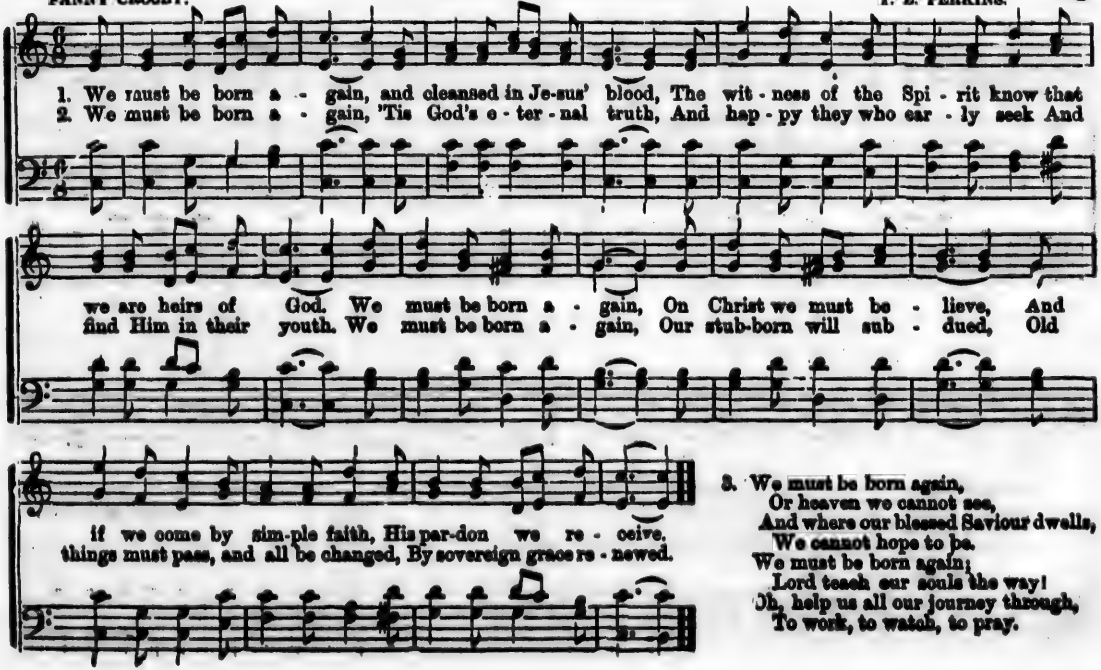


CHRISTIAN HERALDS. [Round.]



WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

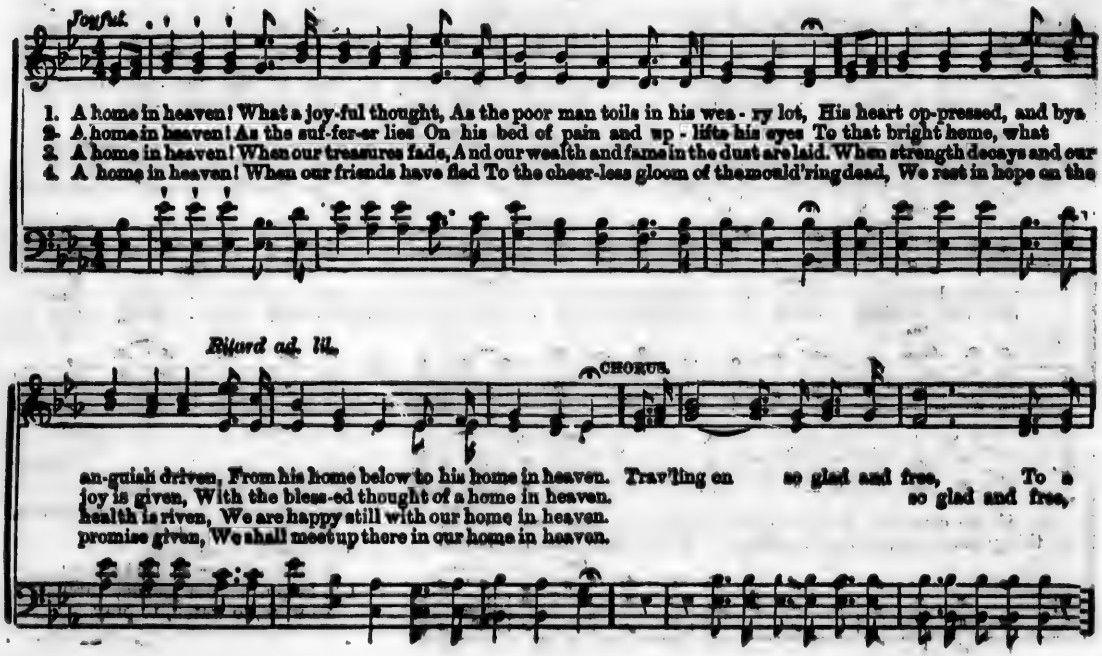
FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS.

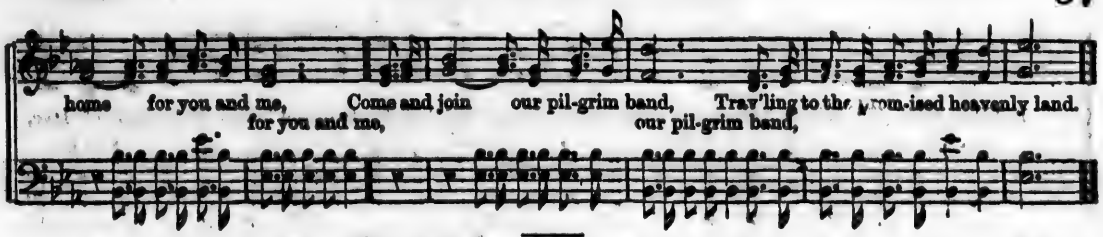


3. We must be born again,
Or heaven we cannot see,
And where our blessed Saviour dwells,
We cannot hope to be.
We must be born again;
Lord teach our souls the way!
Oh, help us all our journey through,
To work, to watch, to pray.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

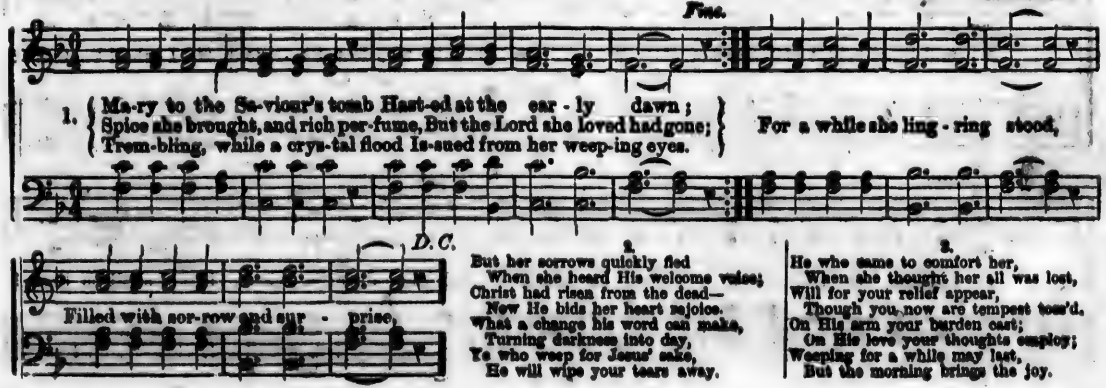
T. C. O'KANE.





MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

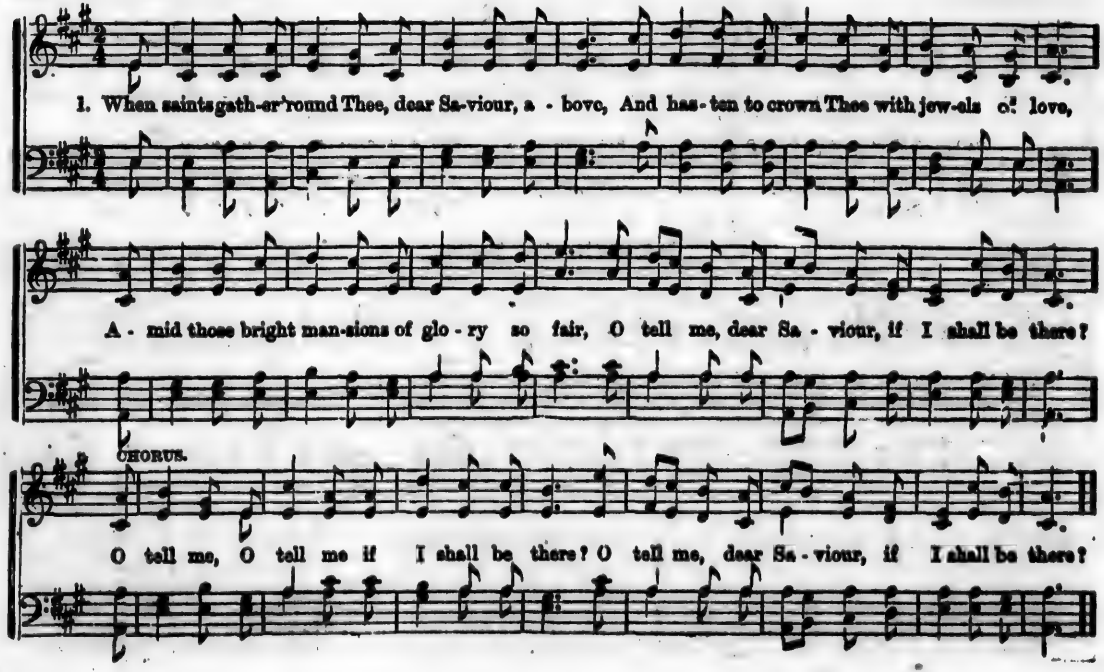


2.
But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day,
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3.
He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest toss'd.
On His arm your burden cast;
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

SHALL I BE THERE?

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. T. E. PERKINS.



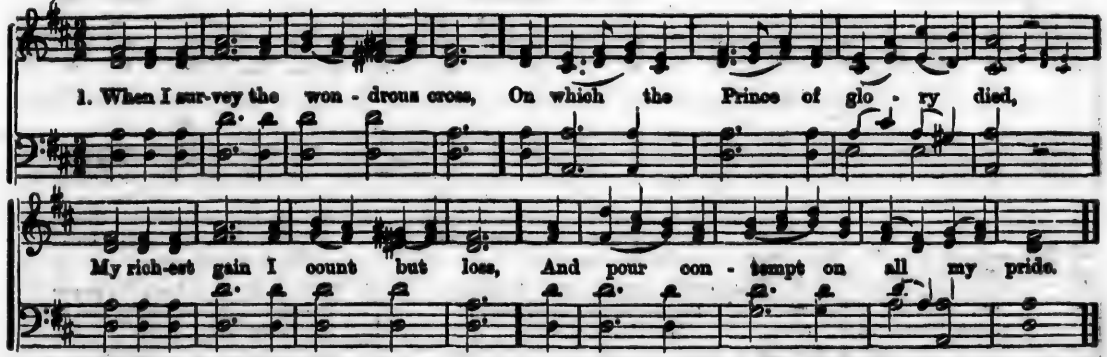
2. When teachers and scholars each other shall greet,
And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,
Rich tokens of mercy forever to share,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.

3. When those, who have labored and struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.

4. When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.

5. O blessed Redeemer, Thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHORUS.

DR. WATTS. **OLIVET. L. M.** I. B. WOODBURY.



2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WHO IS HE IN YONDER STALL?

"*Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.*"

B. R. HANBY.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. "Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?" 'Tis the Lord—oh, won-drous
2. "Who is He in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?"

sto-ry!—'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo-ry: At His feet we hum-bly fall; Crown Him,

crown Him Lord of all.

3. "Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

4. "Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

5. "Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

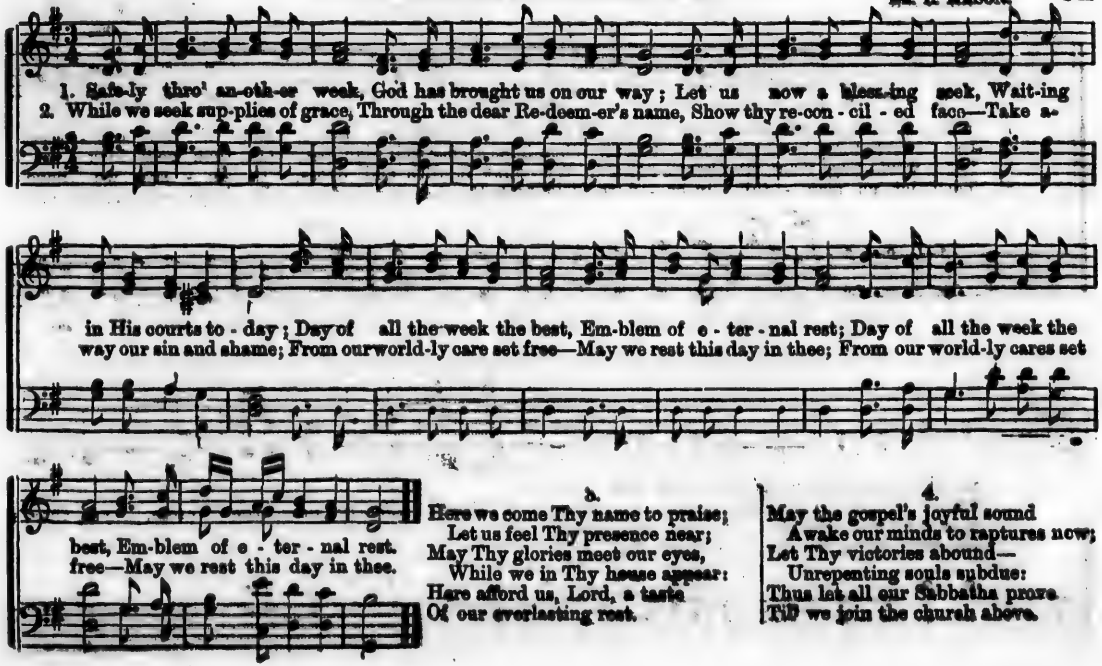
6. "Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

7. "Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and save?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

8. "Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?"
'Tis the Lord, &c.

SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK. 6-7s.

Rev. L. MASON.



3.

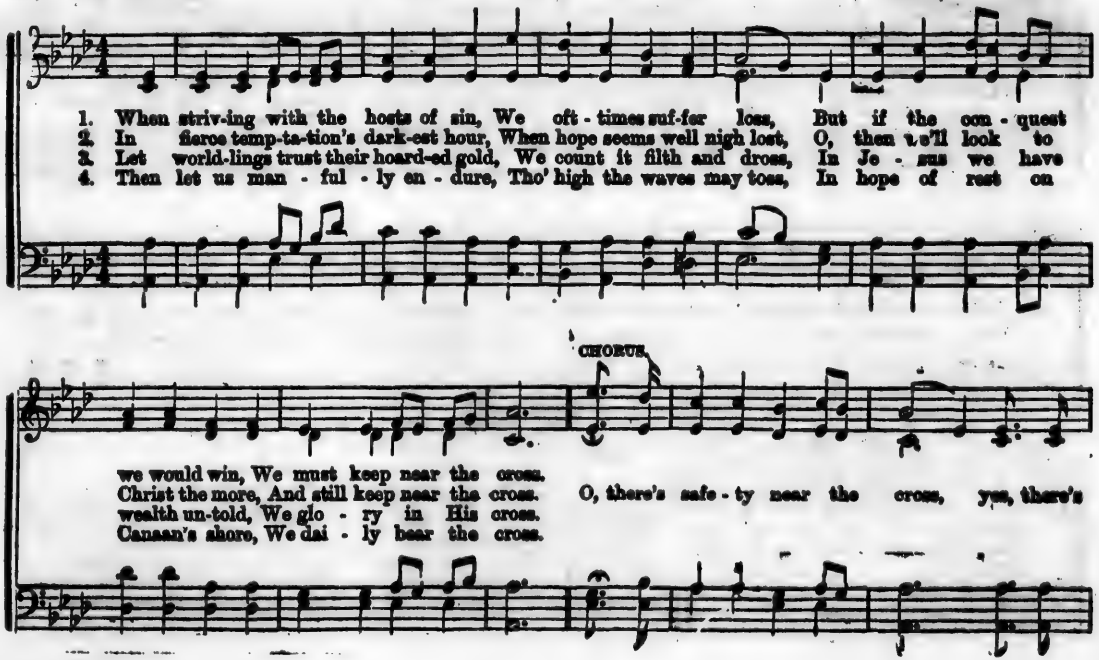
Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

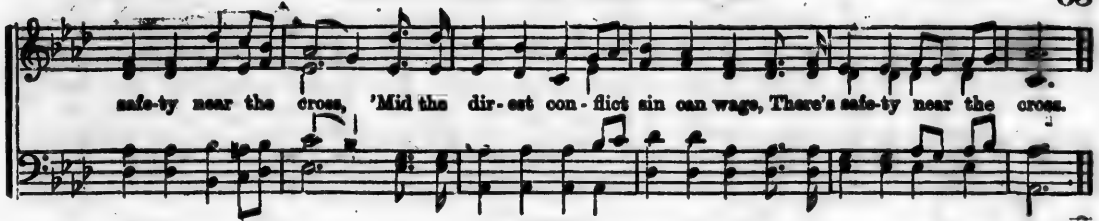
4.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Awake our minds to raptures now;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above.

SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS.

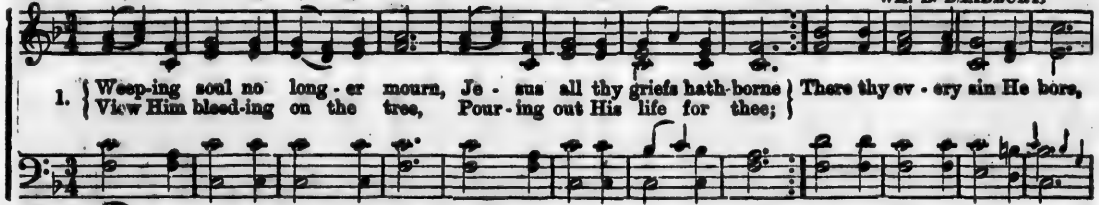
WM. BENNETT. Mrs. C. C. ALLEN.





ALETTA. 6-7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2.

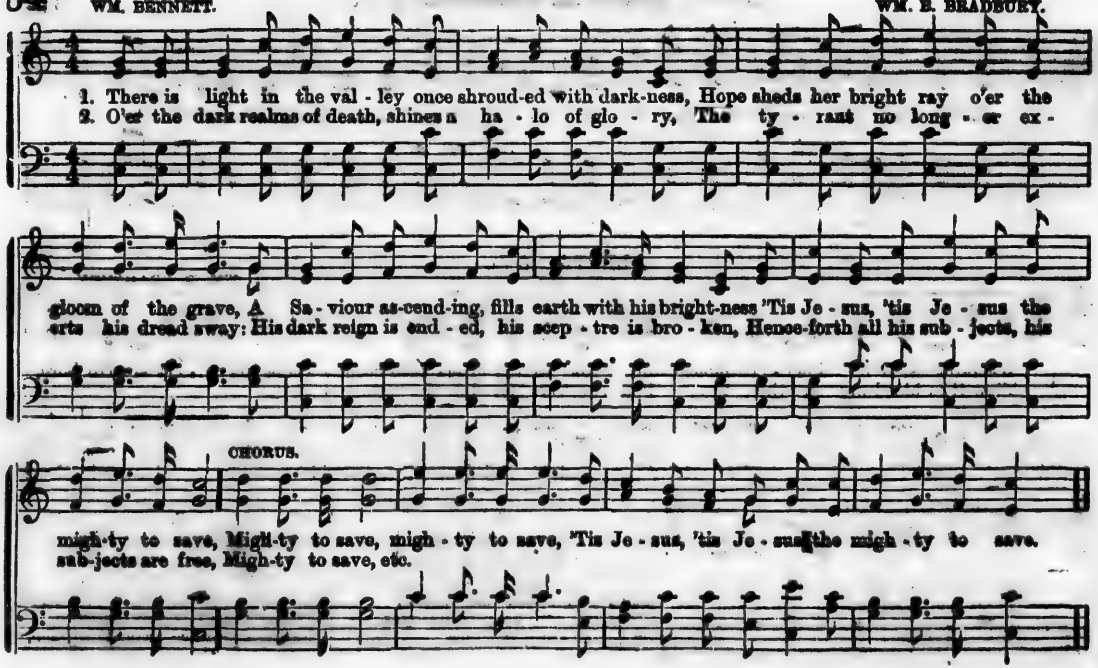
All thy crimes on Him were laid;
See, upon His blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3.

Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

WM. BENNETT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



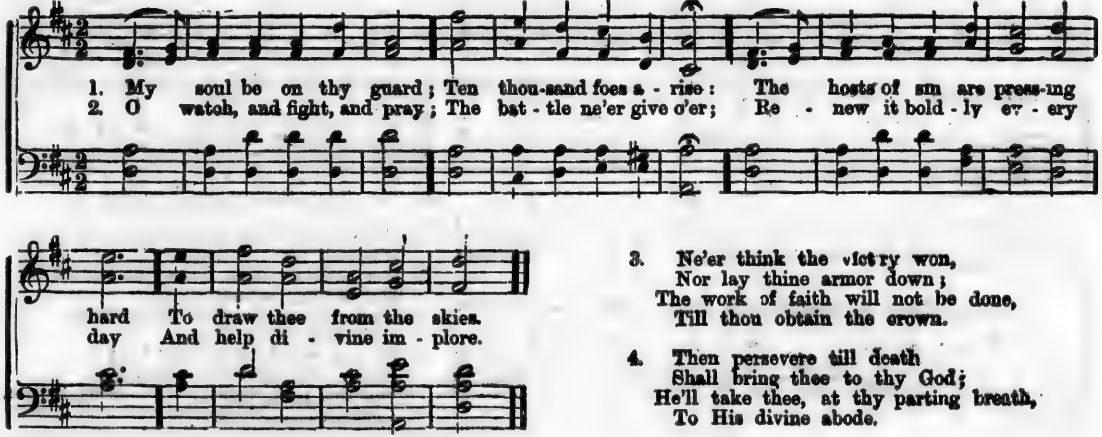
3. Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story,
And sing, all ye ransomed from death's dismal thrall;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory
Forever, forever restored from the fall,
Mighty to save, &c.

4. There, O there on the banks of the beautiful river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise;
While angels and saints reunited forever,
Unite in the chorus that gladdens the skies.
Mighty to save, &c.

LABAN. S. M.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

HEATH. Dr. L. MASON.

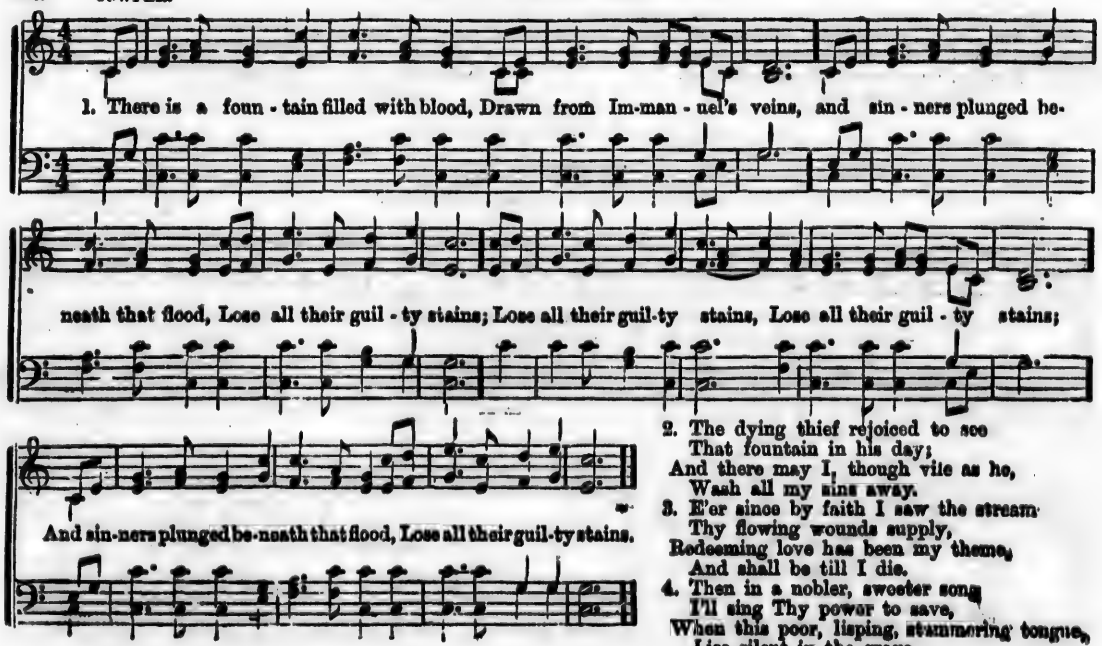


3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

COWPER.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



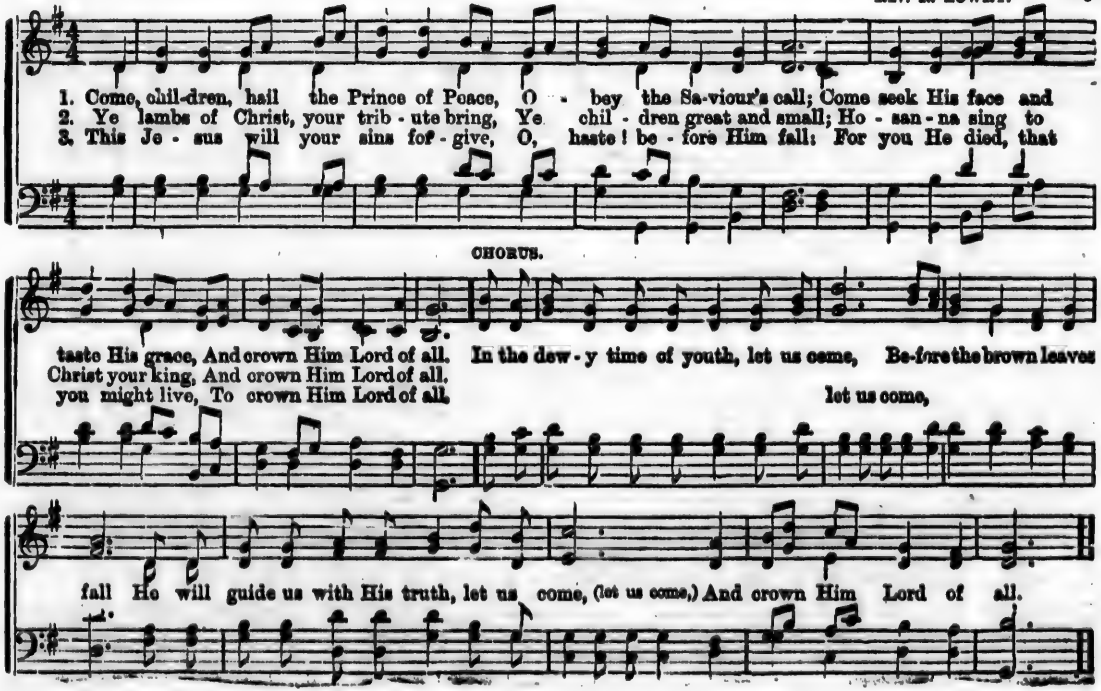
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

CROWN HIM

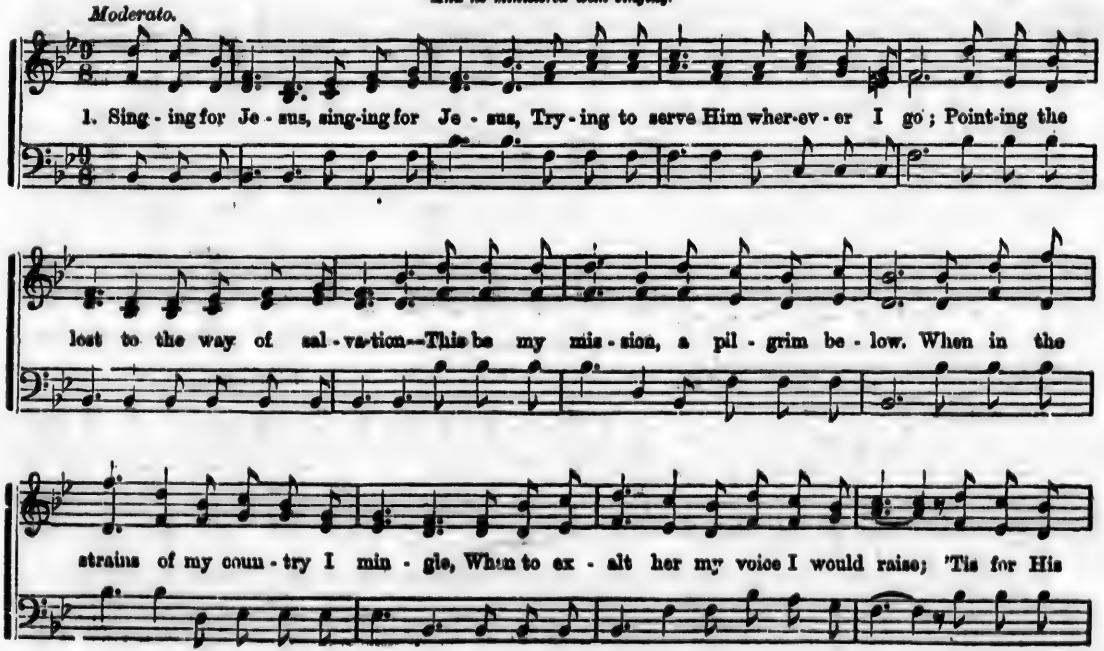
REV. R. LOWRY.

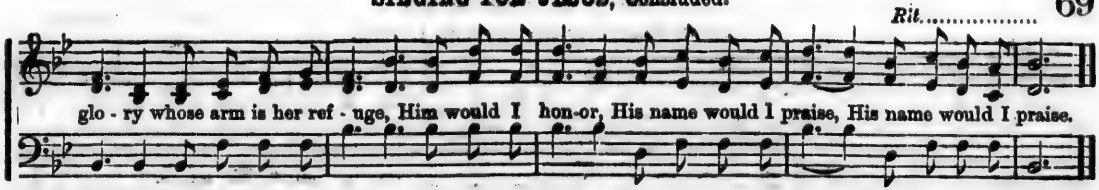


SINGING FOR JESUS.

"And he ministered with singing."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





2. Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 't will often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more!

3. Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS. L. M.*

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

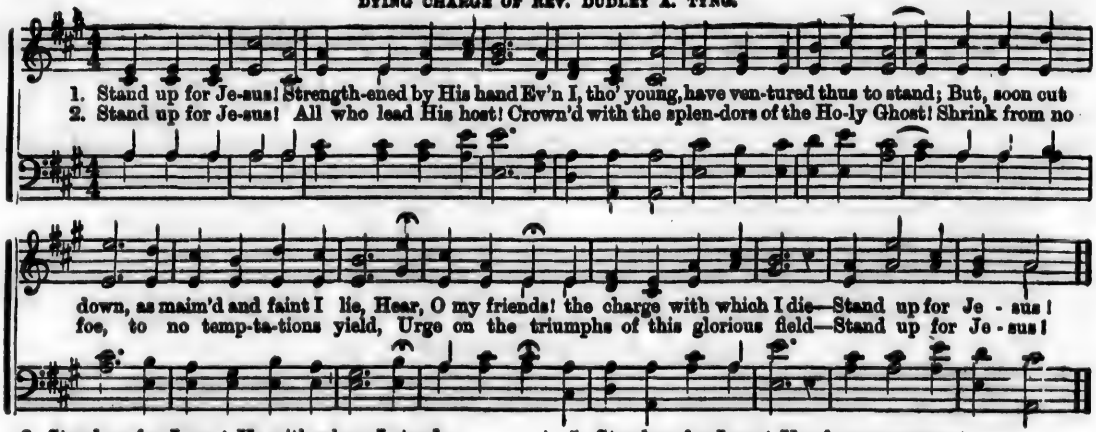
6. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

(*Tune "Luton," page 71.)

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DYING CHARGE OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.



3. Stand up for Jesus! Ye with whom I stood,
In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood:
Church of the Covenant! favored, firm and true,
Remember Him to whom all thanks are due,
Stand up for Jesus!

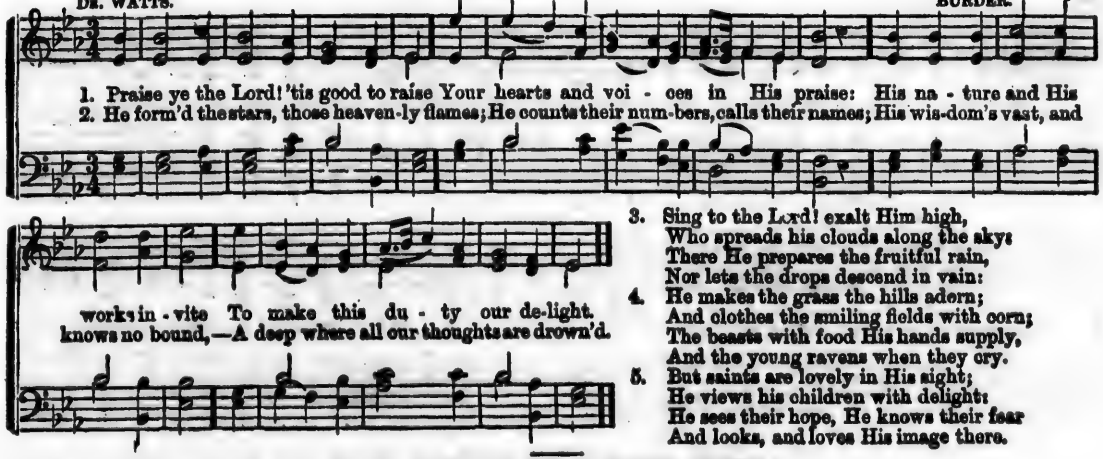
4. Stand up for Jesus! Listeners to that word—
Ye that are men, go now and serve the Lord!
Only to serve in heaven, on earth I fall:
Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call
Stand up for Jesus!

5. Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name,
All one in prayer and all with praise a-flame;
Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last,
Stand up for Jesus!

6. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at His grace:
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race
Stand up for Jesus!

LUTON. L. M

Dr. WATTS. BURDER.



3. Sing to the Lord! exalt Him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain:

4. He makes the grass the hills adorn;
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5. But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear
And looks, and loves His image there.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.*

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

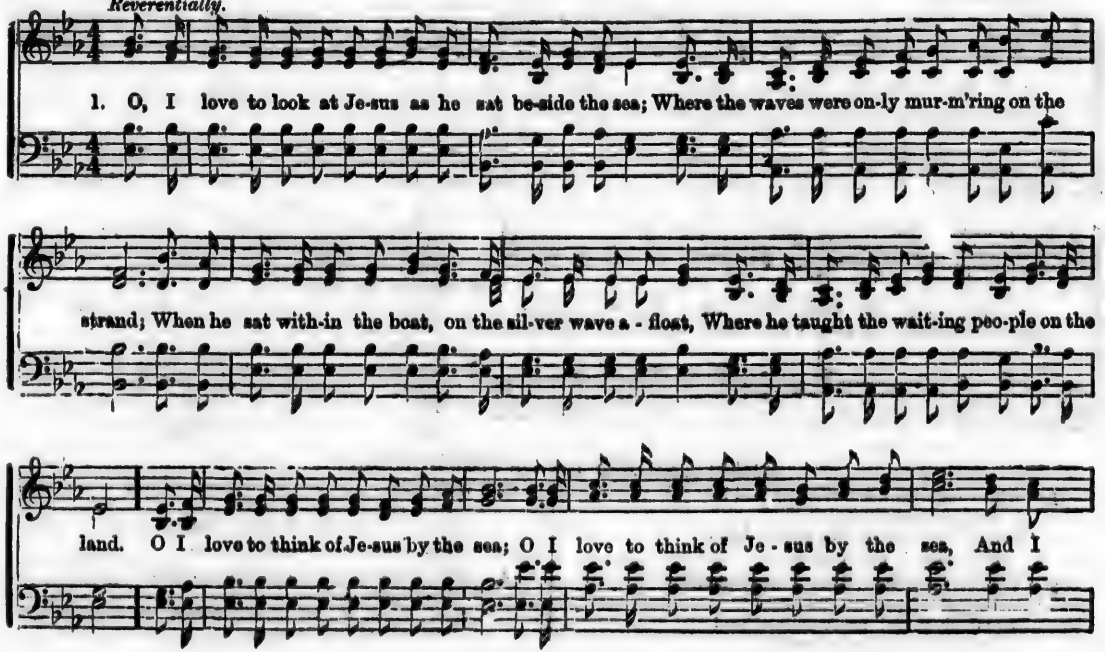
*Tune, "CLEANSING FOUNTAIN," page 66.

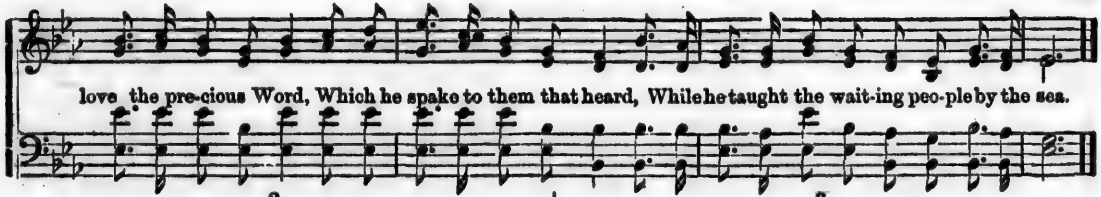
JESUS BY THE SEA.

WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverentially.





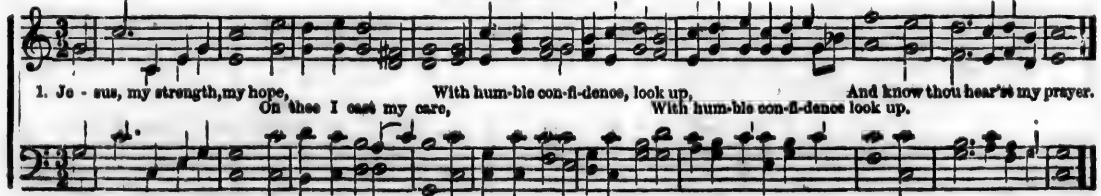
2.

O I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea;
When the waves were rolling fearfully and grand;
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will,
While he brought his lov'd disciples safe to land.
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the wave,
His beloved ones to save,
While he brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3.

O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd beside the sea;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore:
How he bade them follow him and forsake the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I long to leave my all,
At my dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

C. WESLEY. **WILLIMANTIC. S. M.** S. J. VAIL.



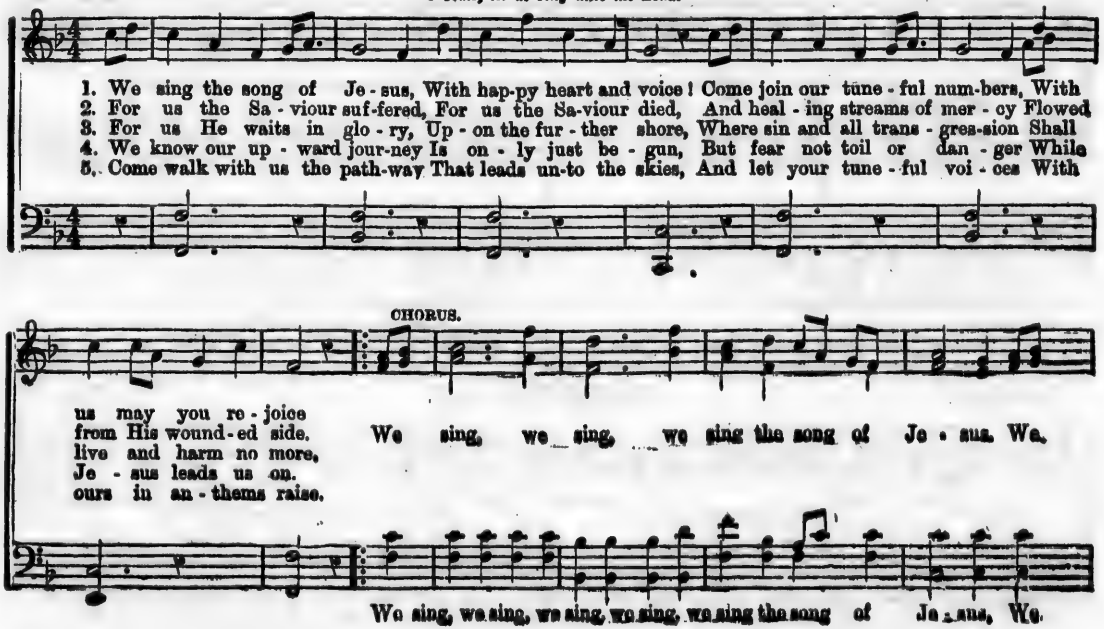
2. I want a heart to pray, To pray and never cease, Never to murmur at thy stay, Never to murmur at thy stay, Or wish my sufferings less.
3. I rest upon thy word; The promise is for me, My succour and salvation, Lord, My succour and salvation, Lord, Shall surely come from thee.

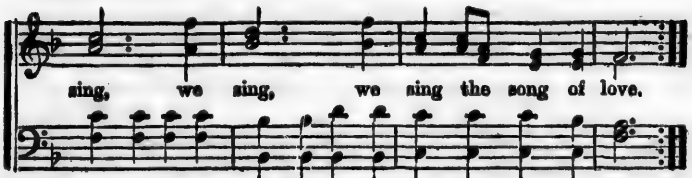
74 S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

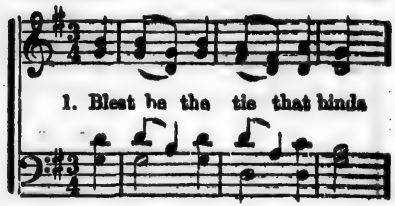
WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS.

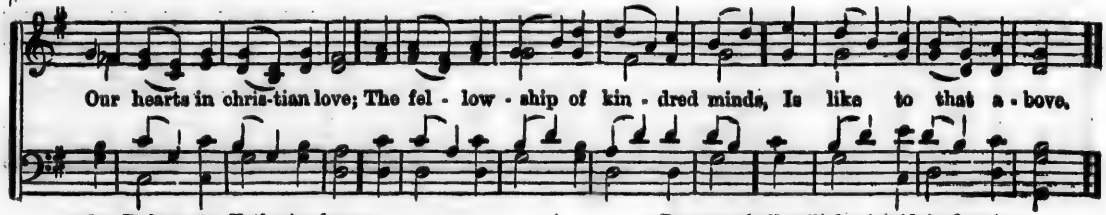
"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

J. P. WEBSTER.









2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

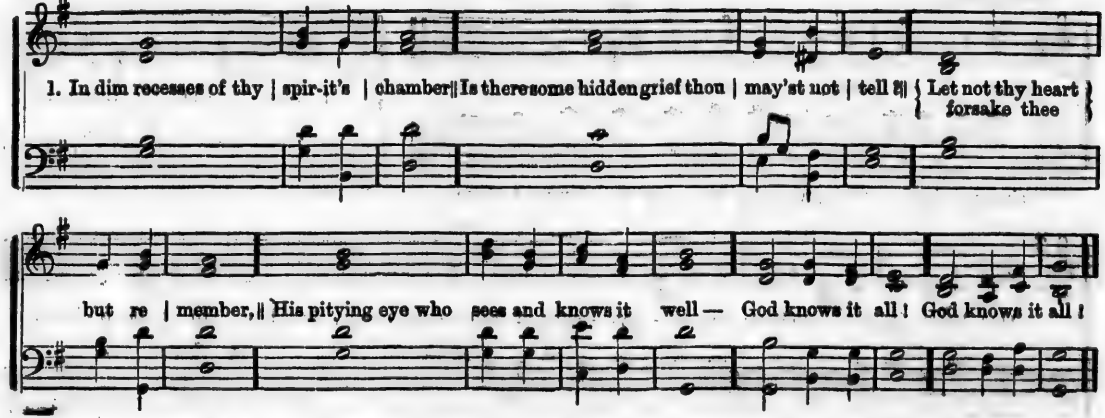
4. When we assunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

S. J. VAIL.



2. And art thou tossed on billows | of temp- | tation,
And wouldst do good, but evil | still pre- | vails ?
Oh ! think amid the waves of | tribu- | lation,
When earthly hope, when | earthly | refuge | fails—
God knows it all !

3. And dost thou sin ! thy deeds of | shame con- | cealing
In some dark spot no human | eye can | see—
Then walk in pride, without one | sign re- | vealing
The deep remorse that | should dis- | quiet | thee !
God knows it all !

4. Art thou opprest and poor, and | heavy- | hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick | clouds ar- | rayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly | strength im- | parted.
No friendly voice to | say, "Be | not a- | fraid !"
God knows it all !

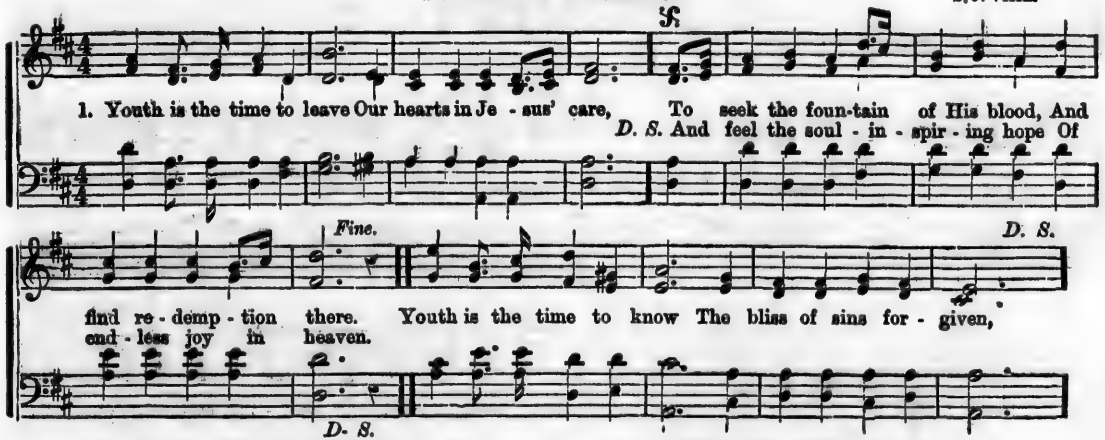
5. Art thou a mourner ? Are thy | tear-drops | flowing
For one so early lost to | earth and | thee—
The depth of grief no human | spirit | knowing,
Which mourns in secret | like the | moaning | sea ?
God knows it all !

6. Dost thou look back upon a | life of | sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy | future | lot!
There's One who sees the end | from the be- | ginning,
The penitential | tear is | unfor- | got—
God knows it all!

7. Then go to God! Pour out your | heart be- | fore him!
There is no grief your Father | cannot | feel;
And let your grateful songs of | praise a- | dore Him—
To save, forgive, and | every | wound to | heal!
God knows it all!

YOUTHFUL WORKERS.

S. J. VAIL.



2.
Youth is the time to work;
Behold the fields are white!
Then let us to our duty haste,
And labor with our might.

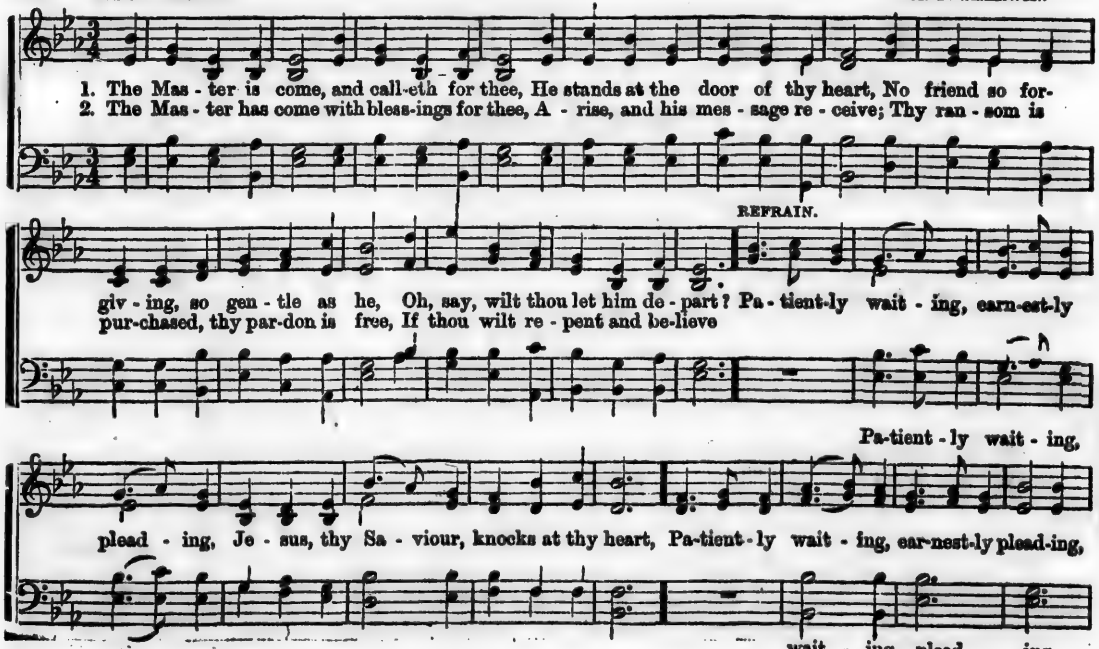
Youth is the time to watch
Against the tempter's power,
And pray for strength and grace divine
To help us every hour.

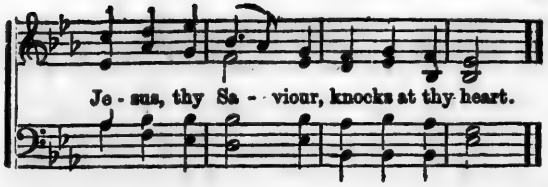
3.
Youth is the time to walk
With Jesus at our side;
To put our trusting hand in his,
And in his strength confide.

Youth is the time to learn
The blessed cross to bear;
O Saviour, in thy mercy gran
We all a crown may wear.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

FANNY CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

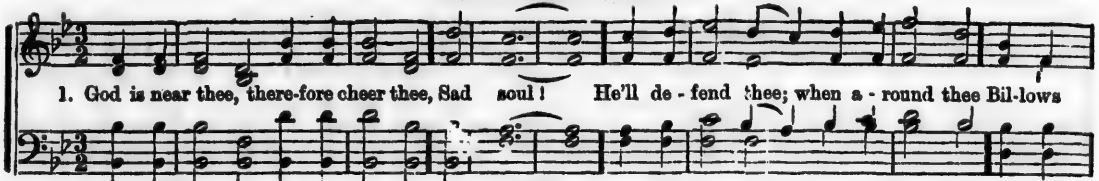


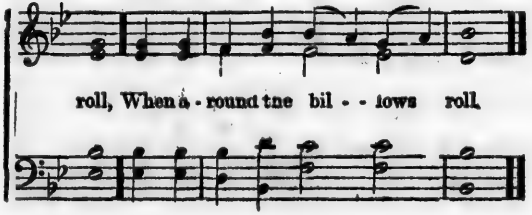


3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now;
This moment what joy may be thine;
How tender the smile that illumines his brow,
A pledge of his favor divine.—CHORUS.

4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
O, fly to the arms of his love,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
Prepared in his kingdom above.—CHORUS.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.



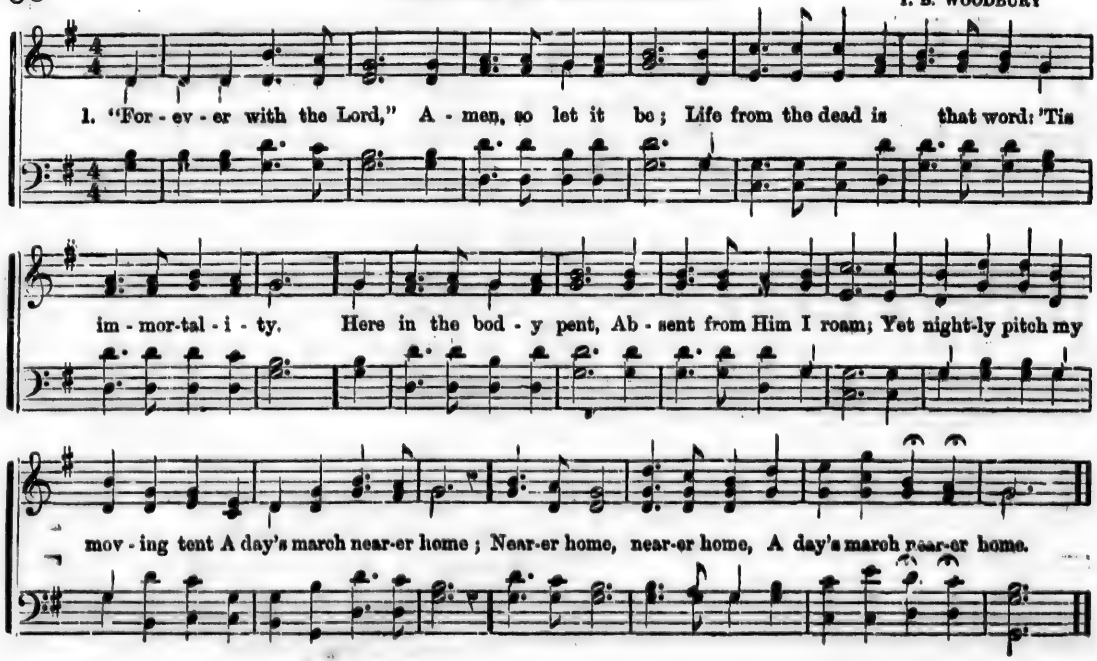


2. Calm thy sadness, look in gladness,
On high!
Faint and weary, pilgrim, cheer thee,
Help is nigh!
Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh!

3. Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries!
God attends him when he cries.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

I. B. WOODBURY



2.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear?
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

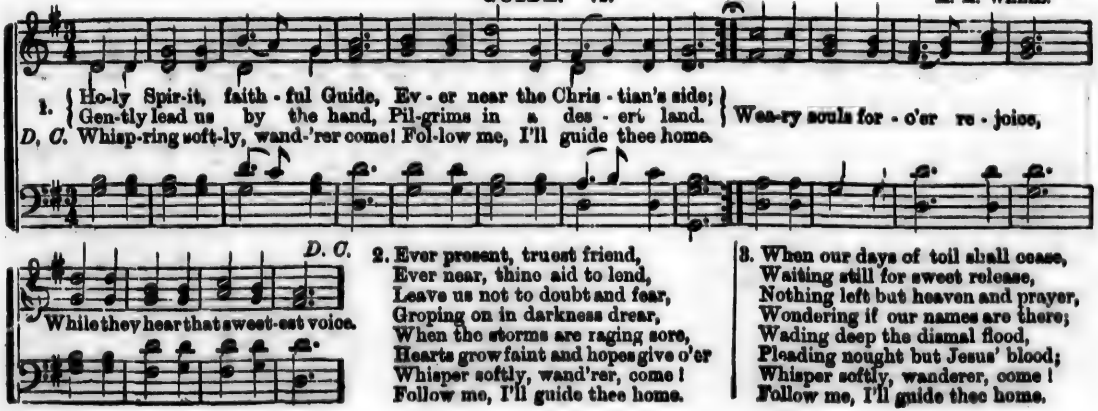
3.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies:
Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace;
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain;
Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord;"
With the Lord, with the Lord,
"Forever with the Lord."

GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.



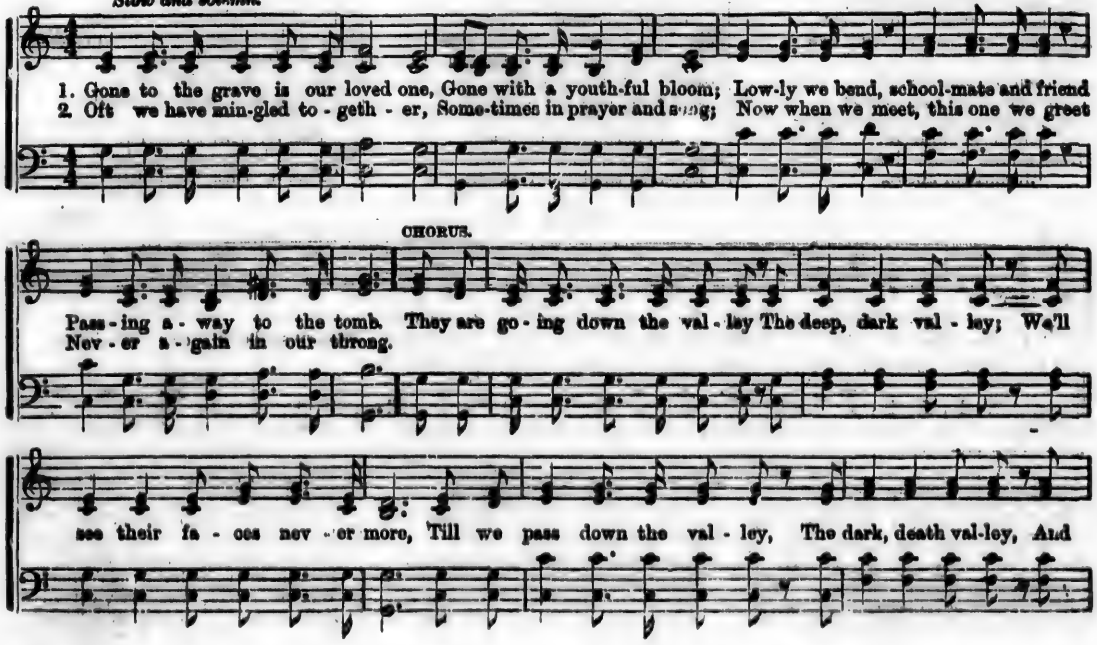
2. Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3. When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Slow and solemn.

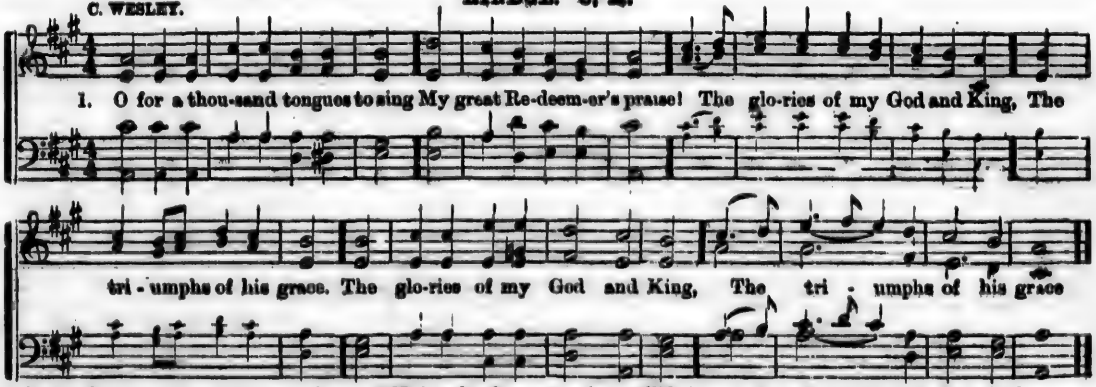


3.
Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we
Cherish the name of the dead.
They are going, &c

4.
Down in the valley they're going.
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more.
They are going, &c.

RINDGE. C. M.

C. WESLEY.



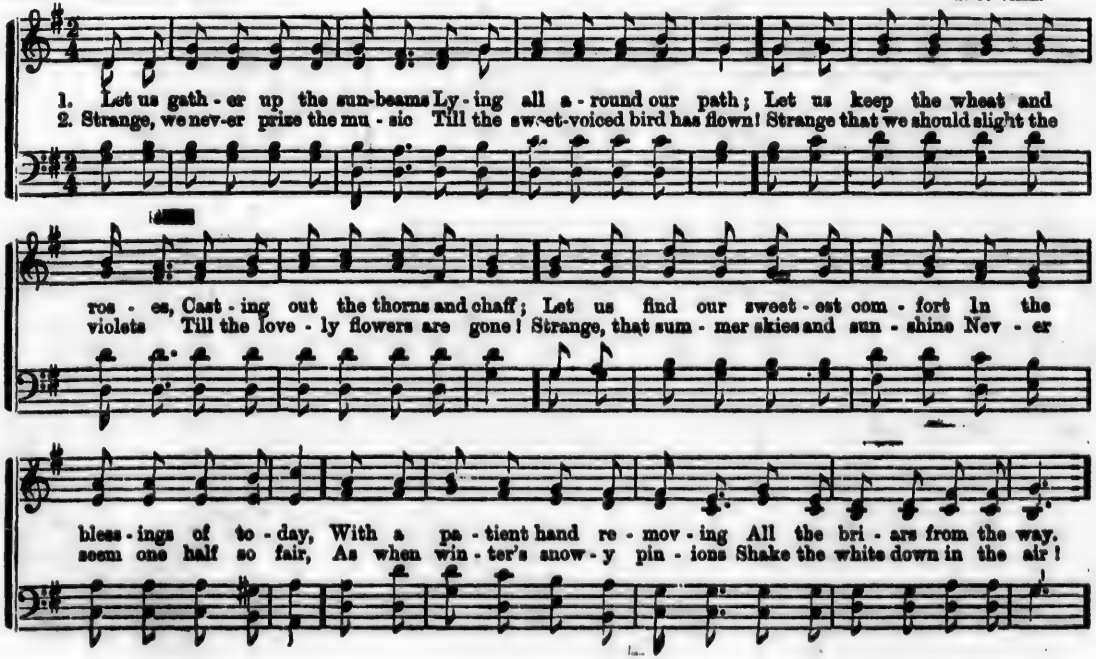
2. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

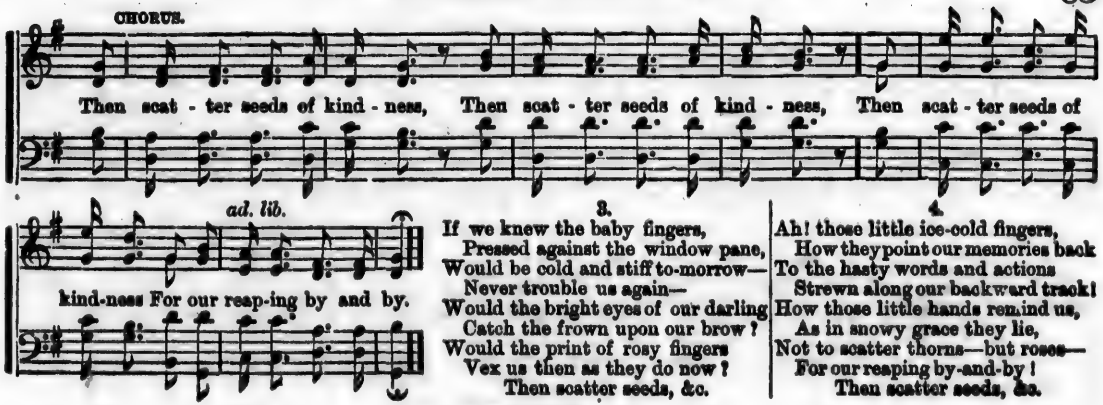
3. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

4. See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. E. H. GATES. S. J. VAIL.





3.

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter seeds, &c.

4.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!
Then scatter seeds, &c.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.*

2. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For He was slain for us."

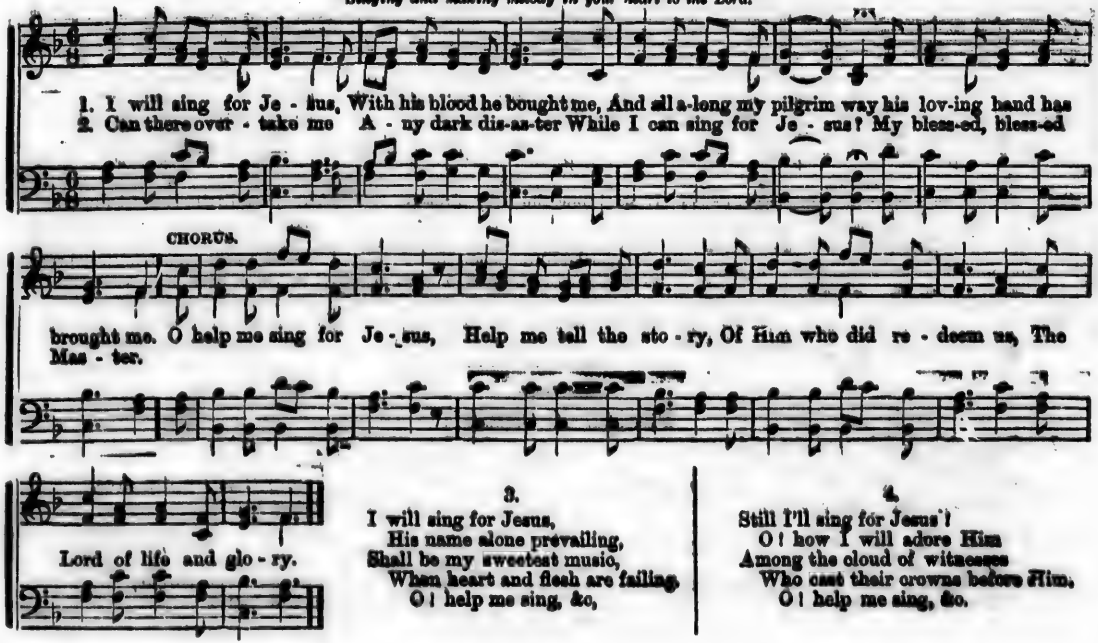
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

*Tune, "Rinbos," page 83.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

Mrs. E. H. GATES. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3.

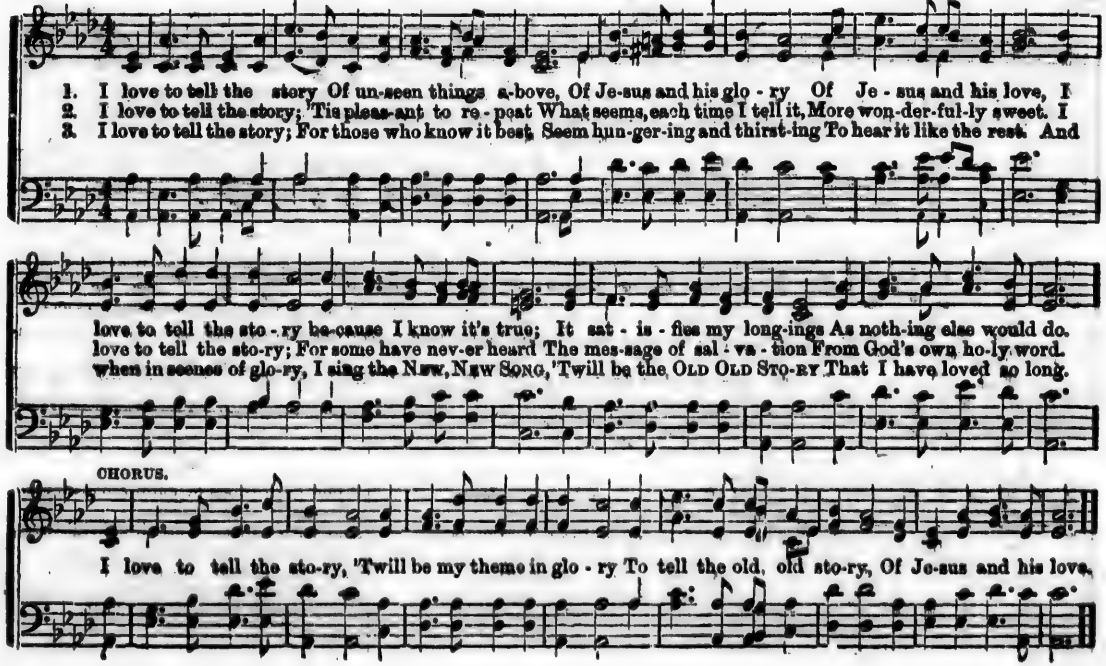
I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing,
O! help me sing, &c,

4.

Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how I will adore Him
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before Him,
O! help me sing, &c.

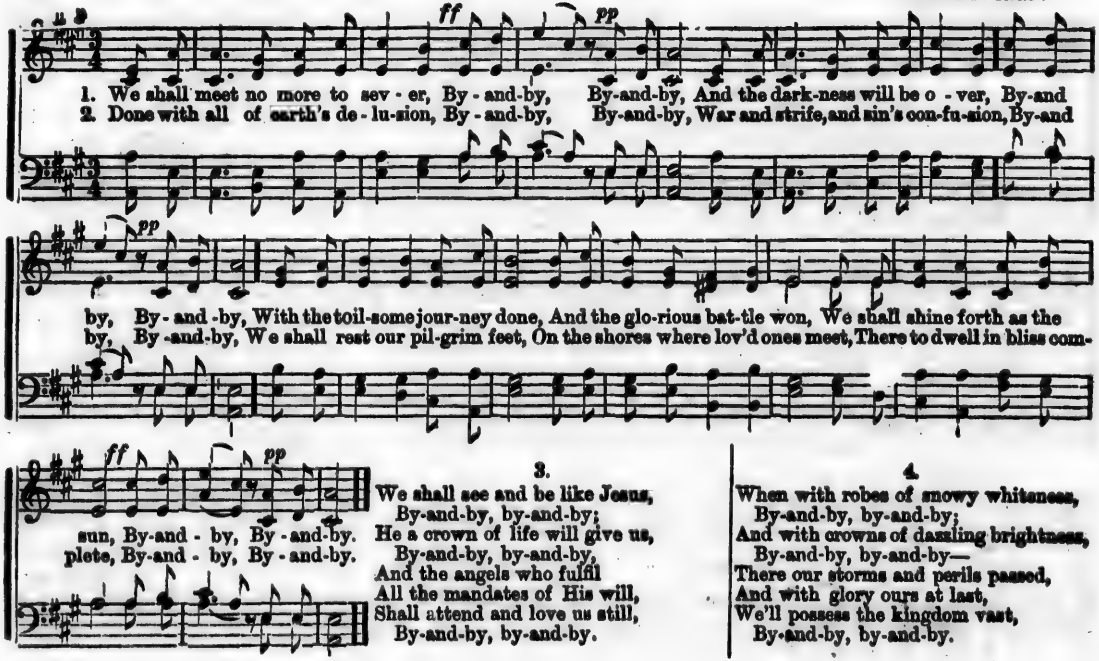
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

WM. G. FISHER



WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



3.

We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

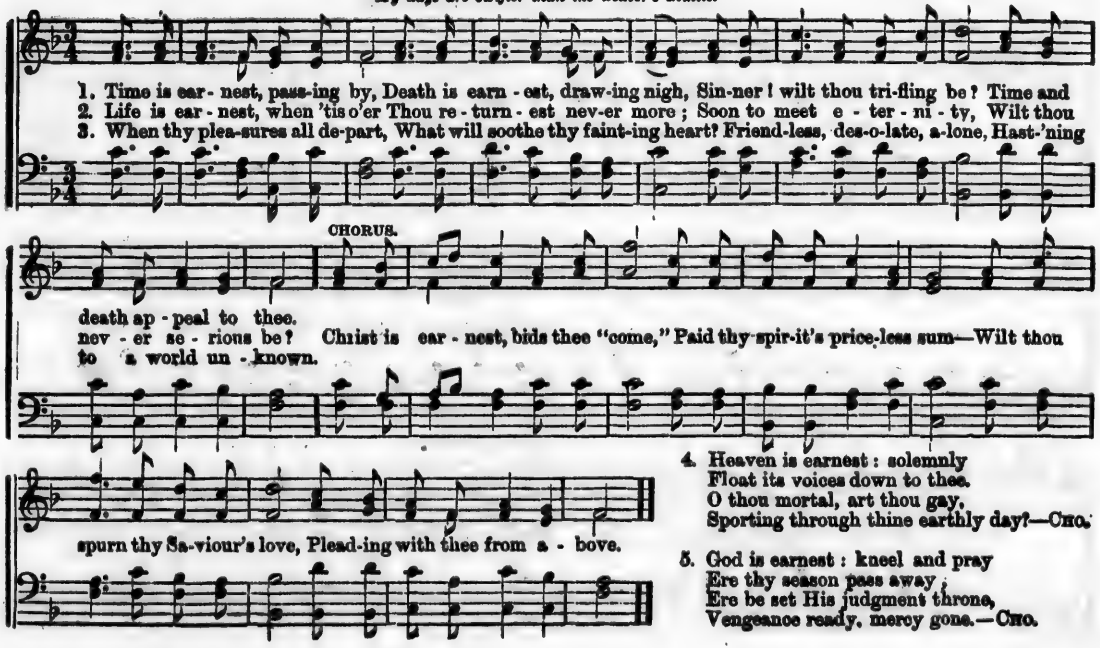
4.

When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

ALL THINGS EARNEST.

"My days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle."

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



4. Heaven is earnest: solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O thou mortal, art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?—CHO.

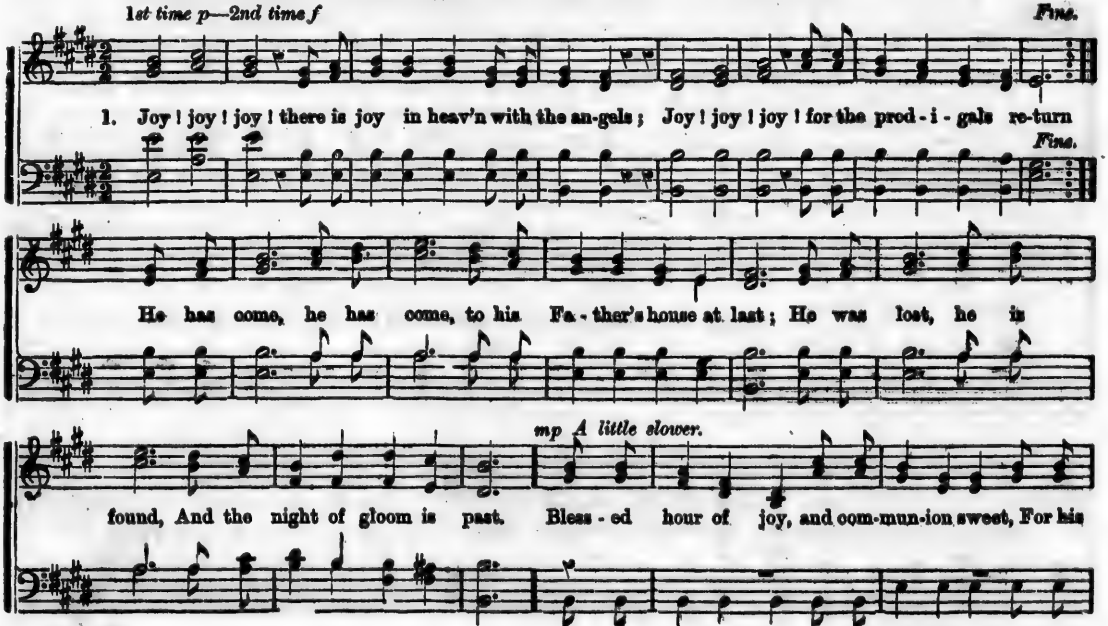
5. God is earnest: kneel and pray
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere be set His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.—CHO.

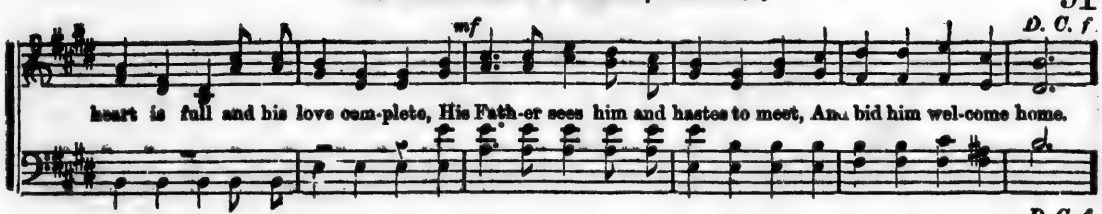
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15, 10.

1st time p—2nd time f



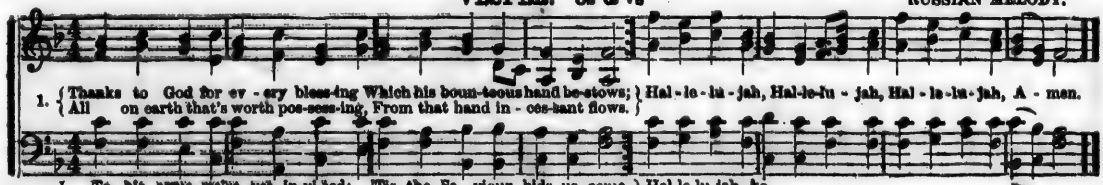


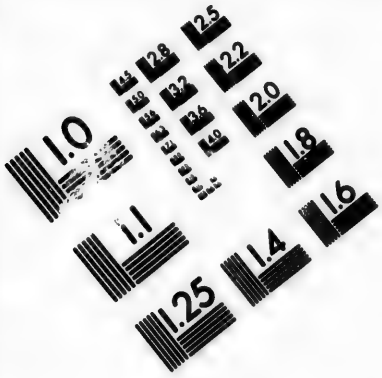
2. Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy ! joy ! joy ! o'er the prodigal's return ;
Hark ! the song, hark ! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.—CHORUS.

3. Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy ! joy ! joy ! when a wandering soul returns ;
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street,
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.—CHORUS.

VESPER. 8s & 7s

RUSSIAN MELODY.





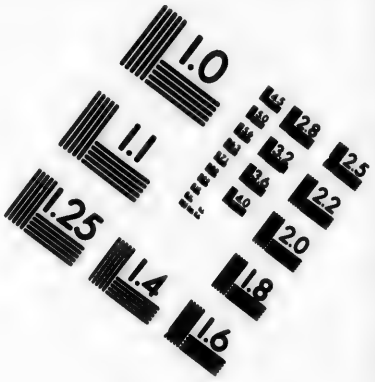
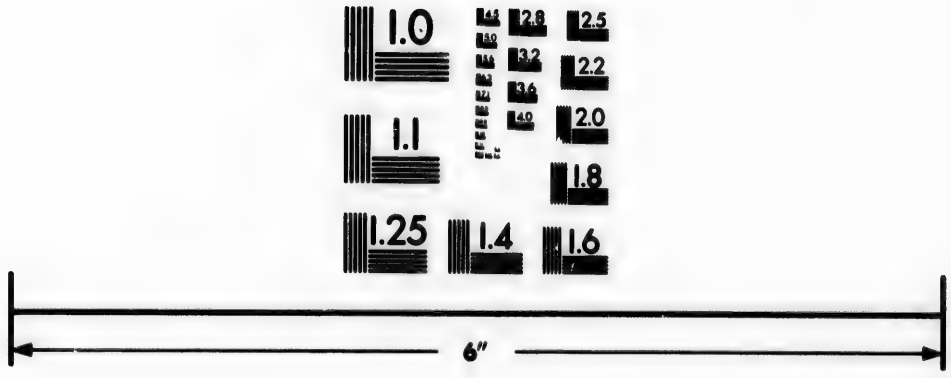
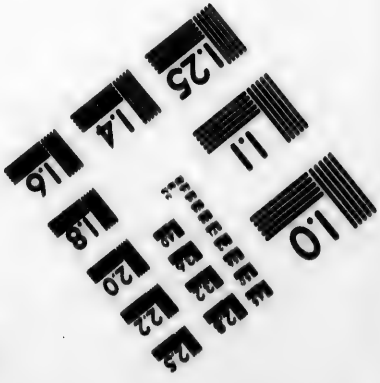


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





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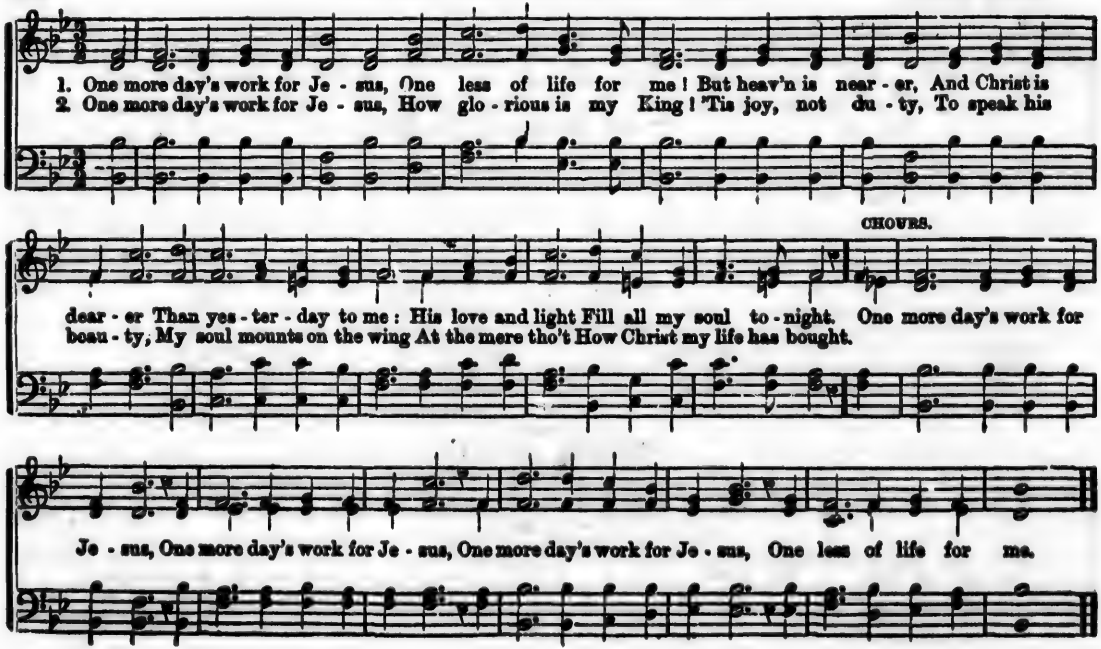
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



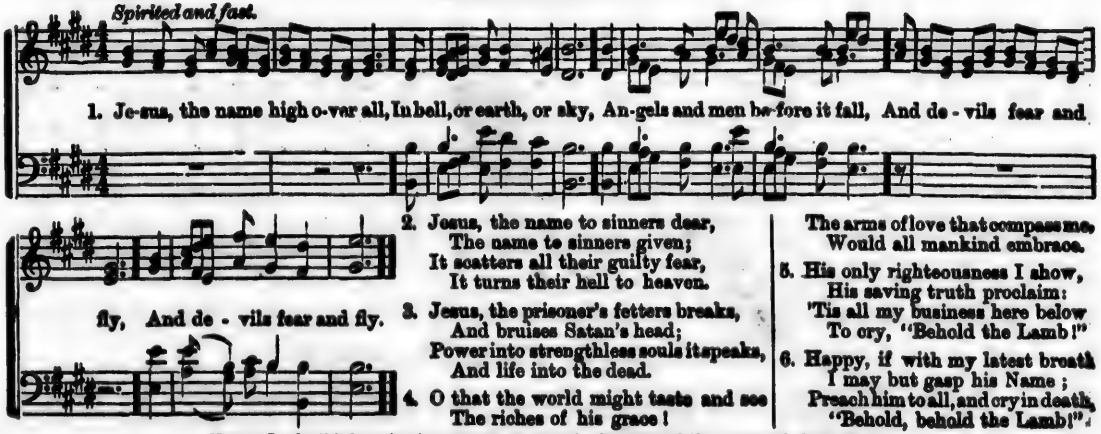
2. One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more, &c.

4. One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.
One more, &c.

5. O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day
One more &c.

C. WESLEY.

MIDLOTHIAN. C. M.



2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3. Jesus, the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5. His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

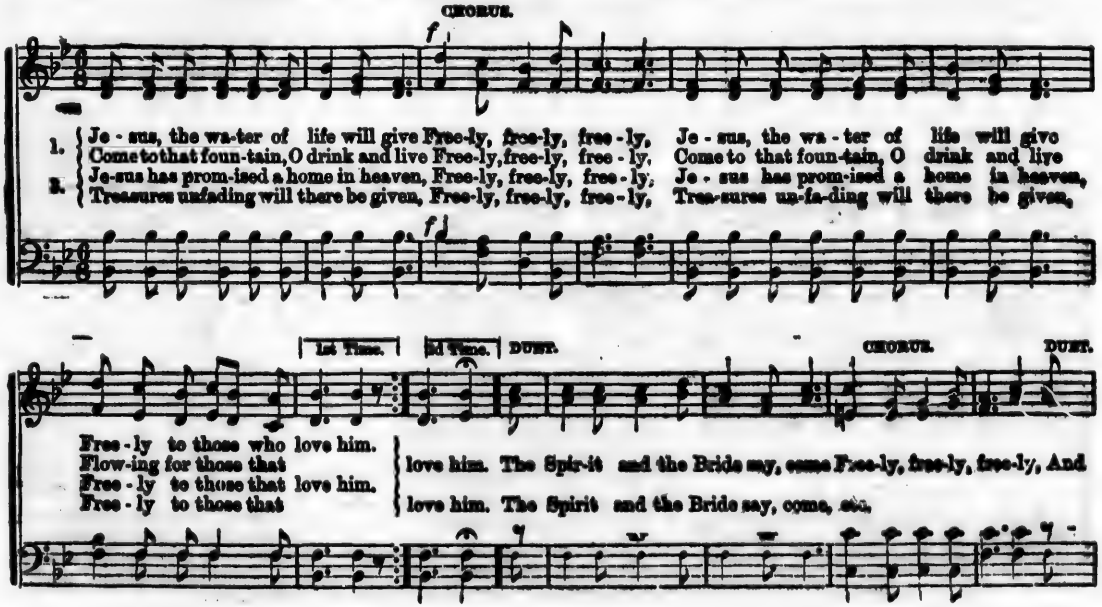
6. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

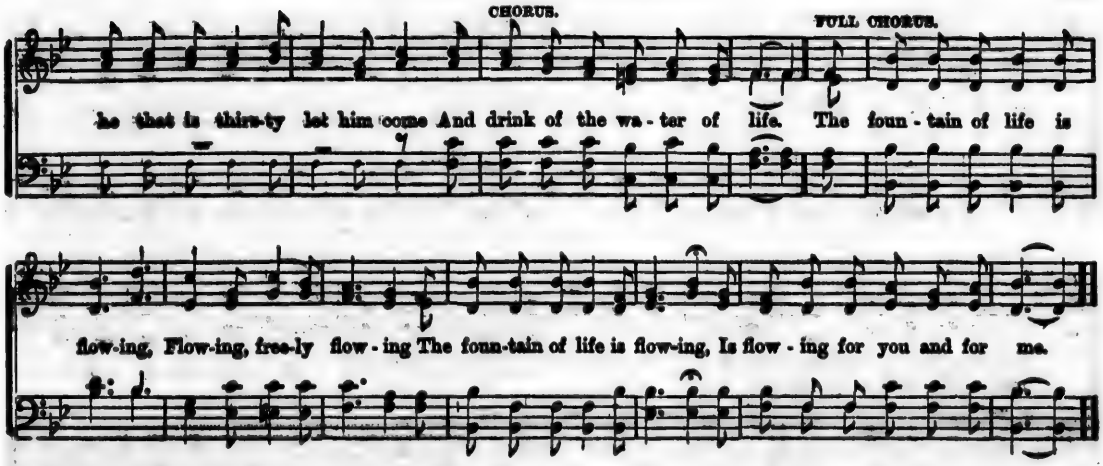
NOTE.—In the third strain give strong accent to the first note of the groups of three eighths.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21—6.





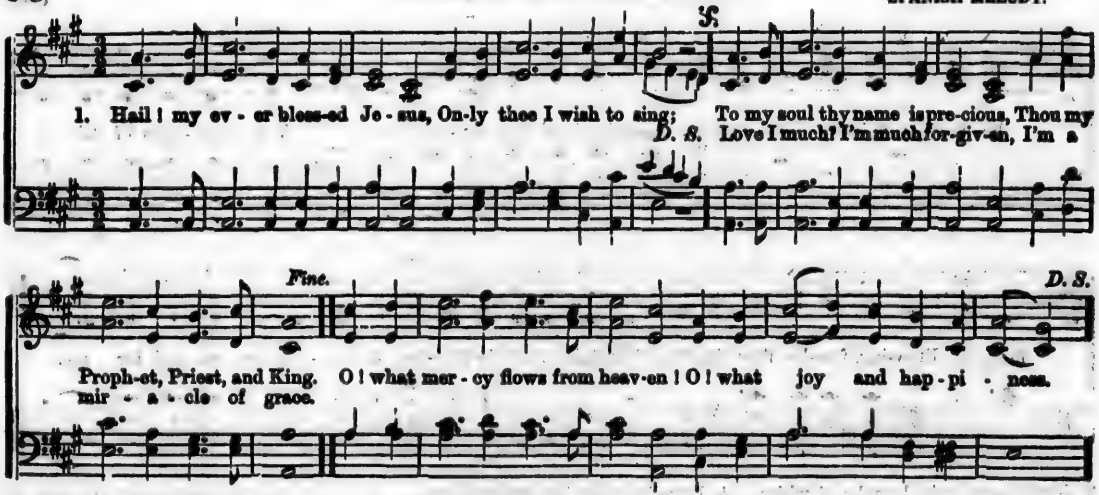
3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him.
The fountain, &c.

4. Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely,
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love him.
The fountain, &c.

5. Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to all that love him;
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely to all that love him
The fountain, &c.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

SPANISH MELODY.



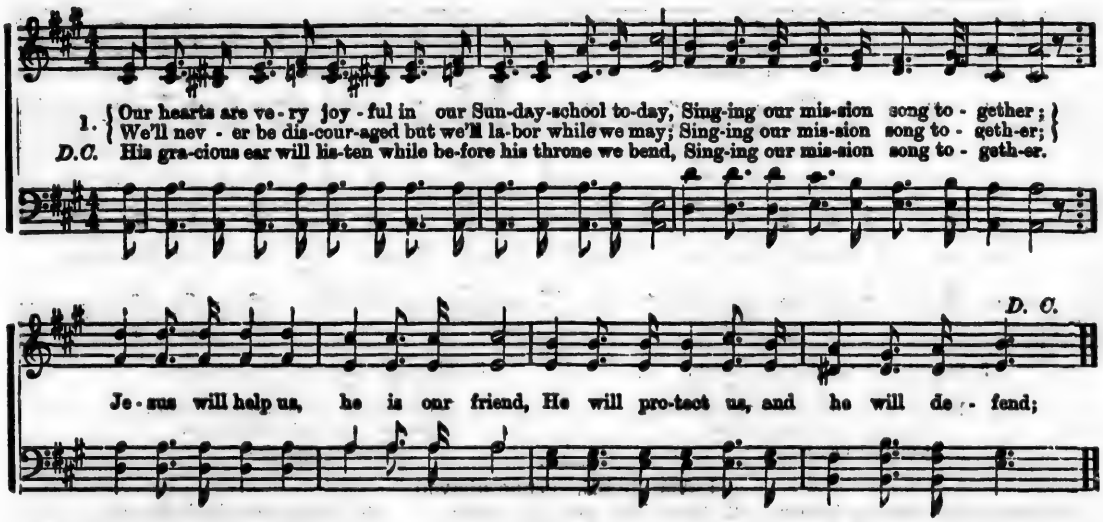
2 Once in Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much! I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3. Shout ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
While astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love,
That blest moment I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

4. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

OUR MISSION SONG.

HENRY TUCKER.



2.

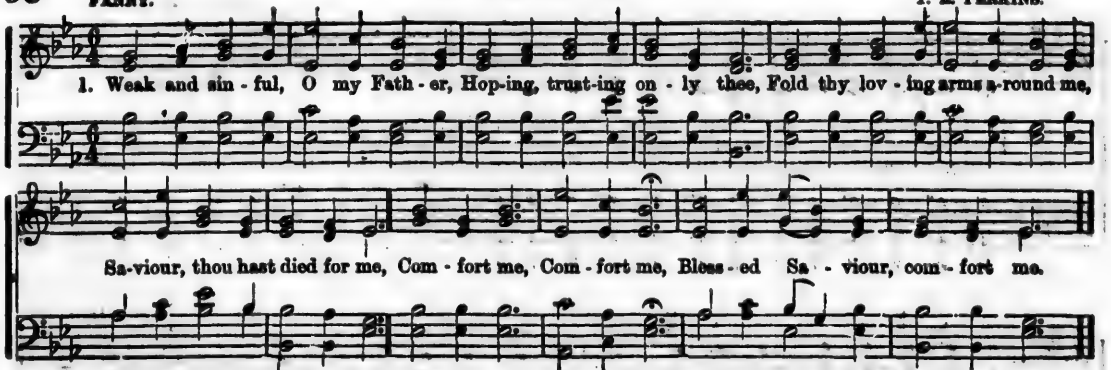
While many precious blessings he has scattered in our way,
Singing our mission song together;
For those who sit in darkness, we must not forget to pray;
Singing our mission song together.

3.

Our happy voices mingle in our Sunday-school so dear,
Singing our mission song together;
We know that God is with us when we meet together here,
Singing our mission song together.

COMFORT ME *

FANNY. T. E. PERKINS.



2. Standing at the door of mercy,
Lord, I wait a smile from thee;
Rich and boundless are thy blessings,
Surely there is one for me.
Comfort me, etc.

3. Thou, my life, my only treasure,
Let me give myself to thee,
Let me drink the healing fountain;
There is comfort still for me.
Comfort me, etc.

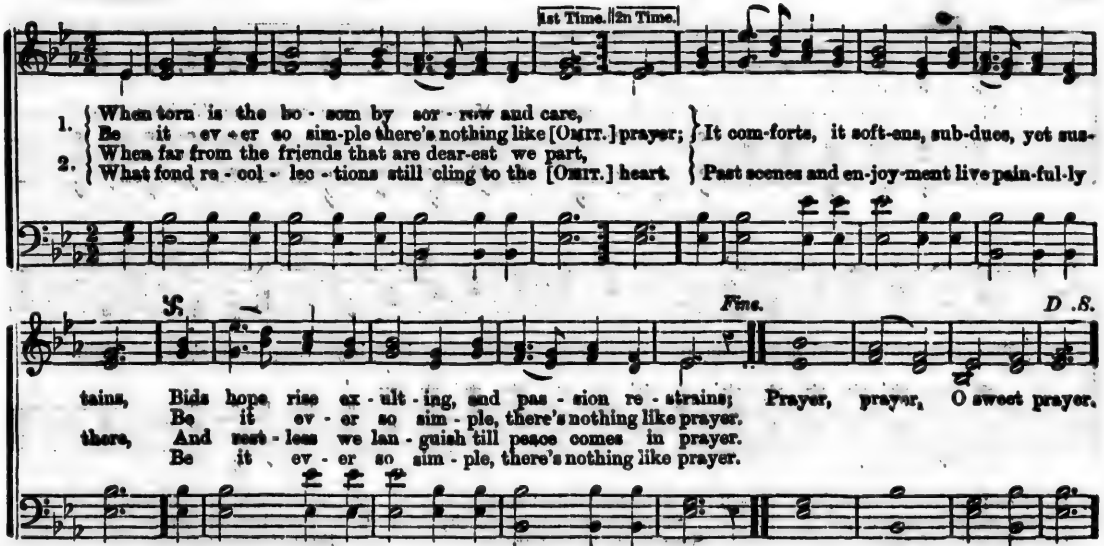
I AM FREE. (Tune above.)

1. Thou hast rolled away my burden,
Praise forever, praise to thee;
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

2. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

3. Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

*The words of "River Ms." page 33, may be sung to this Tune



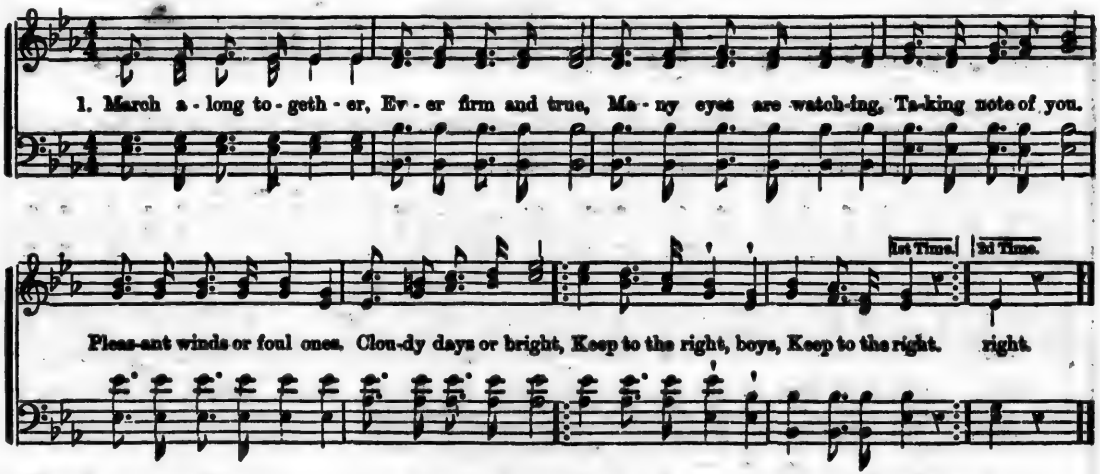
3. When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But looking to Jesus, we conquor by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

4. While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c

J. POLLARD.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

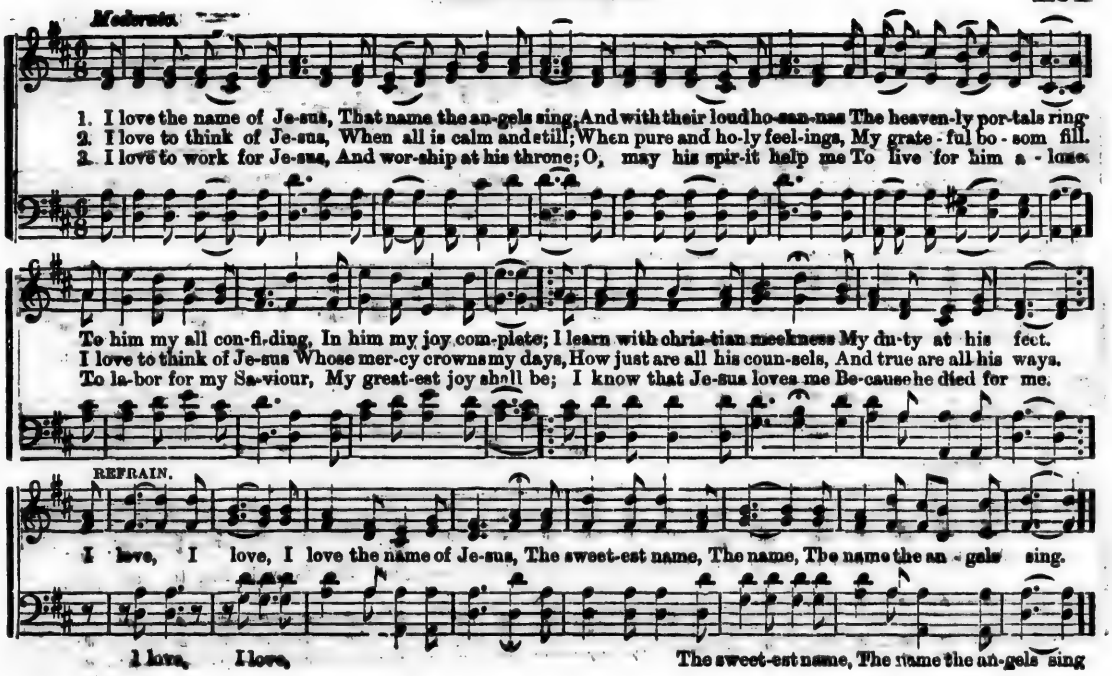
WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly,
Like the wing of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer,
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

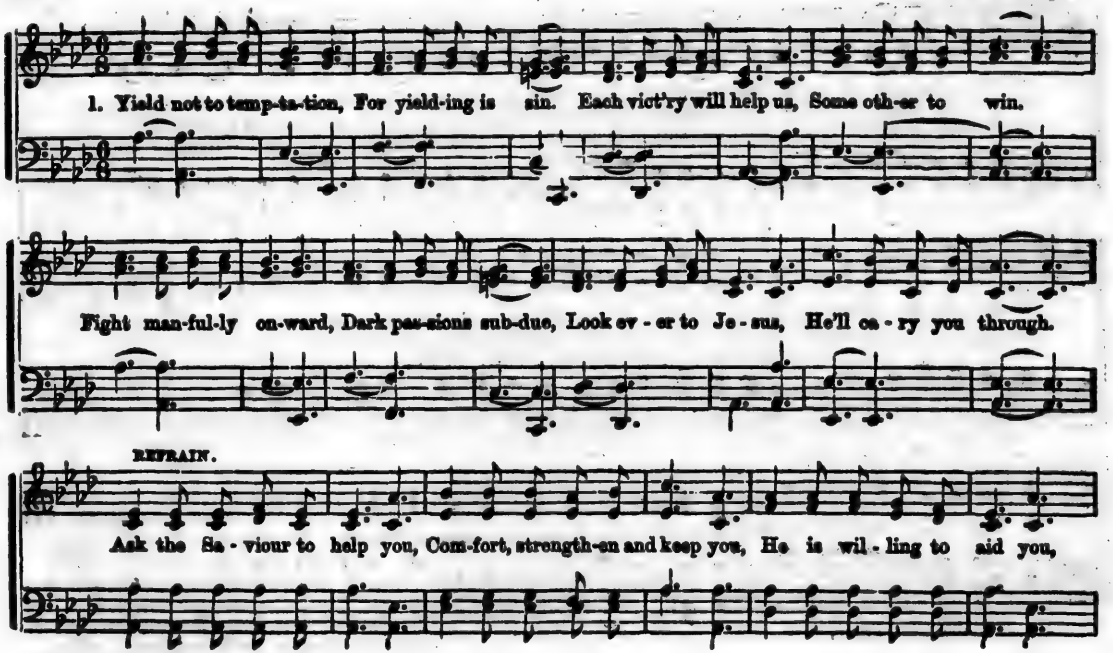
3. Of your heavenly Father,
Strength and courage seek;
Swords are to no purpose,
If the heart be weak!
Every arm endowing
With a warrior's might,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

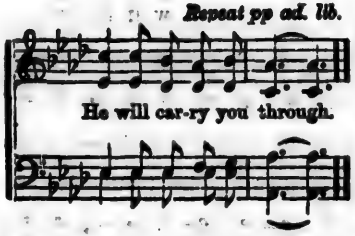
4. *Love* should be your motto
Duty be your aim:
Ever "overcoming,"
Till a crown you claim;
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.


Moderato.
1. I love the name of Je-sus, That name the an-gels sing; And with their loud ho-san-nas The heaven-ly por-tals ring.
2. I love to think of Je-sus, When all is calm and still; When pure and ho-ly feel-ings, My grate-ful bo-som fill.
3. I love to work for Je-sus, And wor-ship at his throne; O, may his spir-it help me To live for him a-lone.
To him my all con-fi-ding, In him my joy com-plete; I learn with chris-tian meekness My du-ty at his feet.
I love to think of Je-sus Whose mer-cy crowns my days, How just are all his coun-sels, And true are all his ways.
To la-bor for my Sa-viour, My great-est joy shall be; I know that Je-sus loves me Be-cause he died for me.
REFRAIN.
I love, I love, I love the name of Je-sus, The sweet-est name, The name, The name the an-gels sing.
I love, I love, The sweet-est name, The name the an-gels sing

LOOKING TO JESUS.

H. R. PALMER.



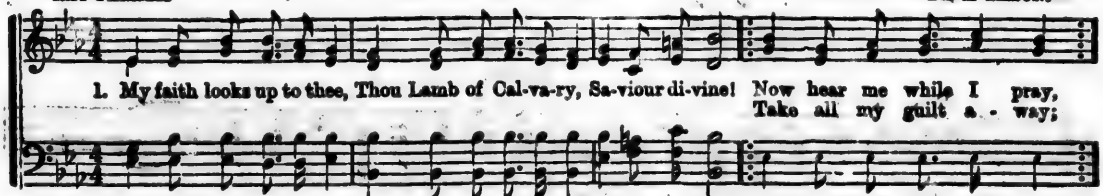


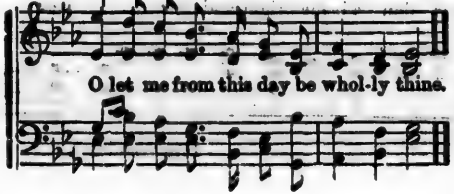
2. Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3. To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.



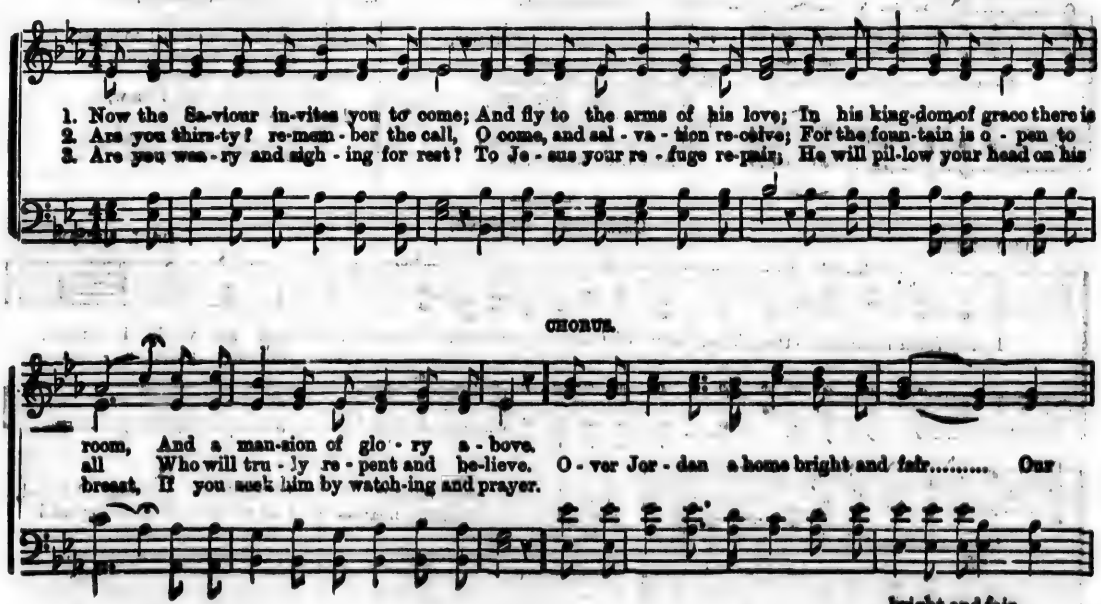


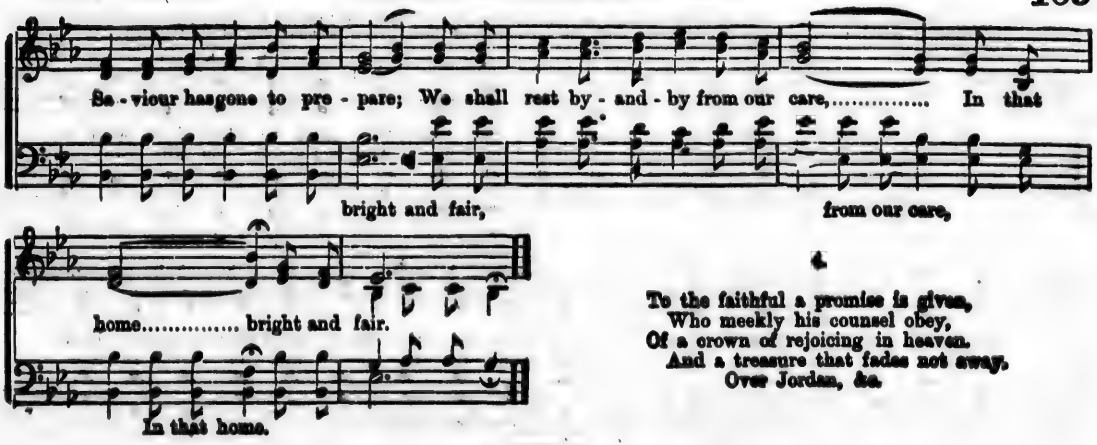
2.
May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart—
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3.
While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





4.

To the faithful a promise is given,
Who meekly his counsel obey,
Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven.
And a treasure that fades not away.
Over Jordan, &c.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD. L. M.*

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3. How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4. What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

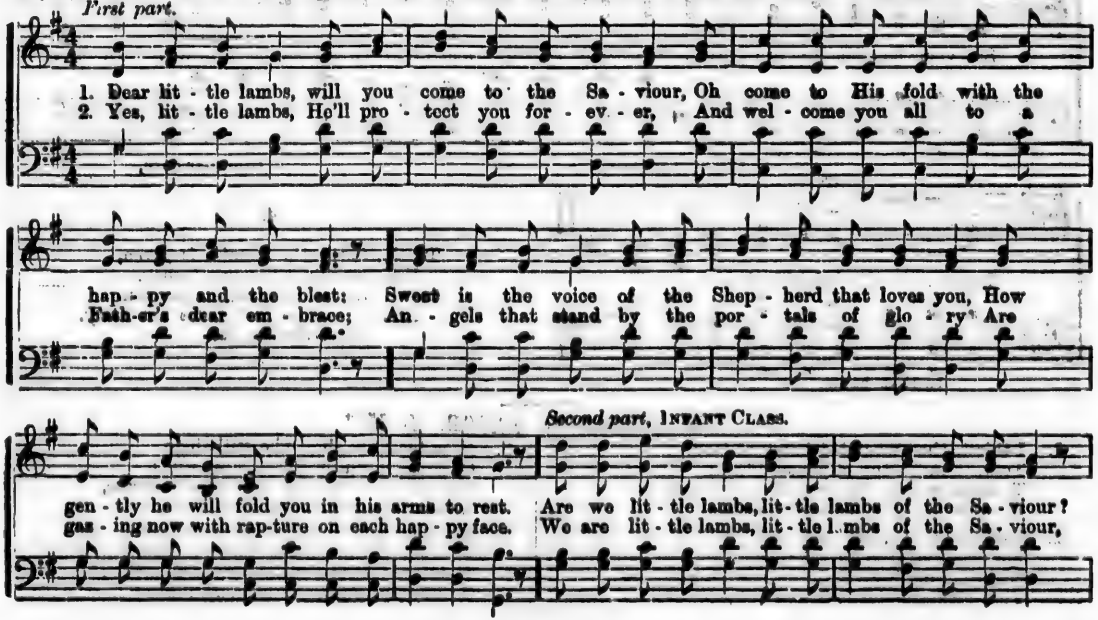
*Tune, "OLIVER," page 50.

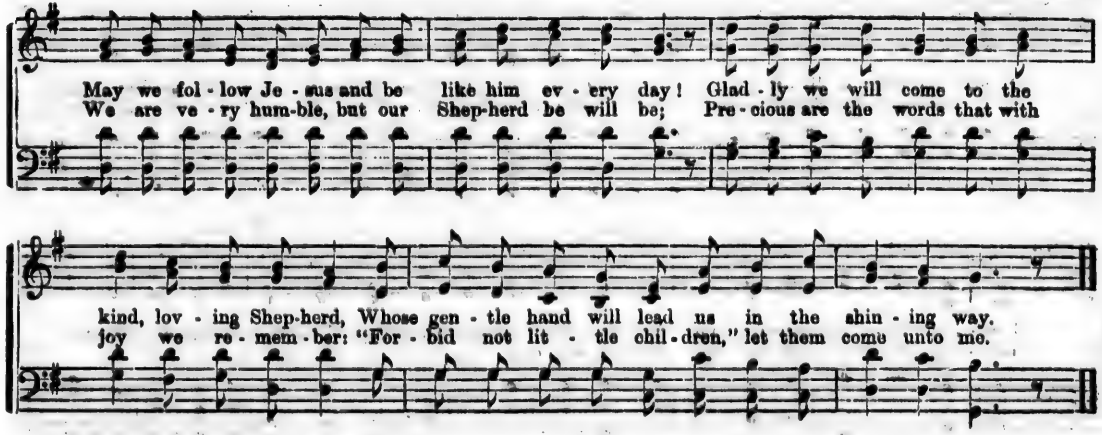
DEAR LITTLE LAMBS.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

The first part of this song may be sung by the larger scholars, and the response by the infant class; or one or more of the teachers may sing the first part, and the whole school the second part of each verse, until the second part of the last verse, when all should sing together.

First part.





First part. 3.

Dear little lambs, what a promise he gives you,
How great are the blessings his tender care bestows,
Safe you shall dwell in the green shady pastures,
Beside the cooling fountain where the water flows.

Second part.

We are little lambs, we will cling to the Saviour,
We will be his precious ones and give him all our love:
Help us by your prayers that we may all be faithful,
And Jesus then will take us to our home above.

First part. 4.

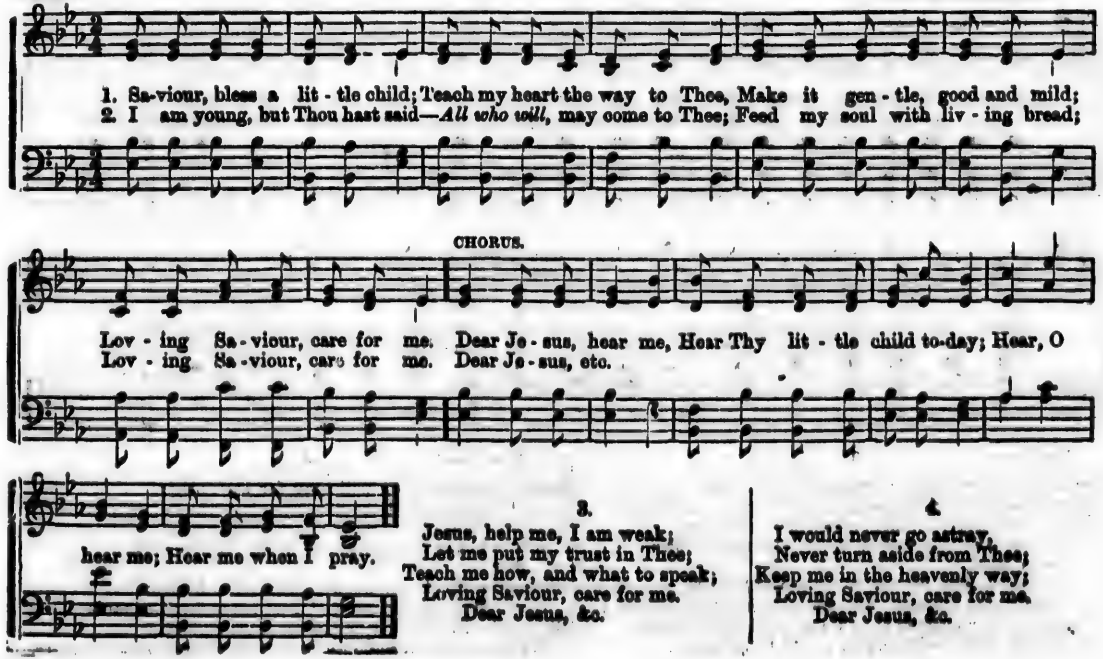
Dear little lambs, we will pray for each other,
And trust in the Lord as we journey thus along;
Soon we shall cross o'er the dark rolling river,
And join the happy chorus of the angel's song.

All.

Blessed be the Lord, we will praise him forever,
He will bid us welcome when we reach fair Canaan's shore;
Blessed be the Lord, to his name be the glory,
We'll meet the friends we've cherished then to part no more.

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



3.

Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Jesus, &c.

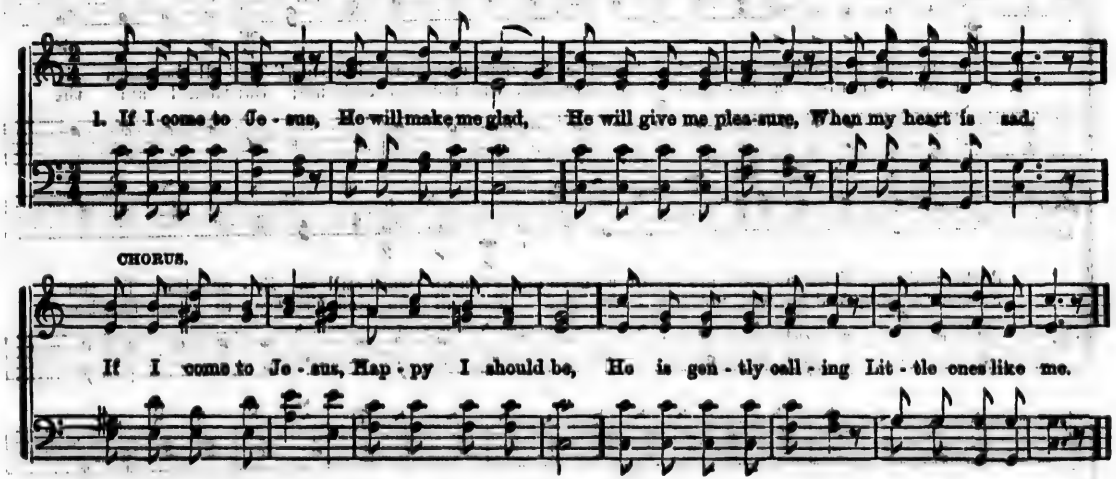
4.

I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Jesus, &c.

IF I COME TO JESUS. (Infant Class.)

W. H. DOANE.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—*Matt.* 11, 30.



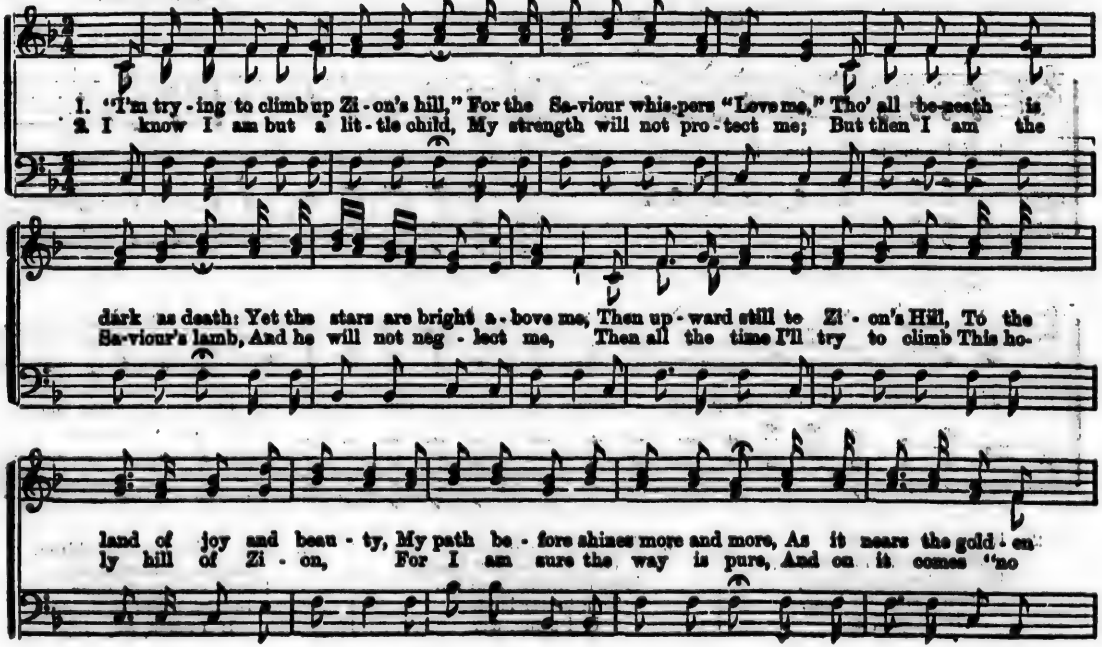
2. If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
If I come, &c.

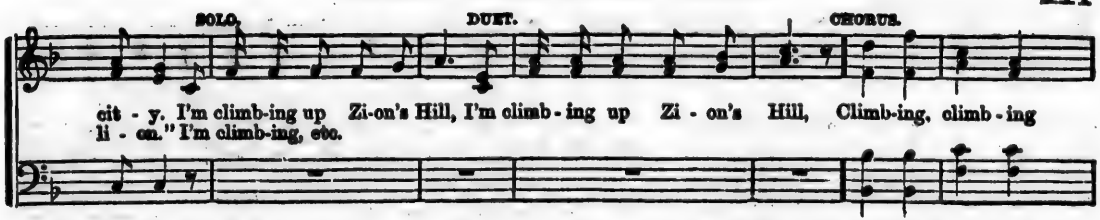
3. If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come, &c.

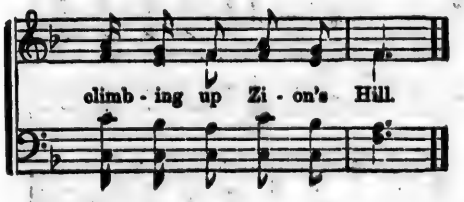
4. There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
If I come, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. (Infant Class.)

Rev. J. G. CHAFFE. PHILIP PHILLIPS.







3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the song
Of the shining-robed immortals.
I'm climbing, etc.

JESUS, MY LORD. *

1. Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

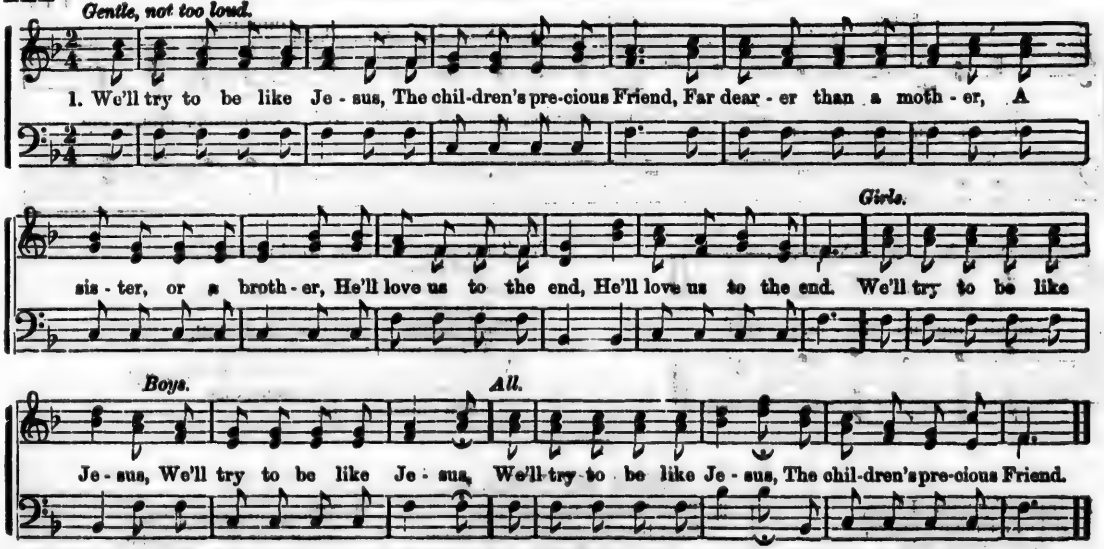
2. Thou blessed Son of God
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3. When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

*Tune, "Oliver," page 108.

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS. (Infant Class)

Gentle, not too loud.



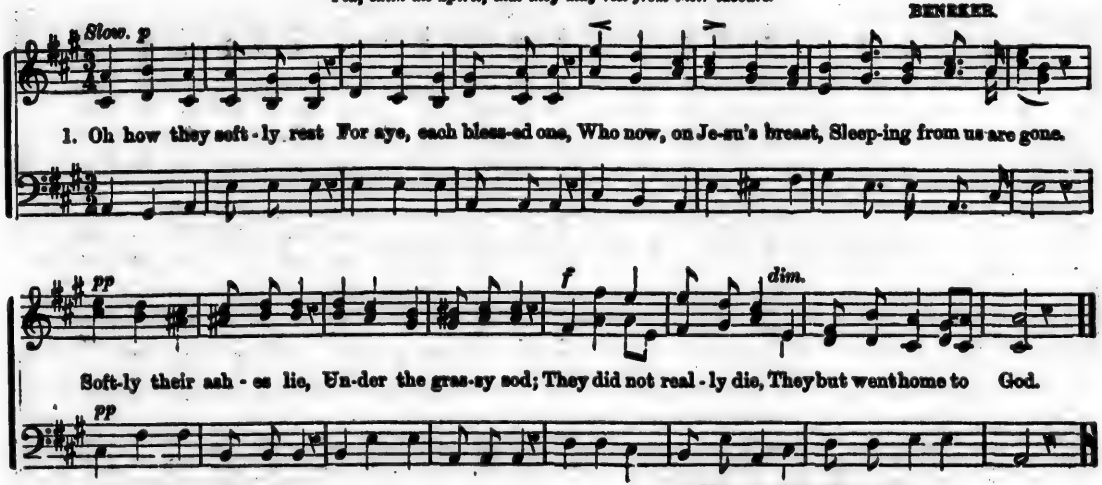
2. We'll try to be like Jesus,
In body and in mind;
For pure he was and holy,
In temper meek and lowly,
And to poor sinners kind.—CHO.

3. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will:
We'll seek his strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—CHO.

4. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At his right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story,
The ransomed sing on high.—CHO.

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

BENEKER.

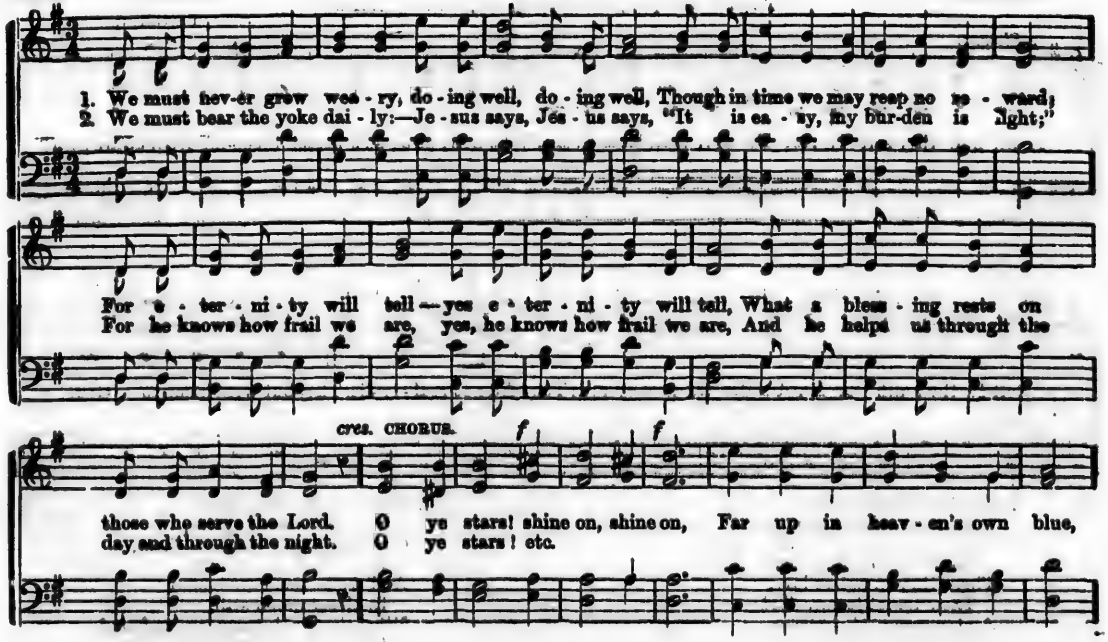


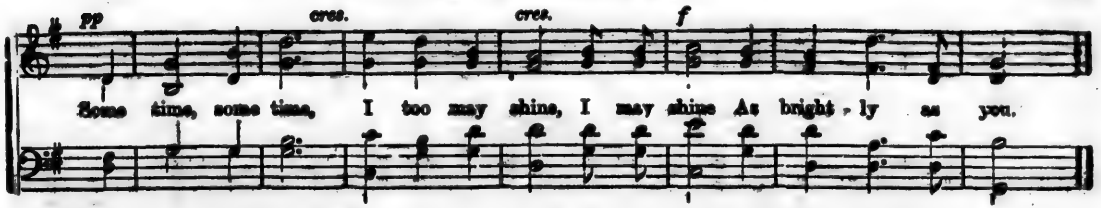
2 Yet 'tis no idle rest,
No mere release from care;
What they loved here the best,
They are fulfilling there.
There they in active love,
Their truest leisure find
And worship God above,
And know His holy mind.

3 Yet are they often here,
Yet do we meet again;
Our hearts they come to cheer,
In work, in joy, in pain.
And we to them are bound
In closer union still,
Whene'er, with them, we're found,
Doing the Father's will.

NEVER GROW WEARY.

J. POLLARD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



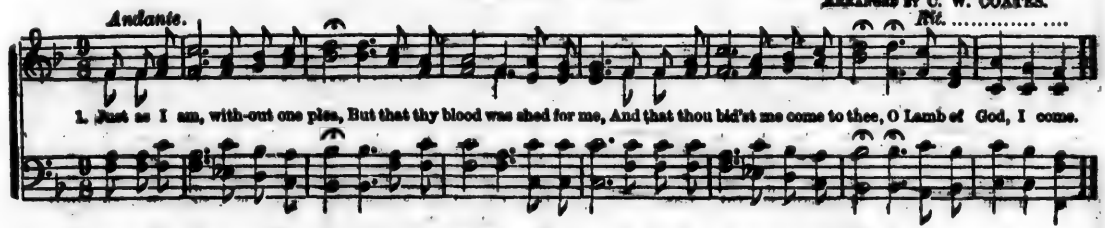


3. All the stars o'er us shining in the sky,
And the sun and the moon do his will;
And we know that by-and-by, if to serve him well we try,
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill.—Cho.

4. We must ever be watchful!—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll pray,
Till the sunset hour of life is safely past.—Cho.

JUST AS I AM.

ARRANGED BY C. W. COATES.



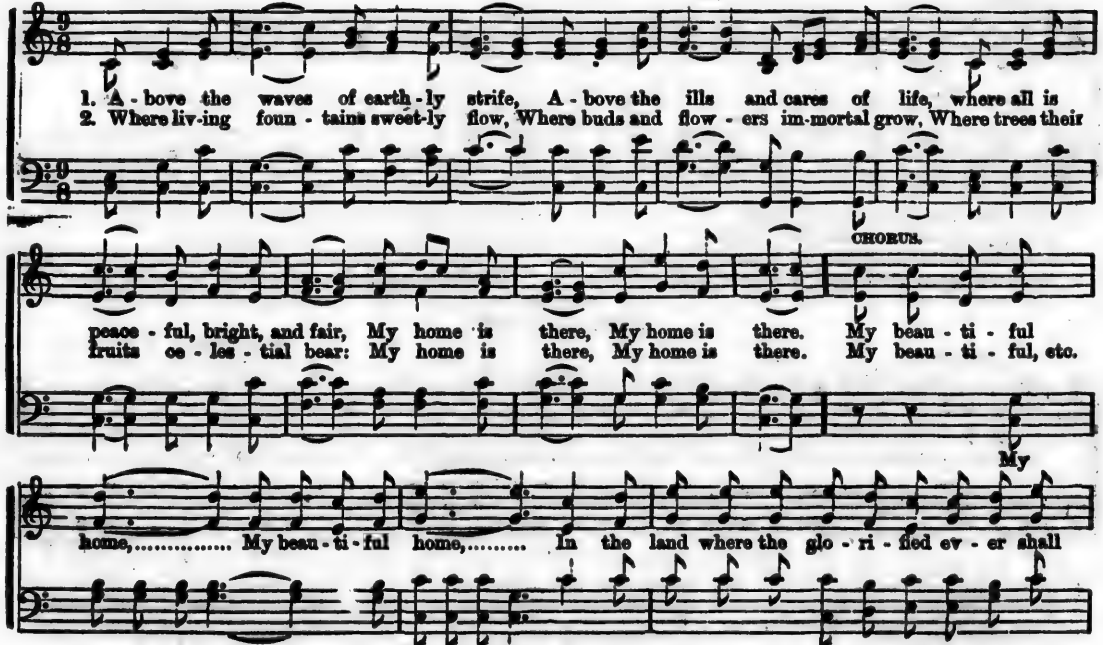
2. Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

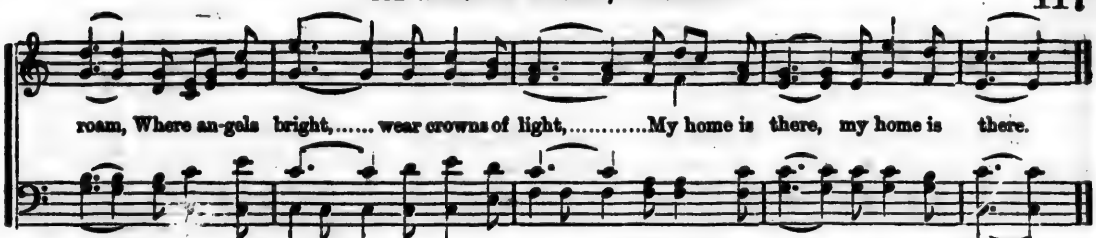
3. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

MY HOME IS THERE.

M. A. KIDDER. WM B. BRADBURY.



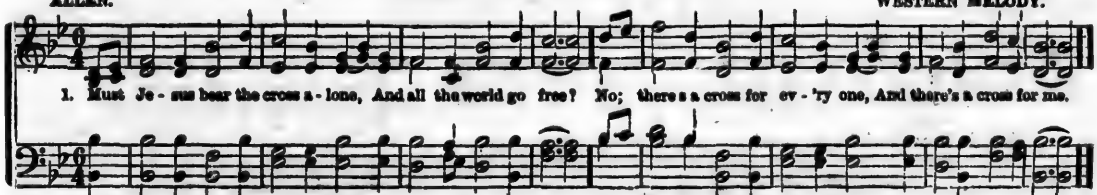


3. Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there.—CHORUS.

4. Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.—CHORUS.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

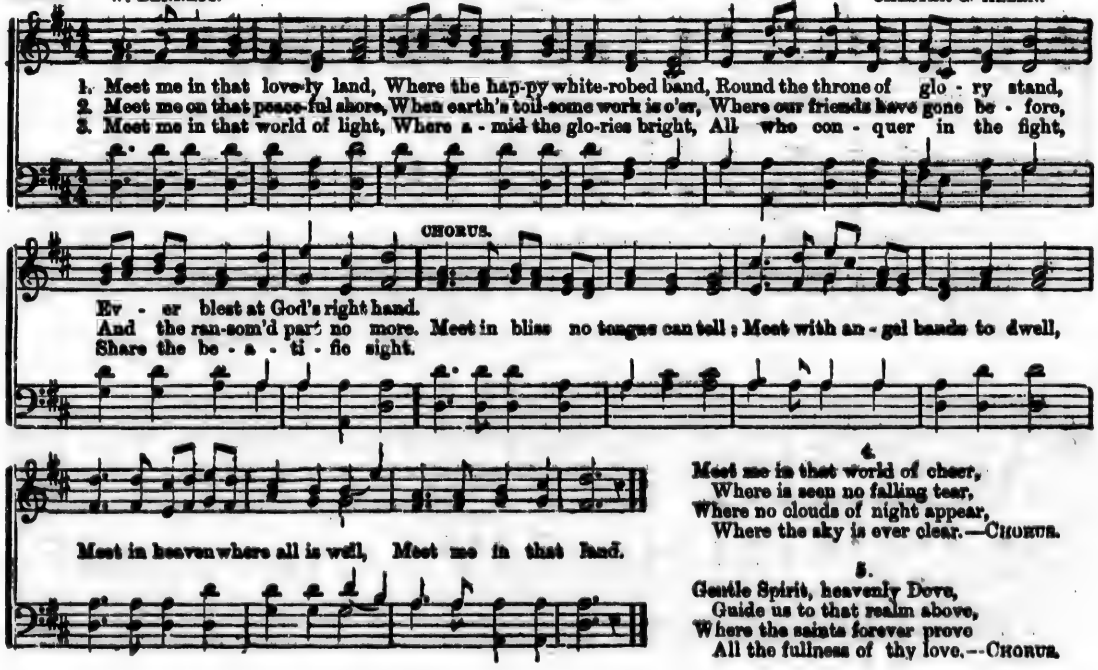
ALLEN. WESTERN MELODY.



2. How happy are the saints above Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love And joy with-out a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free, And then go home, my crown to wear; For there's a crown for me.

MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND.

W. BENNETT. CHESTER G. ALLEN.



4.

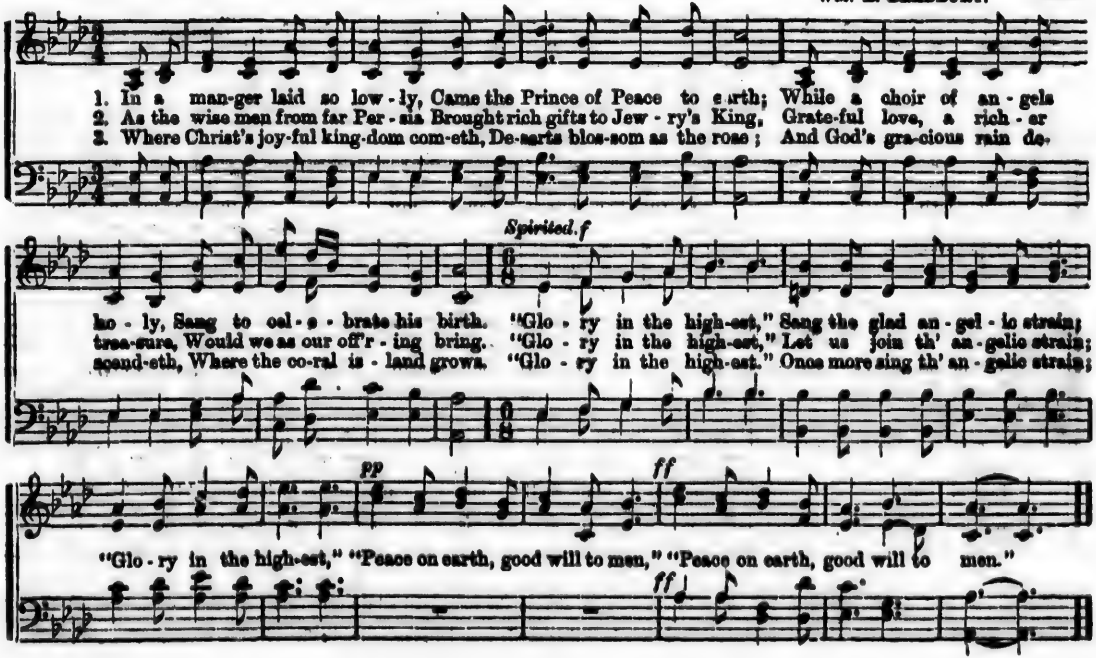
Meet me in that world of cheer,
Where is seen no falling tear,
Where no clouds of night appear,
Where the sky is ever clear.—CHORUS.

5.

Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Guide us to that realm above,
Where the saints forever prove
All the fullness of thy love.—CHORUS.

IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY.

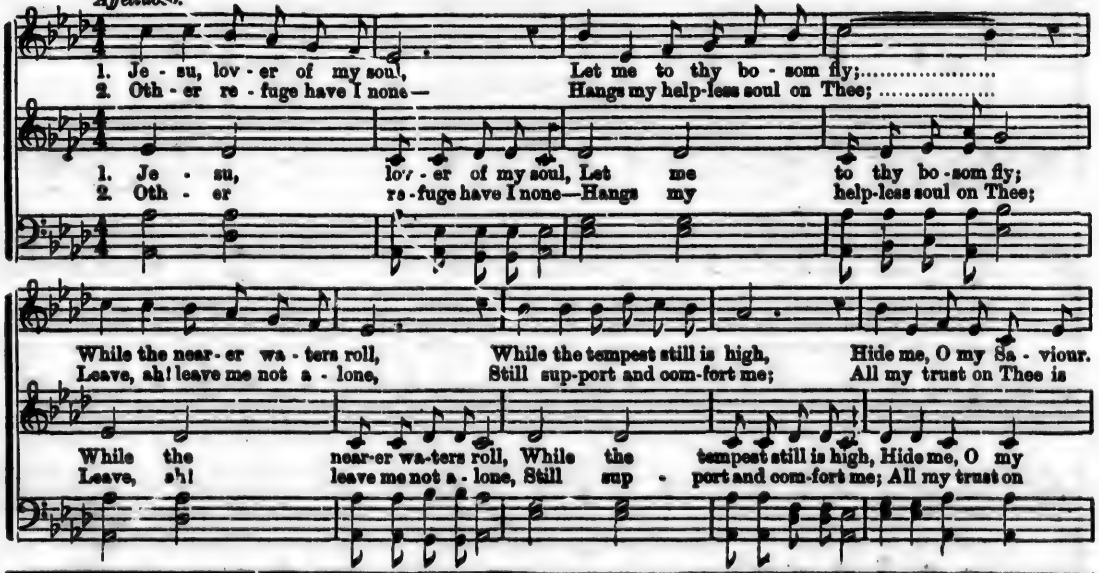
WM. B. BRADBURY.



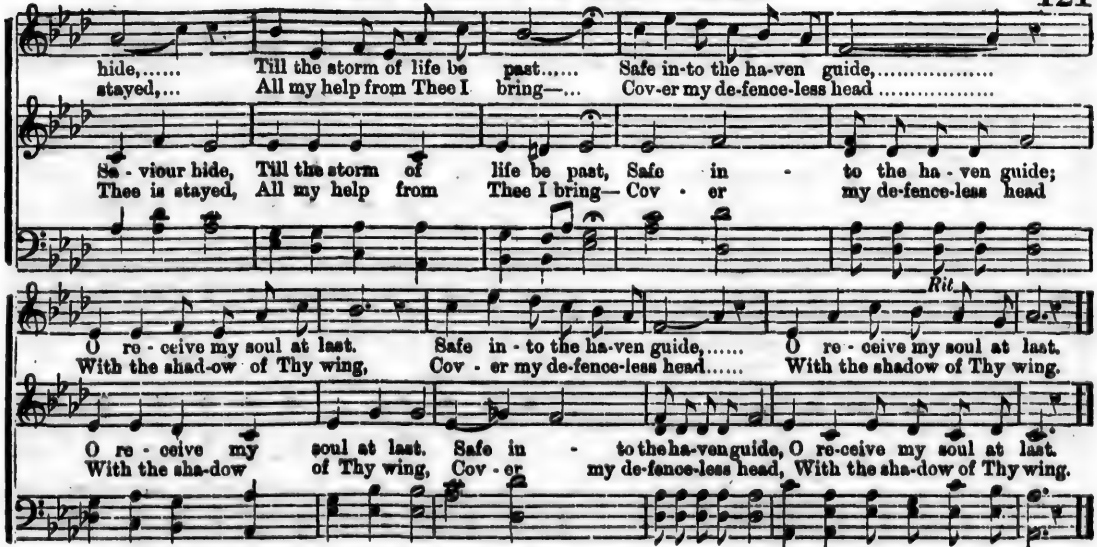
JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL. *

C. WESLEY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Affettuoso.



* This may be used occasionally with fine effect, by one Soprano singing the song—and all the Girls (and Boys whose voices have not changed,) singing the Alto, while the Base and Tenor sing their respective parts. Such pieces as the above, too difficult, it may be for general use, are intended for Sunday-School concerts and other public performances in which ample time for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, subdued tone of voice. This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune "MARTYN," page 57.



3.

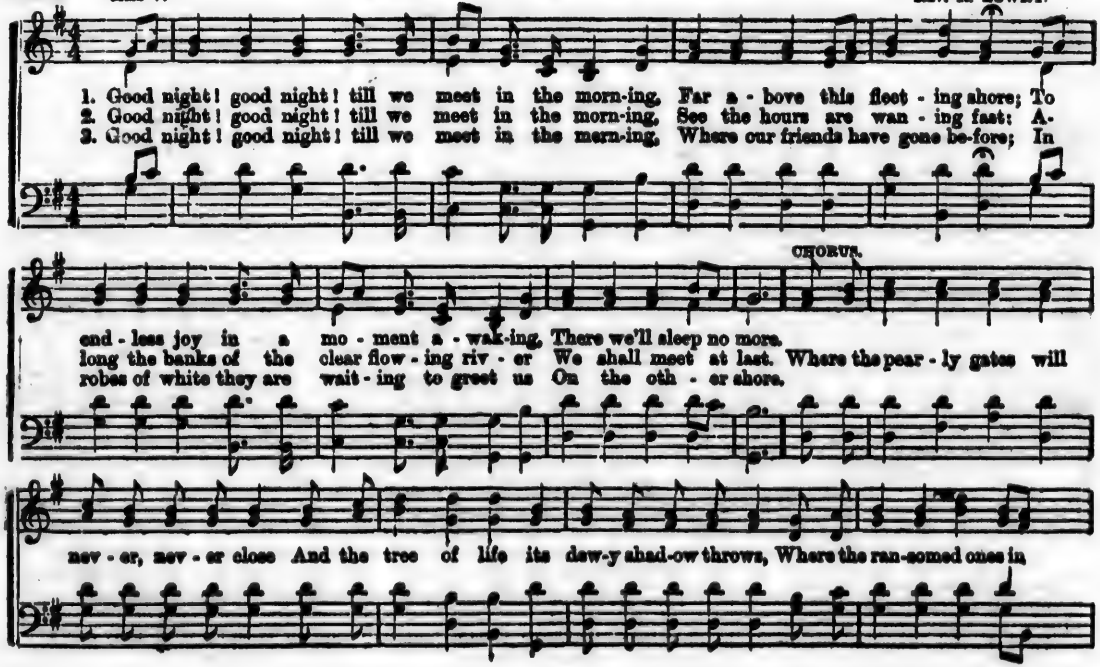
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all, in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity.

GOOD NIGHT, WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING.

Miss V. — Rev. R. LOWRY.



4.

Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
There from pain and sorrow free,
With Him who rose from the grave to redeem us
We shall ever be.
Where the pearly gates, etc.

ATONEMENT. 10s. 7s. & 9s.

2.

He was extended—He was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross:
Here He bowed His head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3.

Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4.

Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When His Majesty Divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

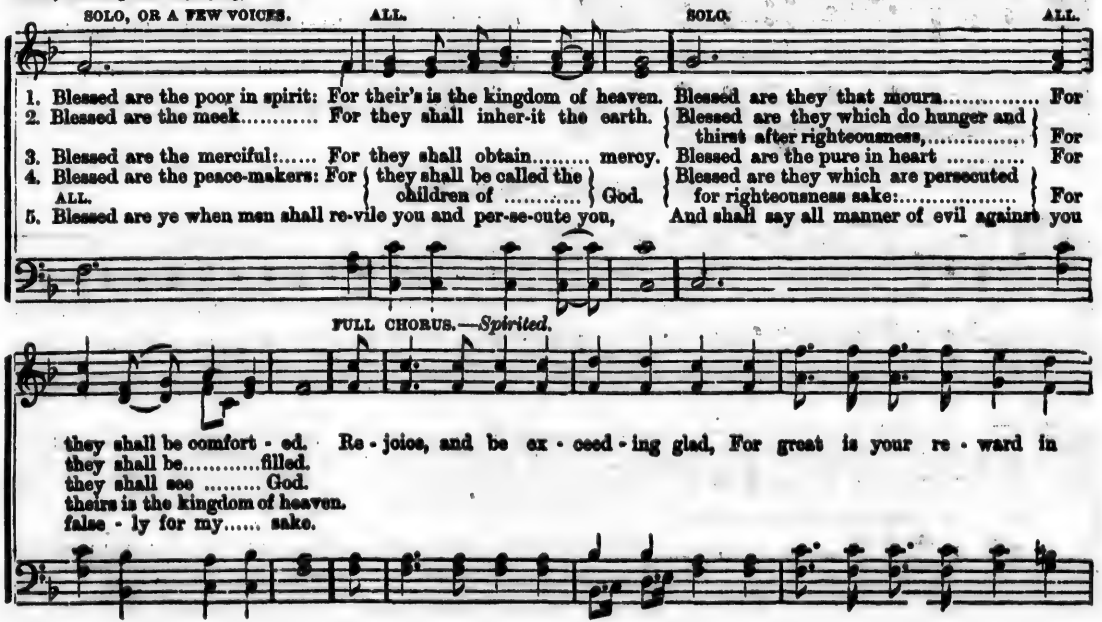
5.

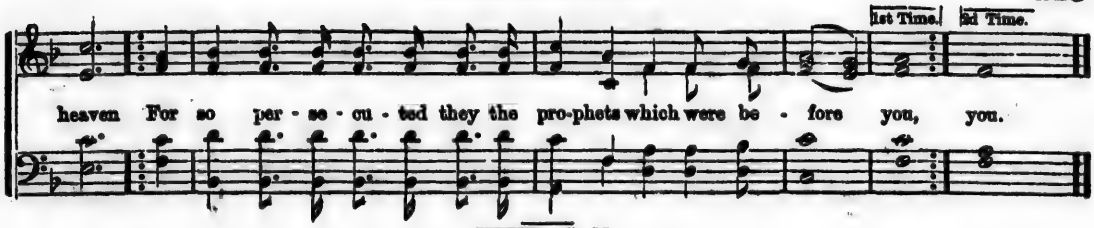
Hail, mighty Saviour—hail mighty Saviour;
Prince, and the author of peace!
O, He burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant, from beneath,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

THE BEATITUDES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

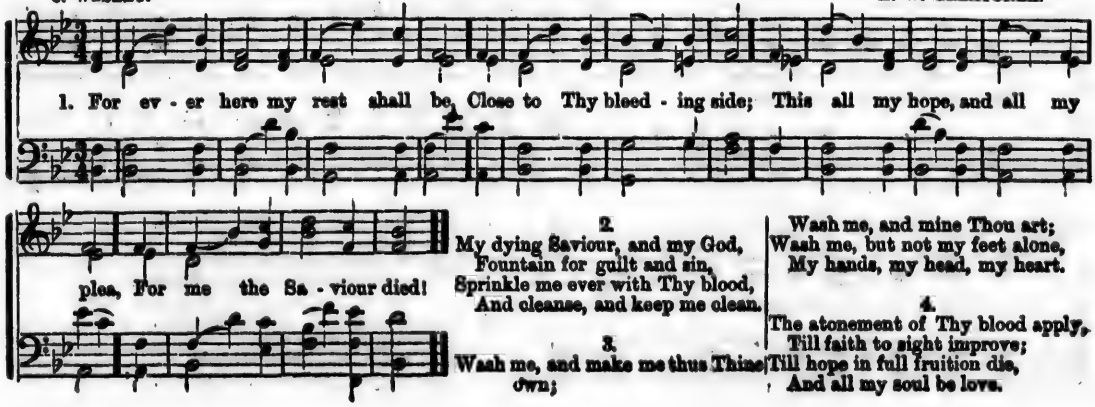
To be Read.—"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,





ELIM. C. M.

C. WESLEY. H. W. GREATOREX.



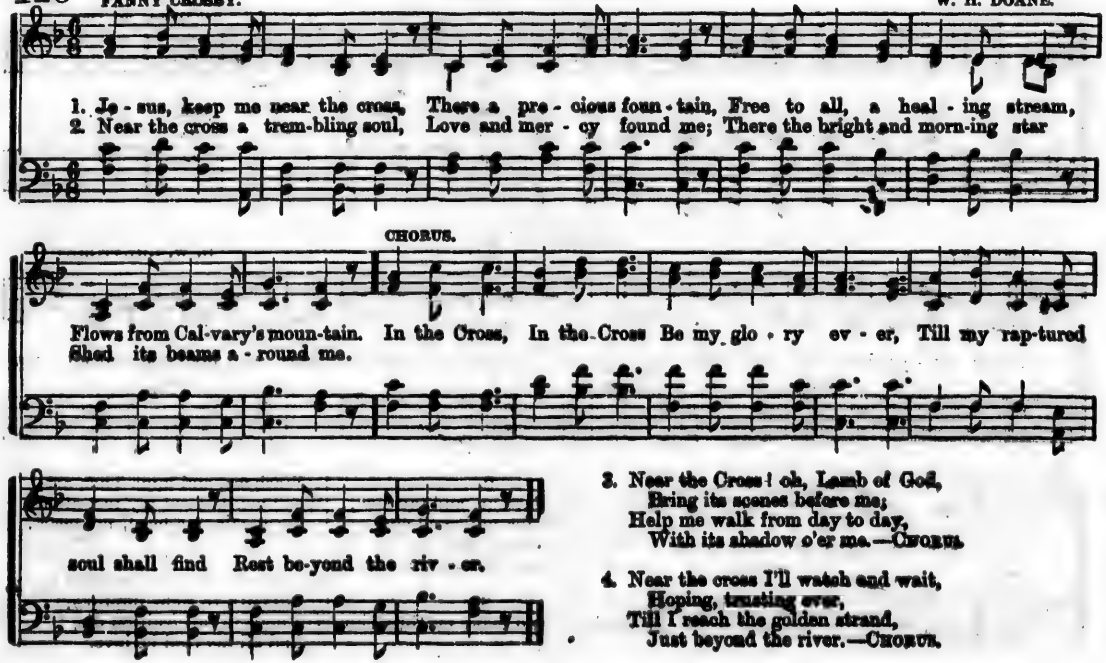
2.
My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3.
Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4.
The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

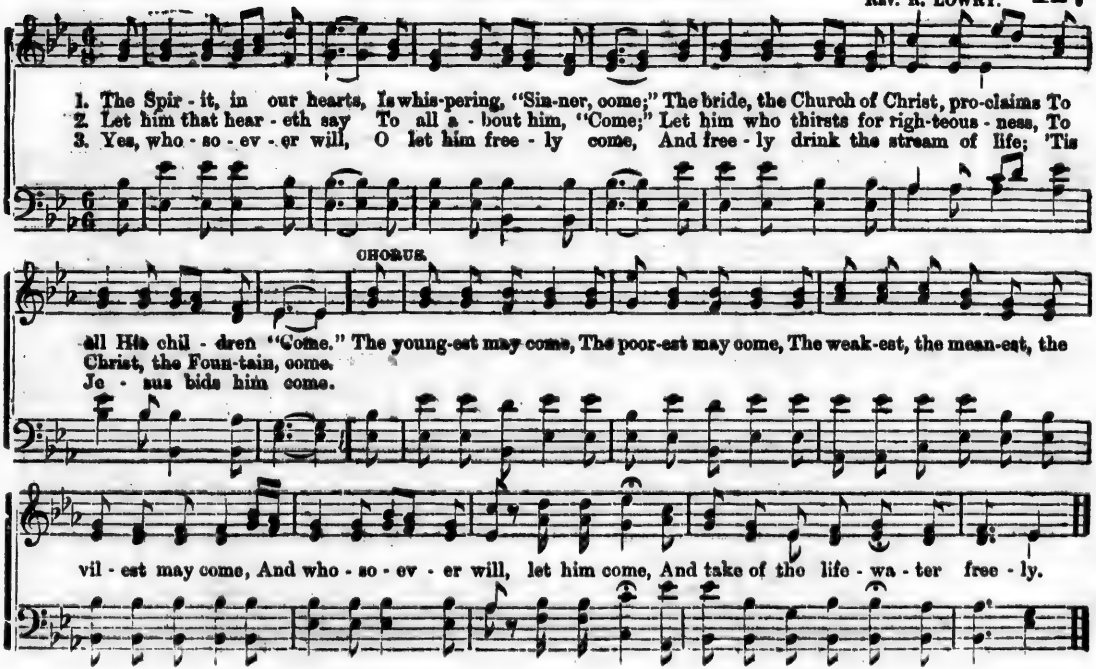


3. Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—CHORUS.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—CHORUS.

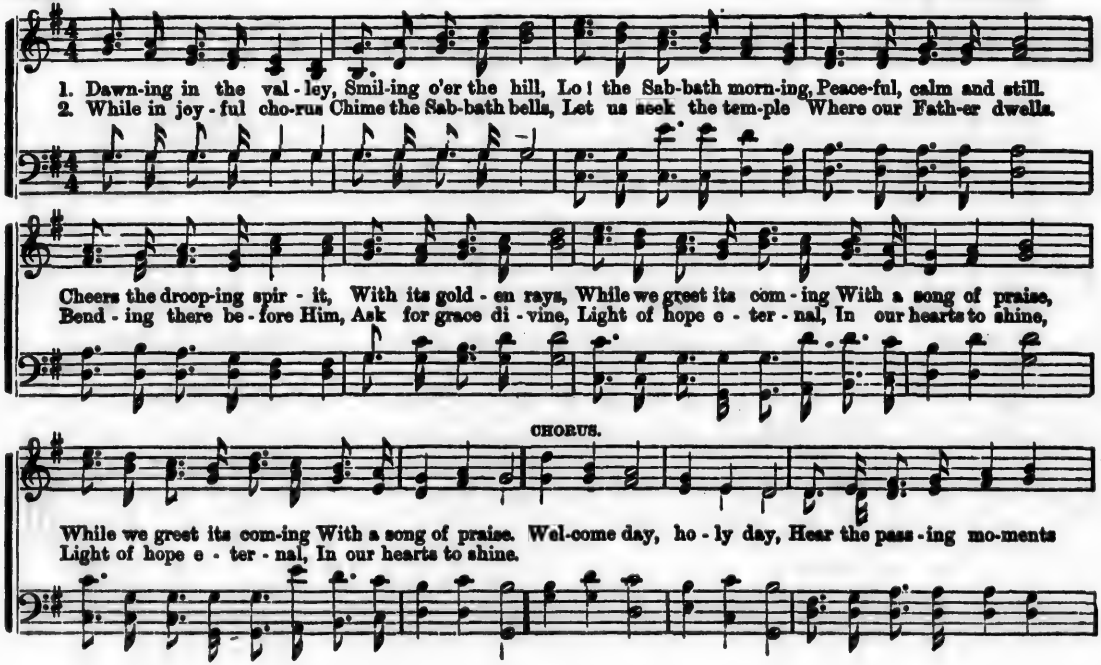
WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.

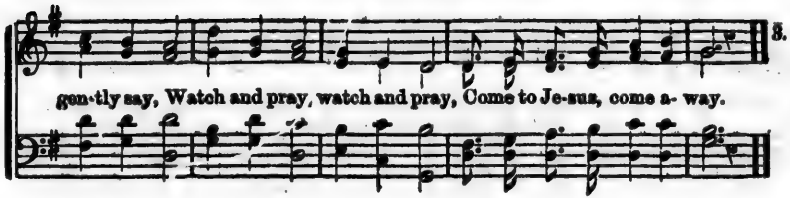
Rev. R. LOWRY.



DAWNING IN THE VALLEY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

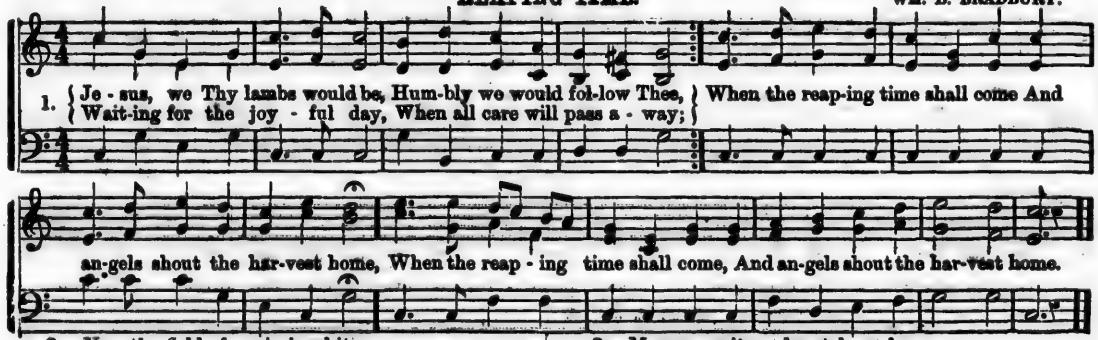




3. Day of rest from labor,
Pure and tranquil rest:
Day of sweet refreshing,
By our Father blest.
May our soul's devotion
Kindle while we sing,
Praise to Him who made it,
Praise to God our King.
Welcome day, &c.

REAPING TIME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



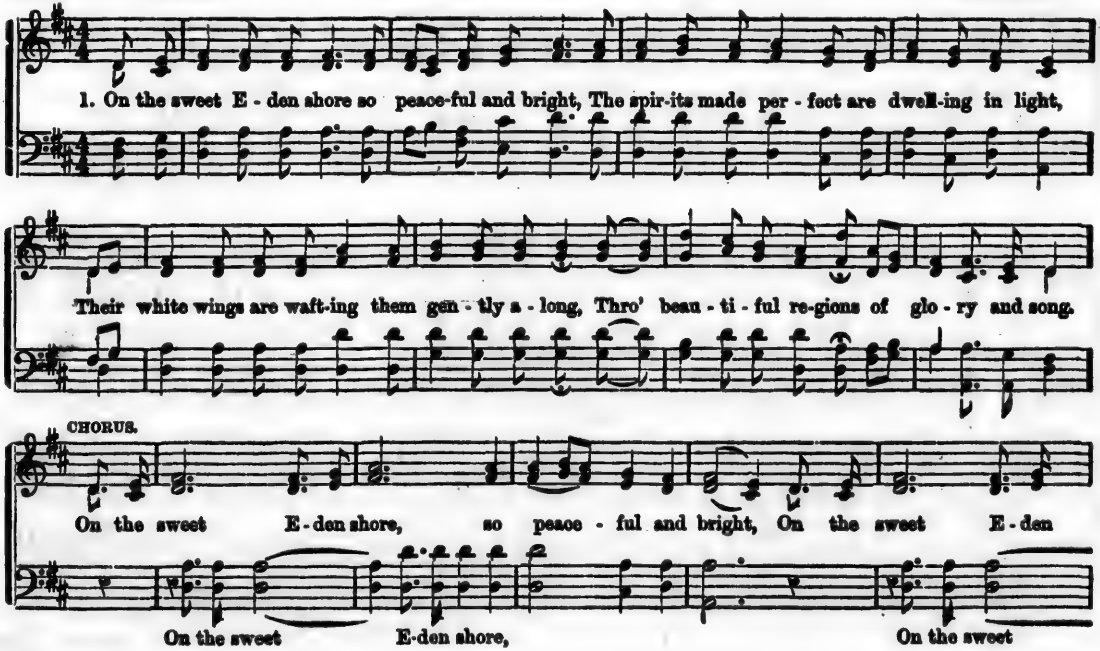
2. Now the field of grain is white,
Now the day is dawning bright,—
Brighter far the sky will be,
When our Master we shall see.—CHORUS.

3. May we wait, and watch, and pray,
For the coming of that day,
When the wheat shall sifted be,
And the chaff be driv'n from thee.—CHORUS.

M. A. KIDDER.

THE SWEET EDEN SHORE.

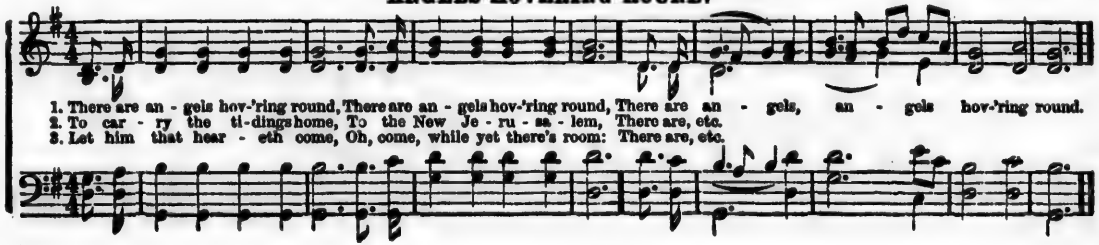
W. H. DOANE.



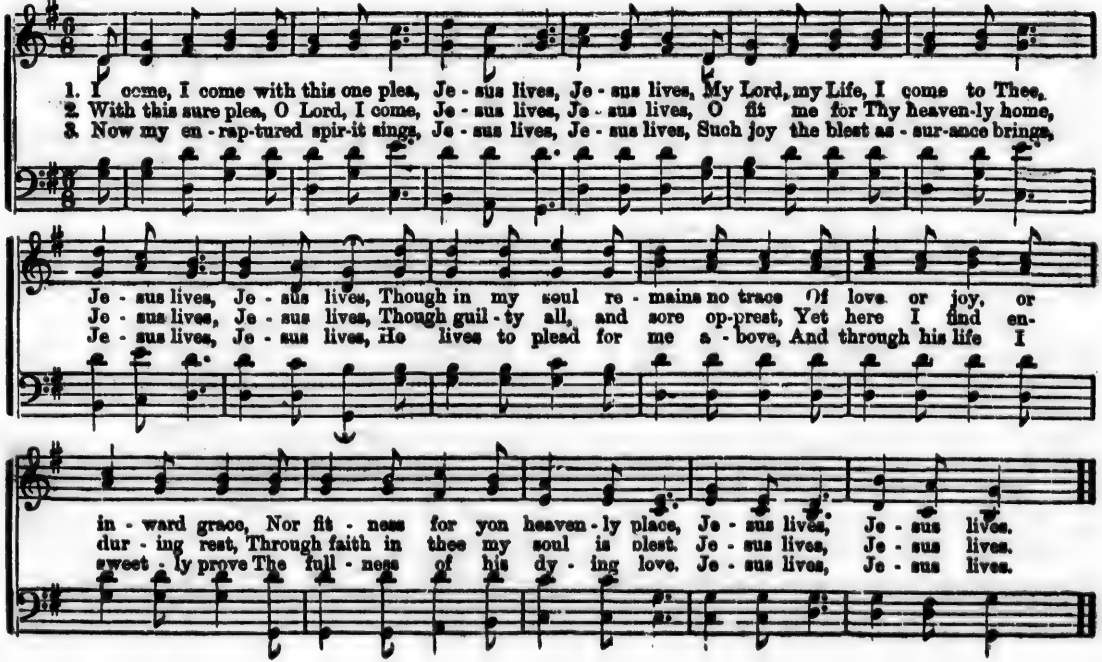
2. O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair.—CHORUS.

3. On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay.—CHORUS.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



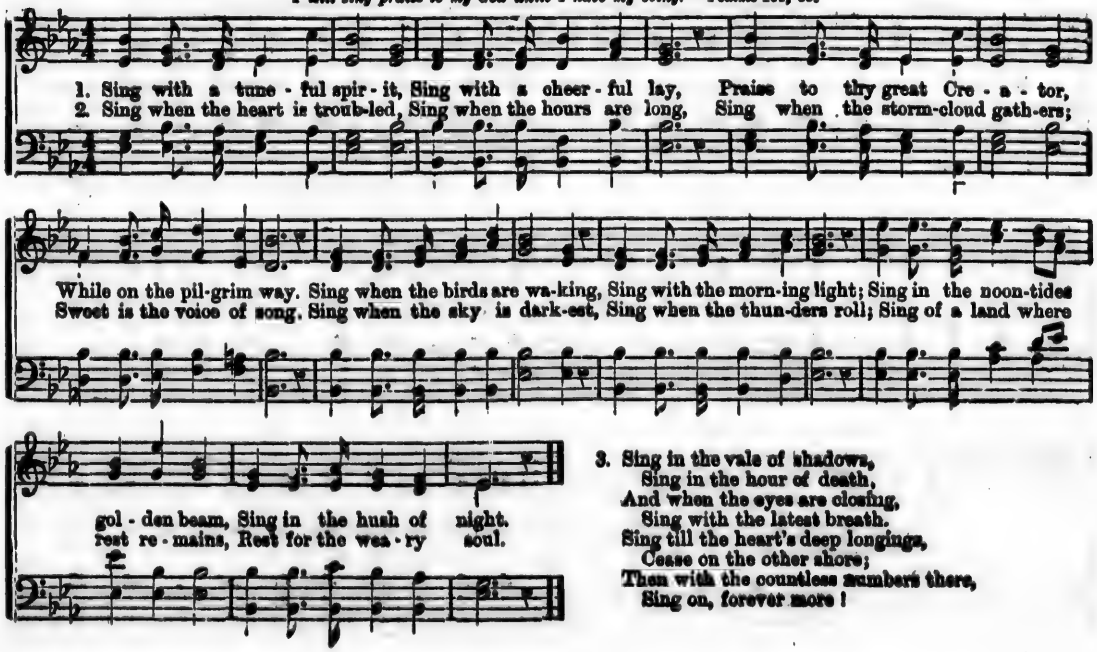
132 W. BENNETT. **JESUS LIVES.** HUBERT P. MAIN.



SING ALWAYS.

FANNY CROSBY. W. F. SHERWIN.

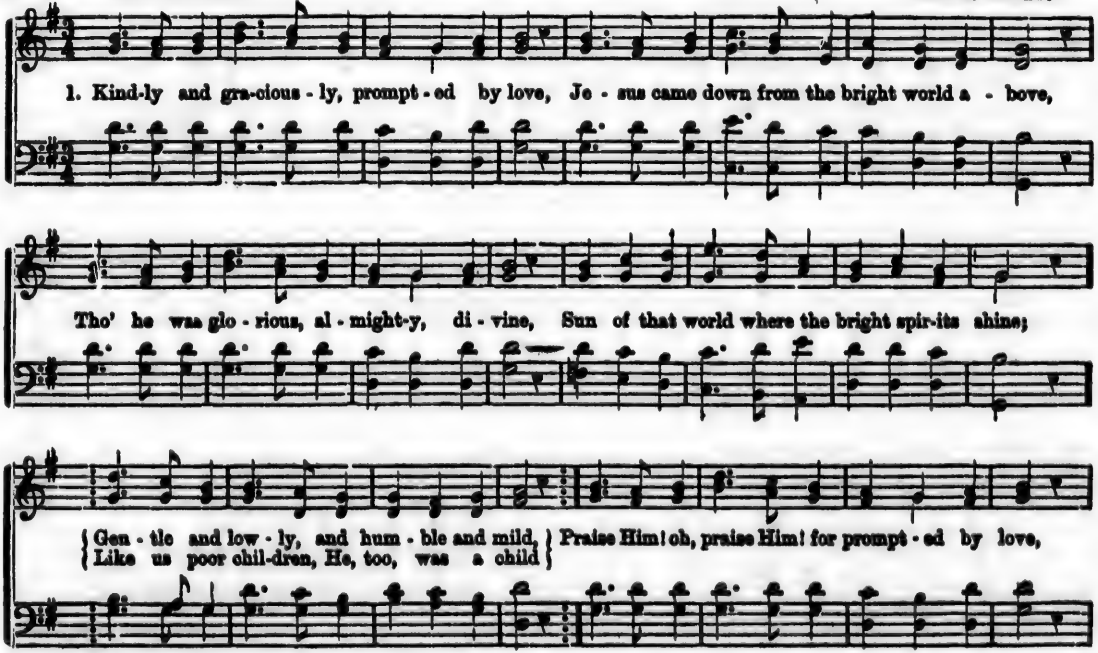
"I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Psalms 104, 33.

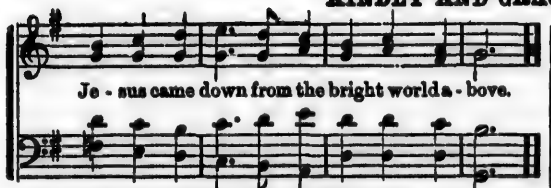


3. Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings,
Cease on the other shore;
Then with the countless numbers there,
Sing on, forever more!

KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY.

Rev. J. DOWLING. Rev. R. LOWRY.



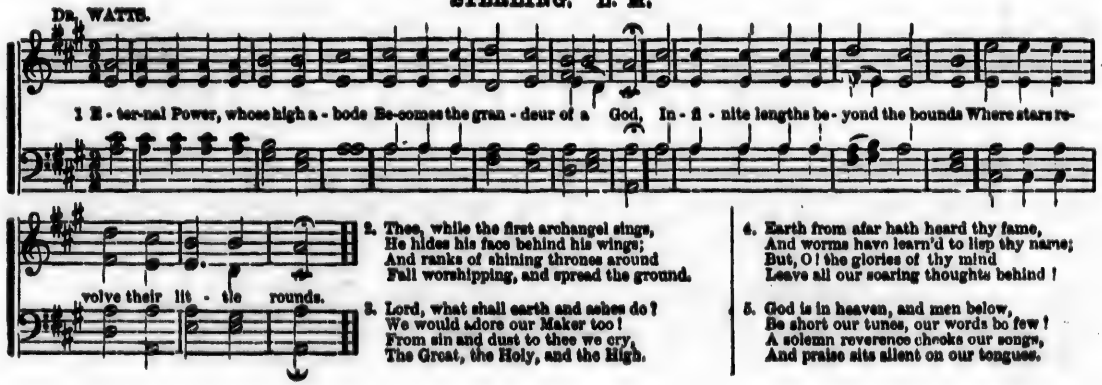


2. Lovingly, Lovingly, close to His breast,
Once little children so fondly He press'd;
Laid each dear hand on some little one's head,
Tenderly smiling, as sweetly He said,—
"Dear little children, so happy and free!
Suffer the children to come unto me."
Lovingly, lovingly, close to His breast,
Once little children so fondly He press'd.

3. Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds the dear lambs in His arms;
Hark! there is melody through the air borne—
Borne from the "happy land" whither they're gone:
"Parents, and sisters, and brothers most dear!
Weep not, but meet us, oh meet with us here!
Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds us, His lambs, in His arms."

STERLING. L. M.

DR. WATTS.



2. Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

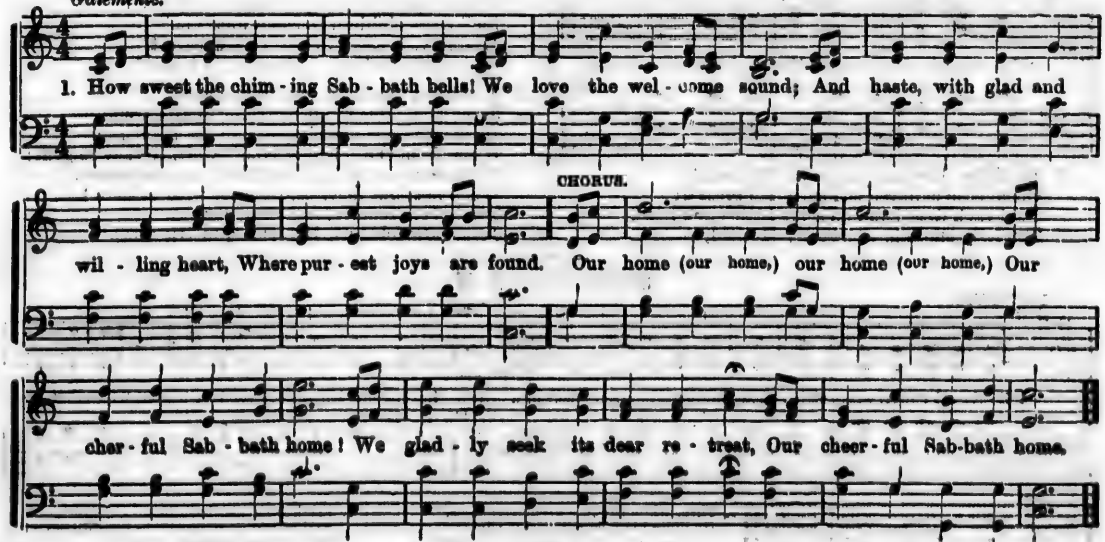
4. Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5. God is in heaven, and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Gaiements.



2.

From christian friends and teachers there,
We learn the heavenly way,
That leads to him who kindly gave
This holy, happy day.—CHORUS.

3.

We sing our Saviour's wond'rous love,
And all his tender care;
We sing of joy beyond the sky
In mansions bright and fair.

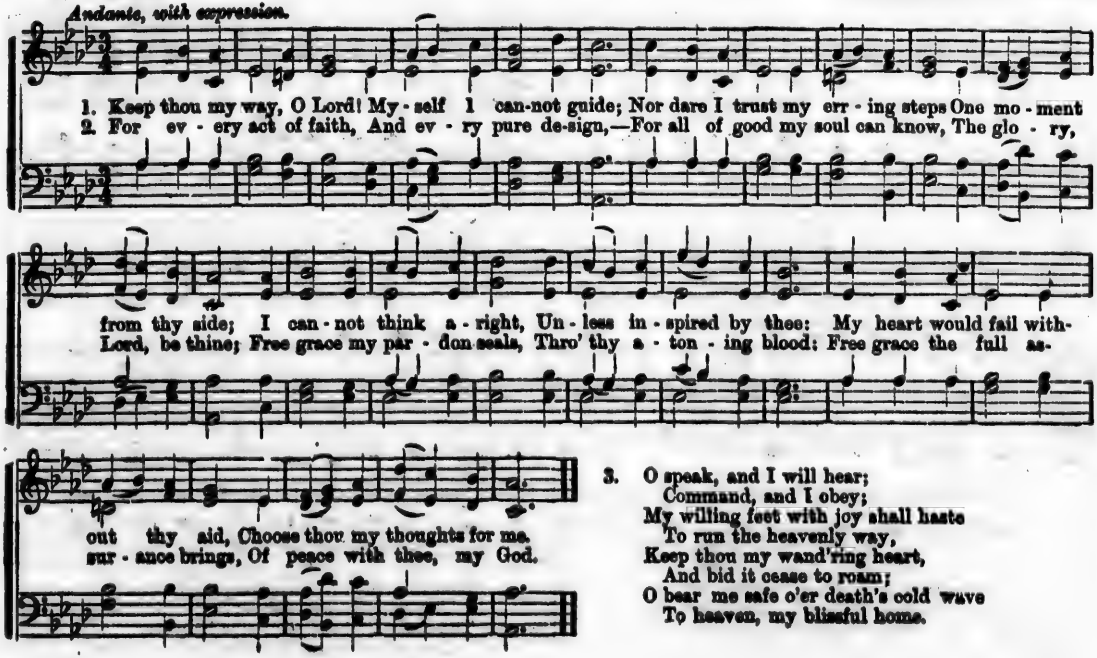
4.

The angels robed in purest white,
Surround the throne above;
And there our happy souls may join
To sing redeeming love.

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

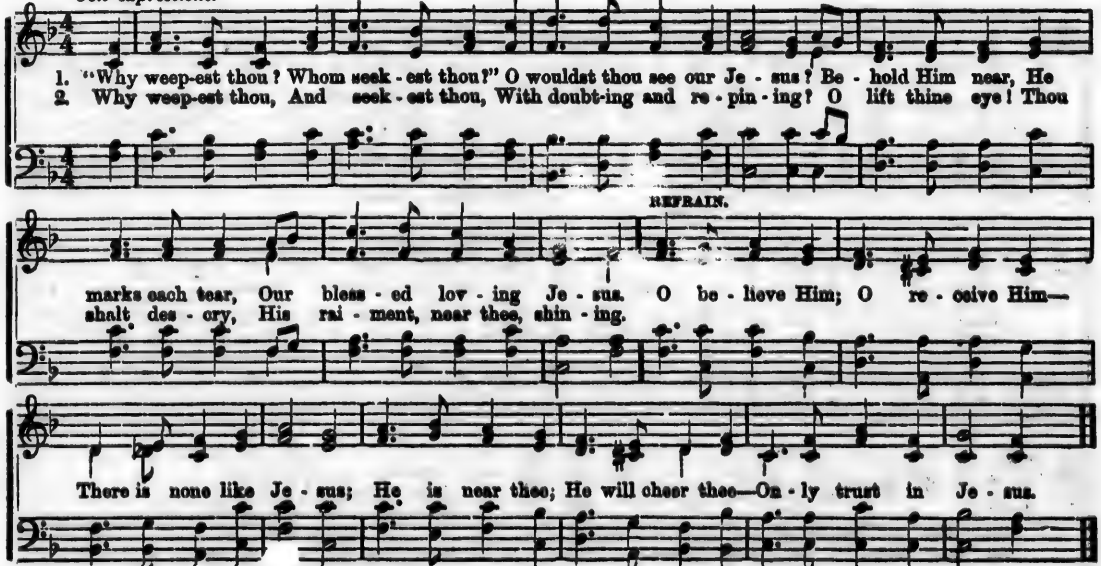
Andante, with expression.



3. O speak, and I will hear;
Command, and I obey;
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way,
Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

138 Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. **WHY WEEPEST THOU?** Rev. R. LOWRY.

Con expressione.



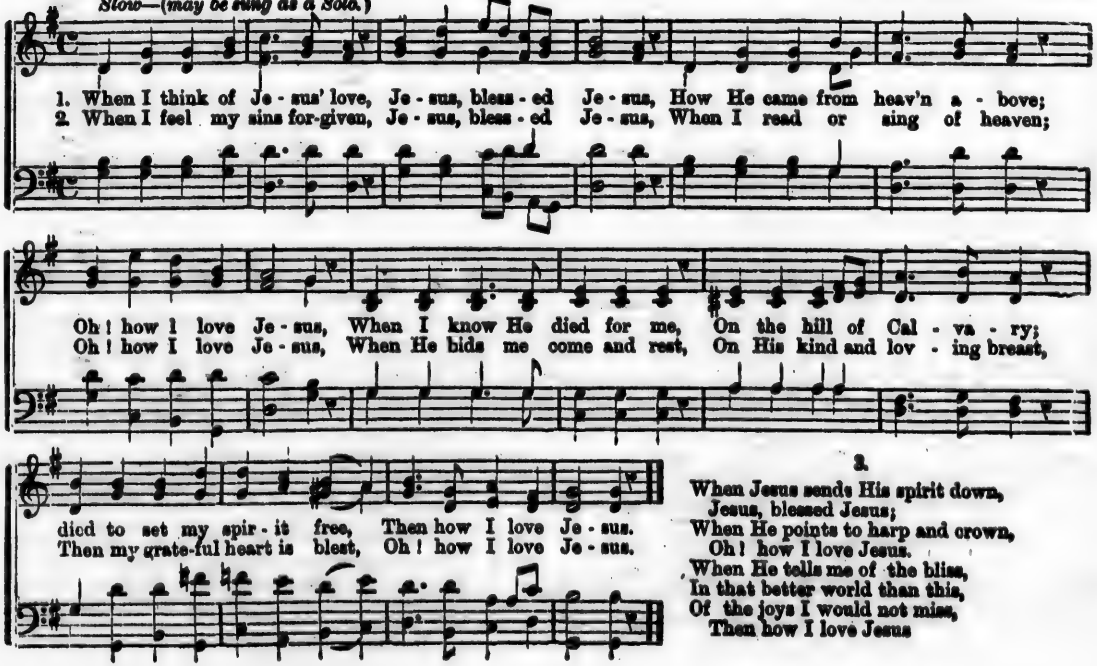
3. Believe Him now; Receive Him now;
Look up with faith and meekness,
To Jesus' blood, Which freely flowed
For all thy sin and weakness.—CHORUS.

4. Believest thou? Cease weeping now—
Thy soul He will deliver;
The cross He bore, Our sins he wore,
And nailed them there forever.—CHORUS.

OUR GRATITUDE.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

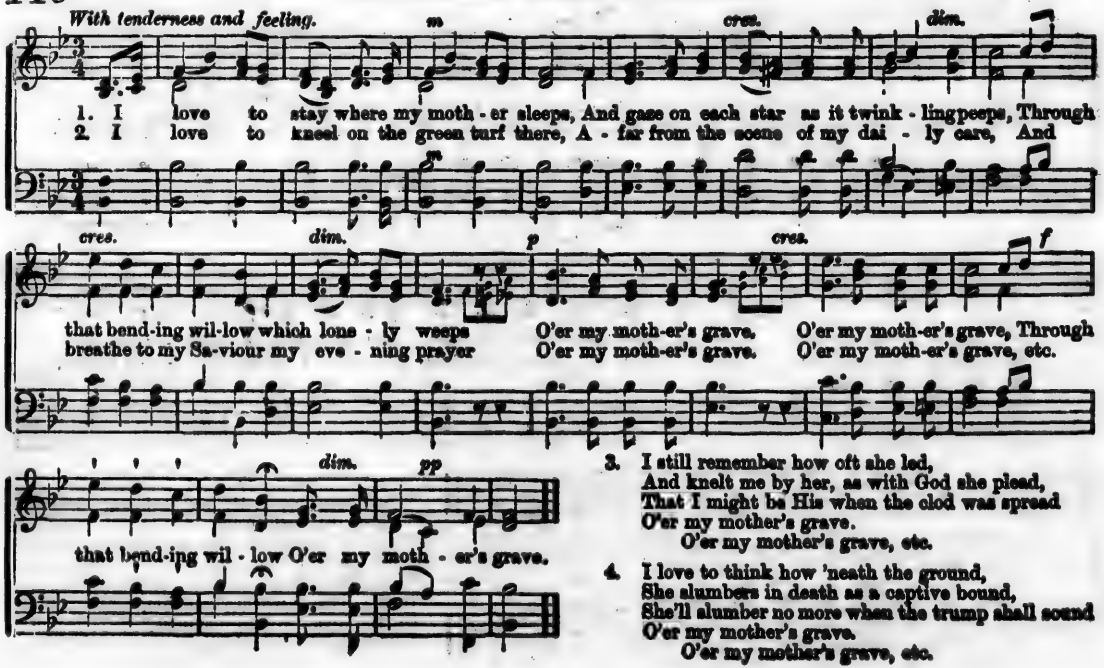
Slow—(may be sung as a Solo.)



3.

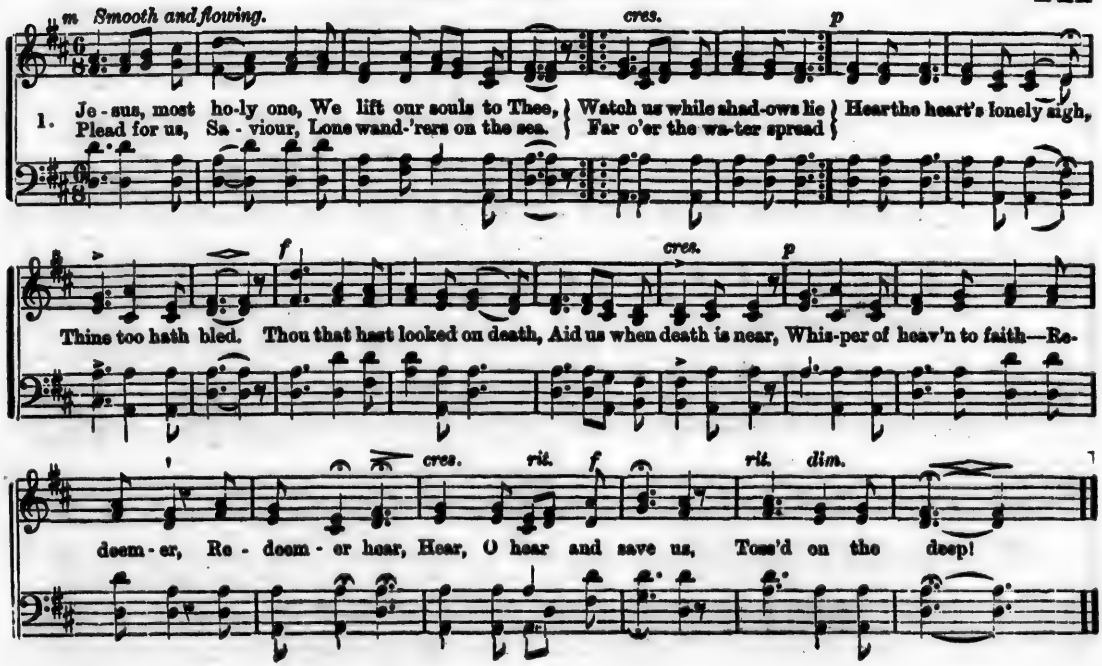
When Jesus sends His spirit down,
Jesus, blessed Jesus;
When He points to harp and crown,
Oh! how I love Jesus.
When He tells me of the bliss,
In that better world than this,
Of the joys I would not miss,
Then how I love Jesus

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER. (Quartette.)



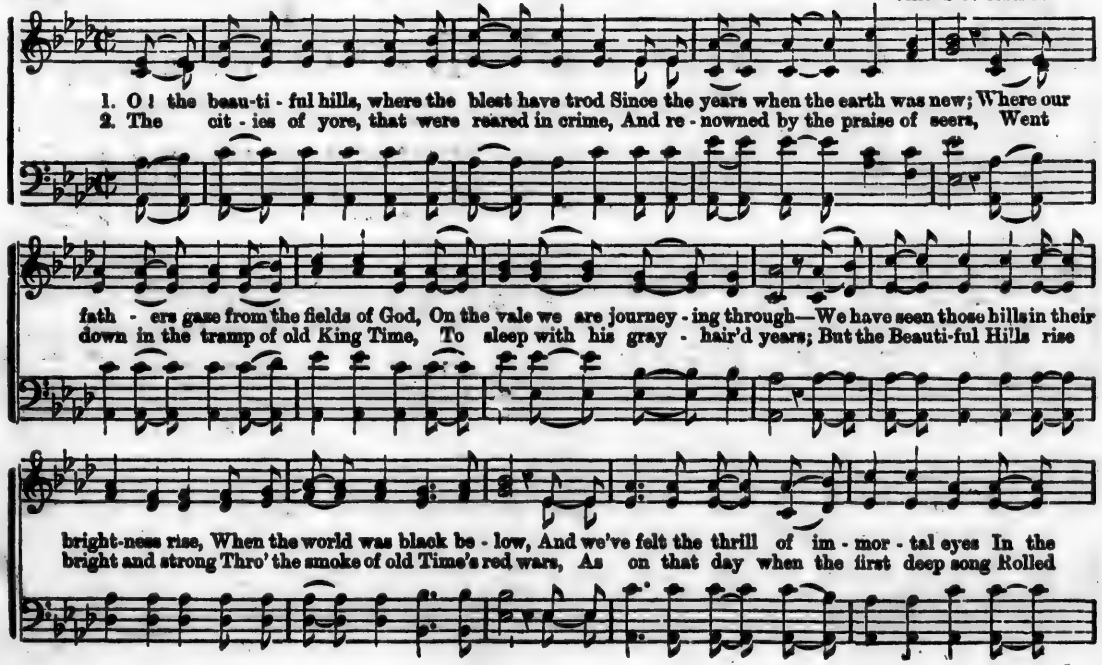
3. I still remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
That I might be His when the clod was spread
O'er my mother's grave.
O'er my mother's grave, etc.

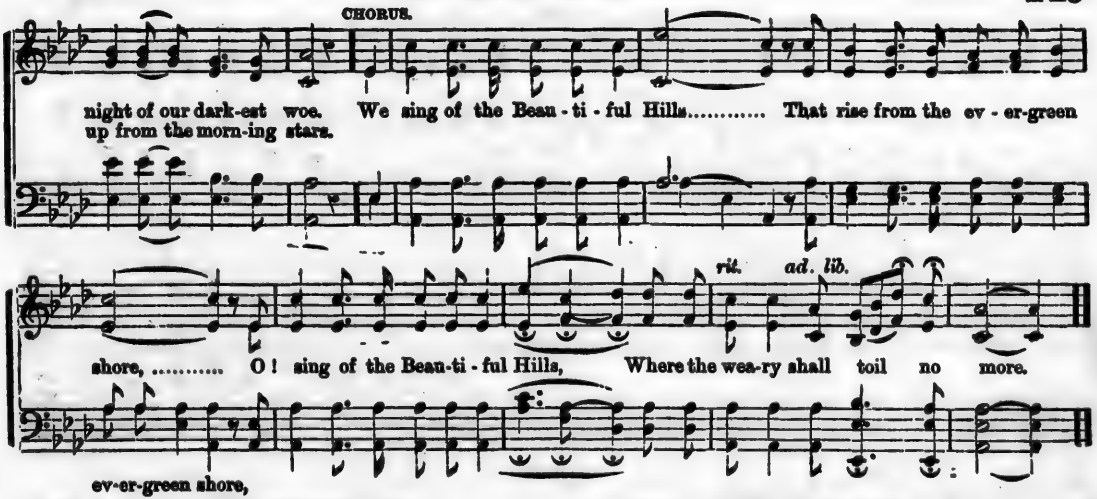
4. I love to think how 'neath the ground,
She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
She'll slumber no more when the trump shall sound
O'er my mother's grave.
O'er my mother's grave, etc.


m Smooth and flowing.
cres.
p
1. Je - sus, most ho-ly one, We lift our souls to Thee, Watch us while shad-ows lie Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
Plead for us, Sa - viour, Lone wand-'rers on the sea. Far o'er the wa-ter spread
f
cres.
p
Thine too hath bled. Thou that hast looked on death, Aid us when death is near, Whis-per of heav'n to faith—Re-
cres.
rit.
f
rit.
dim.
deem - er, Re - deem - er hear, Hear, O hear and save us, Toss'd on the deep!

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS. (Quartette.)

JAMES G. CLARK.





3. We dream of rest on the Beautiful Hills,
Where the traveler shall thirst no more;
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
That wander the green glens o'er.
We feel the souls of the martyred men
Who have braved a cold world's frown,
We can bear the burden which they did then,
Nor shrink from their thorny crown.—CHORUS.

4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
To our feet this load of ours,
The winds of Spring to the valleys sing,
And the turf replies with flow'rs—
And thus we learn on our wintry way,
How a mightier arm controls
That the breath of God on our lives will play,
Till our bodies bloom to souls.—CHORUS.

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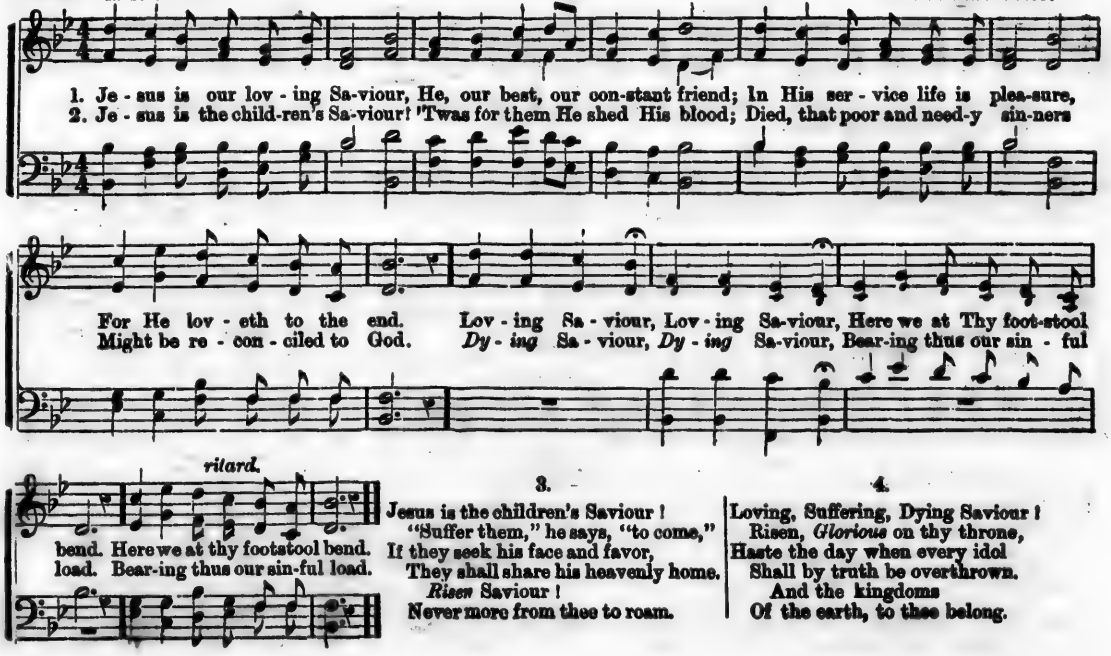
THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

R. P. CLARK. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3.

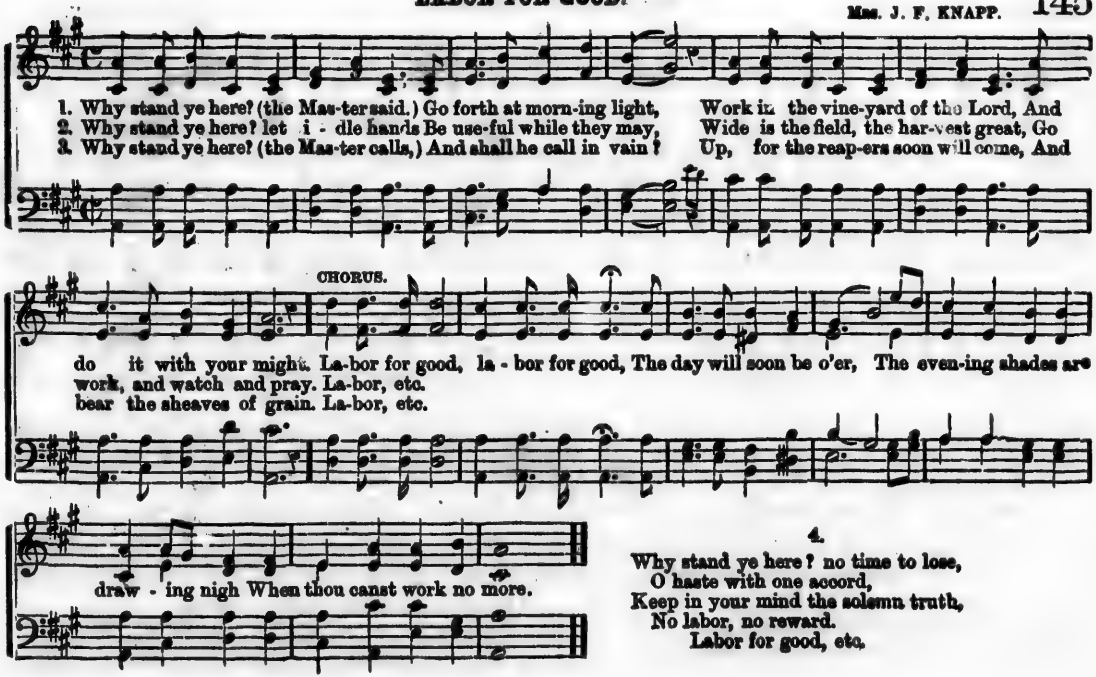
Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his heavenly home.
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4.

Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to thee belong.

LABOR FOR GOOD.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

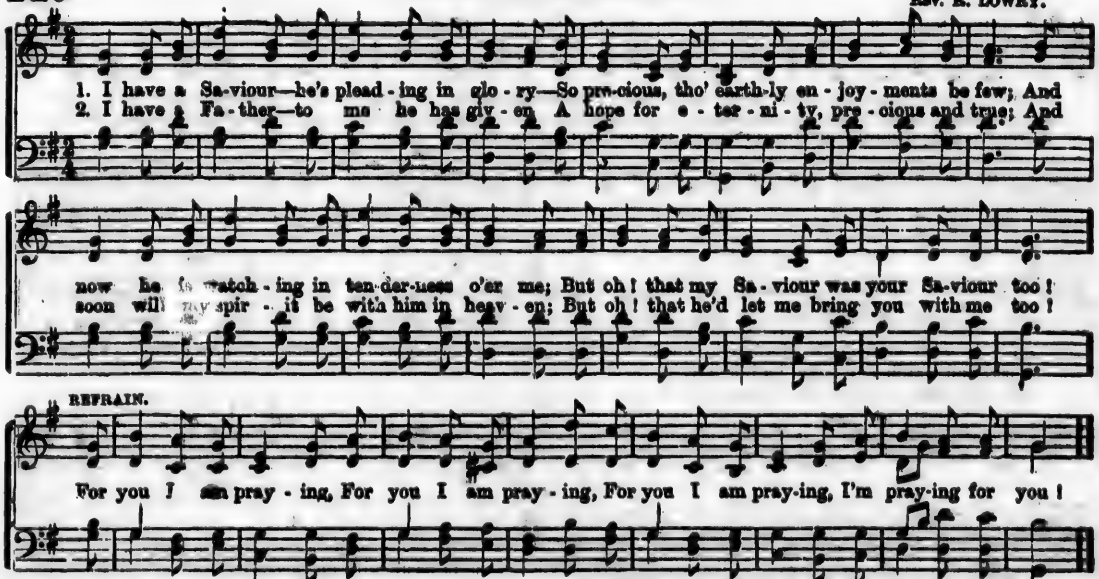


4.

Why stand ye here? no time to lose,
O haste with one accord,
Keep in your mind the solemn truth,
No labor, no reward.
Labor for good, etc.

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

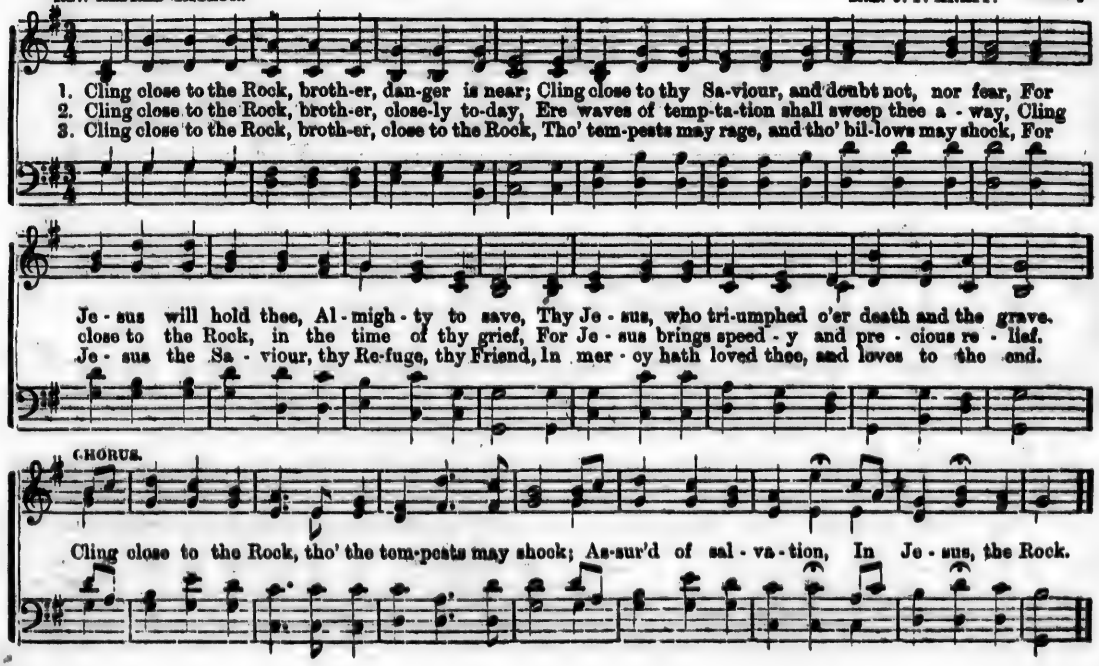


3. I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever,
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
But oh! could I know one was purchased for you!—CHO.

4. I have a Rest, and the earnest is given,
Tho' now for a time 'tis concealed from my view;
'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus,—'tis heaven,
And oh! dearest friend, let me meet you there too.—CHO.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



OUR VICTORY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited—Allegro.

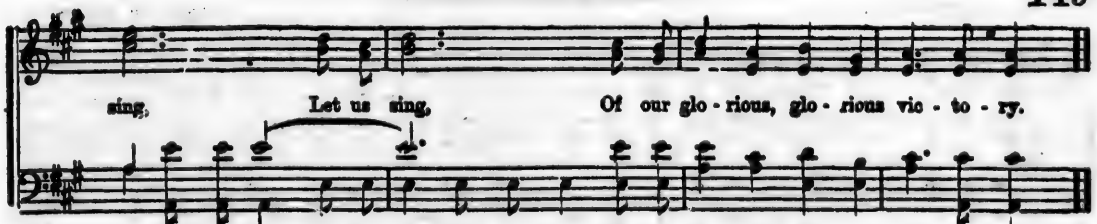
1. { We are march-ing on to glo - ry, We are march-ing on to glo - ry, We are march-ing on to
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Lis - ten to the won-drous

glo - ry, Lift the gos - pel ban-ner high, } How we found the glo-rious way, Lead-ing to the hap-py gates of
sto - ry, How he gained the vic - to - ry, }

glorious way,

day, Let us sing, Let us sing Of our glo-rious, glo-rious vic - to - ry, Let us

day, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing,



2. ‖: When beset by sore temptation :‖
Satan's host against us rose,
‖: With the armor of salvation :‖
Did we triumph o'er our foes;
Now we praise the Lord on high
For our glorious, glorious victory.
Let us sing, etc.

4. ‖: When the clouds were dark above us, :‖
And the storm came on apace,
‖: He who cares for us and loves us, :‖
Was our shield and hiding-place;
Under His protecting wing,
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing.
Let us sing, etc.

OUR PASCHAL LAMB. 8s & 7s. *

1. Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou did'st suffer to release us;
Thou did'st free salvation bring,
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

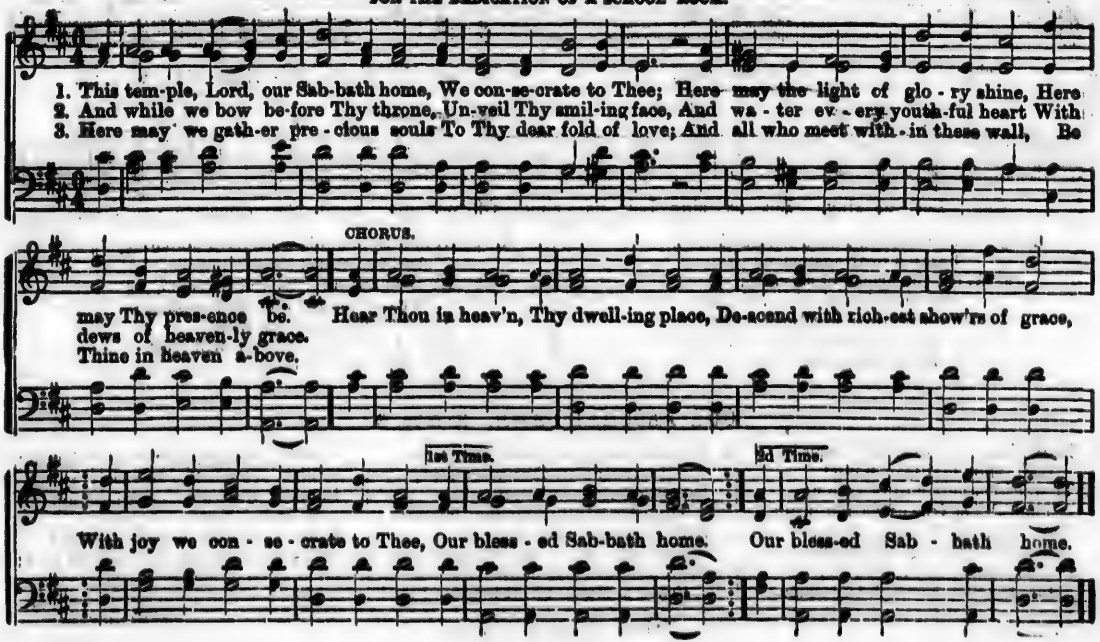
—BAKEWELL.

*Tune, "AUTUMN," page 96.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

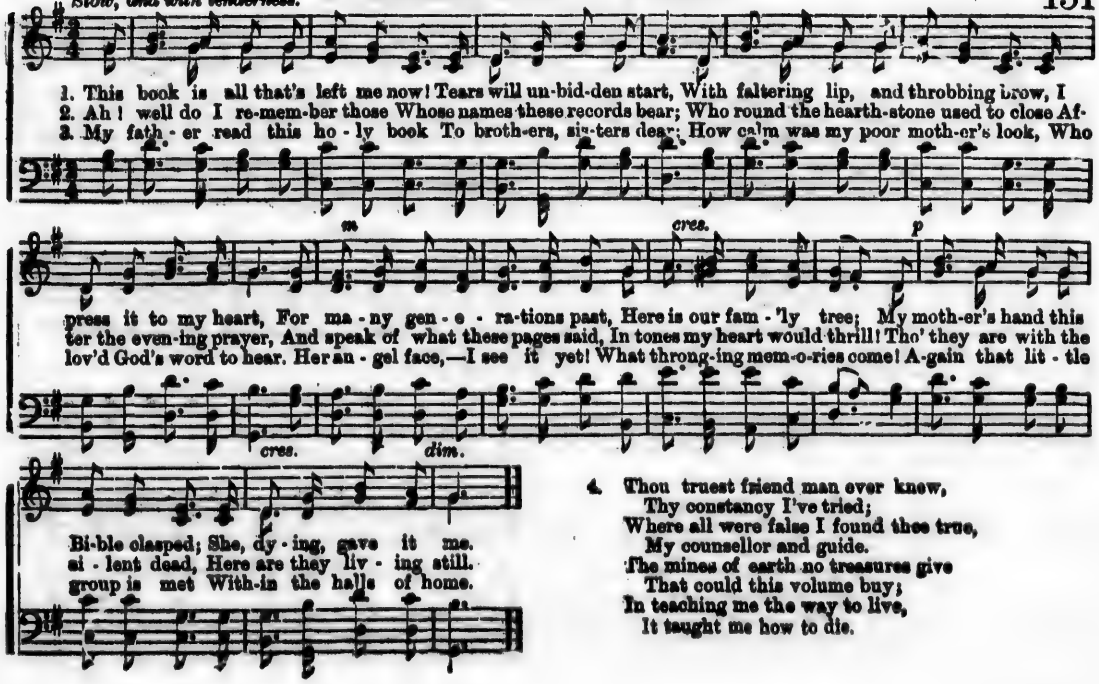
FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A SCHOOL ROOM.



MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. C. M. (Double.)

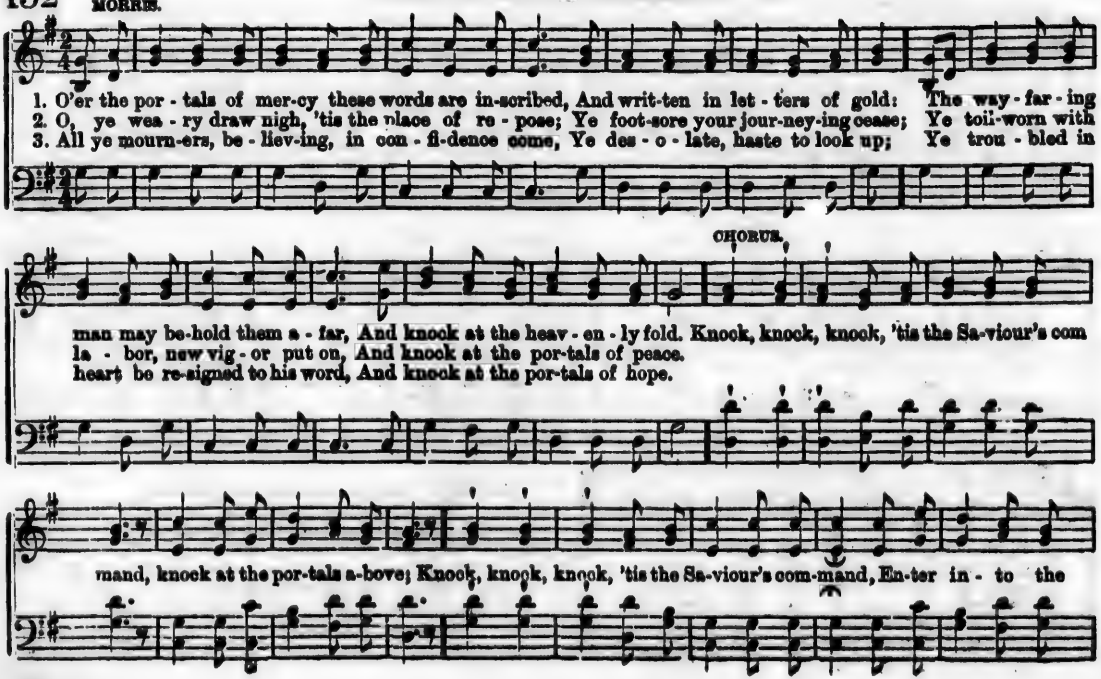
Slow, and with tenderness.

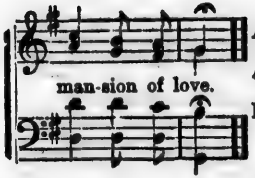


4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

OUR SAVIOUR'S COMMAND.

MORRIS.





4.

And ye sinners, O come! there's a palace for you,
Prepared by the Builder above;
Approach with your burden, in meekness submit,
And knock at the portals of love.
Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the portals above, etc.

5.

The're all waiting within, and the feast is prepared,
What folly to tarry and wait!
Let every one come in obedient haste,
And knock at the heavenly gate.
Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the heavenly gate, etc.

'TIS NOT FOR MAN TO TRIFLE.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

1. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and | sin is | here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a | dropping | tear.
We have no time to sport a- | way the | hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

2. Not many lives, but only one have we, one, | only | one!
How sacred should that one life ever be—that | narrow | span!
Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil.
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

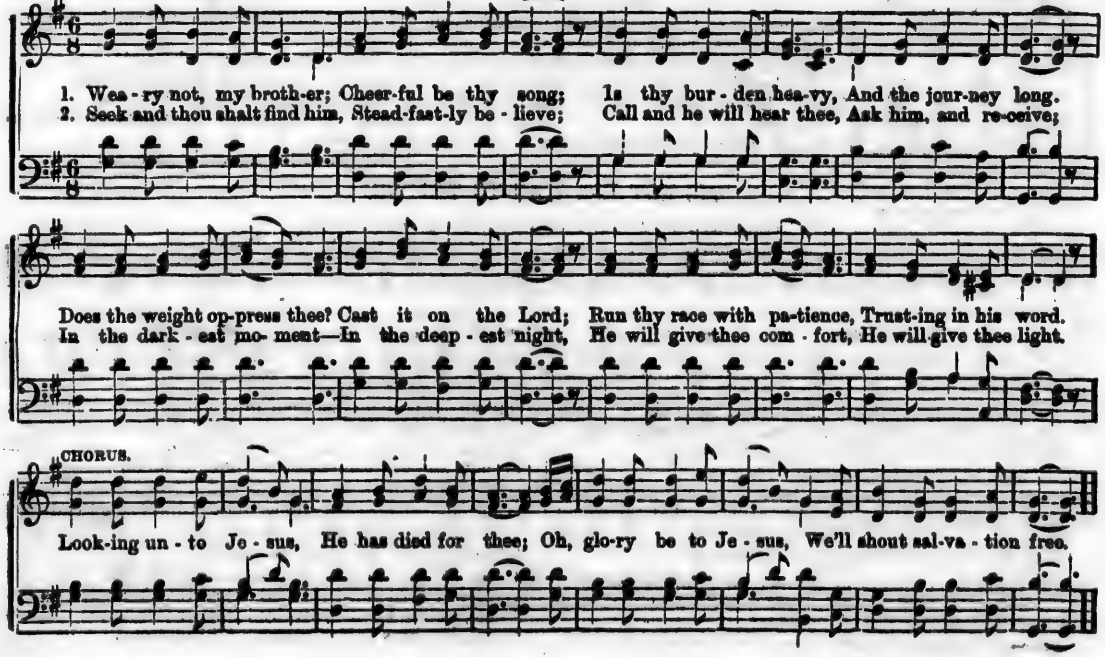
3. Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | vacant | dream.
No fable of the things that never were, but | only | seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of | myste- | ry,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

4. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no | idle | tale;
No cloud that flits along the sky of light on | summer | gale.
They are the true reali- | ties of | earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

5. O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! one | heavy | sigh.
O life above! how long, how fair and glad! One | endless | joy.
O! to be done with daily | dying | here;
O! to begin the living in yon sphere! | blue!

6. O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how | dull your
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth, made | fair and | new!
Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

154 FANNY CROSBY. **WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER.** T. E. PERKINS.

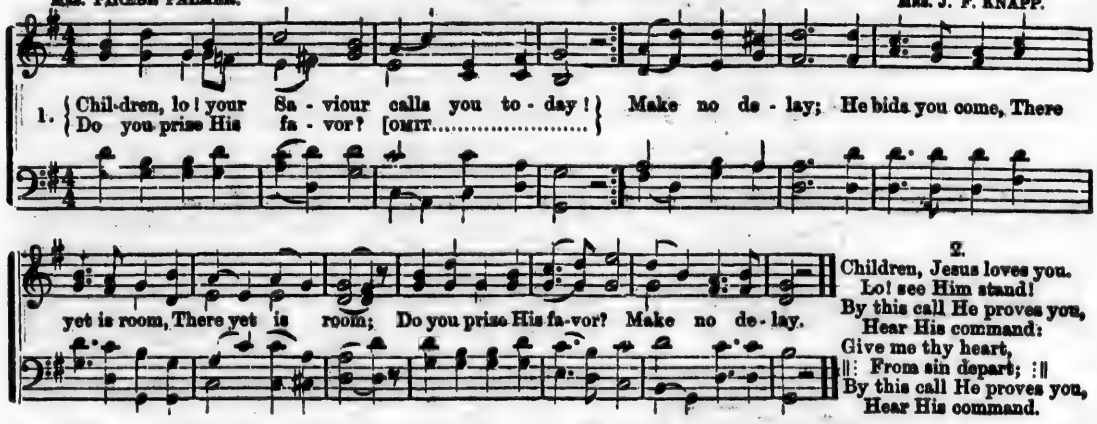


3. Trials may befall thee,
Thorns beset thy way,
Never mind them, brother,
Only watch and pray;
Through the vale of sorrow
Once the Saviour trod;
Run thy race with patience,
Pressing on to God.

4. Labor on, my brother,
Thou shalt reap at last
Fruits of joy eternal,
When thy work is past;
Crowds of shining angels
View thee from the skies;
Run thy race with pa-tience,
Yonder is the prize.

CHILDREN, LO! YOUR SAVIOUR.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



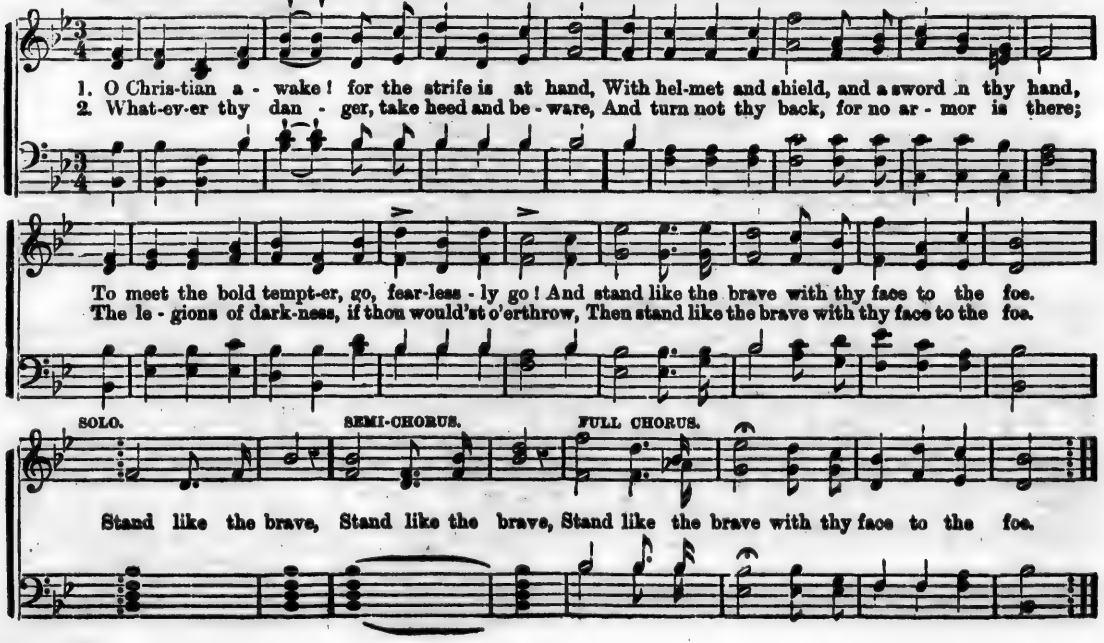
2.
Children, Jesus loves you.
Lo! see Him stand!
By this call He proves you,
Hear His command:
Give me thy heart,
‖: From sin depart; :‖
By this call He proves you,
Hear His command.

3. Then He'll safely take you
Through all life's way,
And will not forsake you,
Only obey:
Yield every heart,
‖: From sin depart; :‖
And He'll not forsake you,
Only obey.

O CHRISTIAN AWAKE!

FANNY CROSBY.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breast-plate of righteousness."

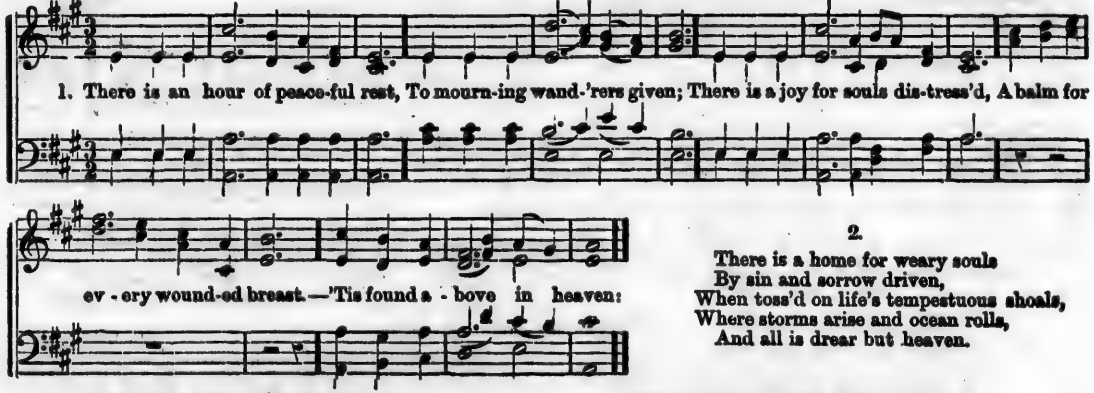


3. The cause of thy Master, with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

TAPPAN. 8s & 6s.

TAPPAN. GEO. KINGSLEY.



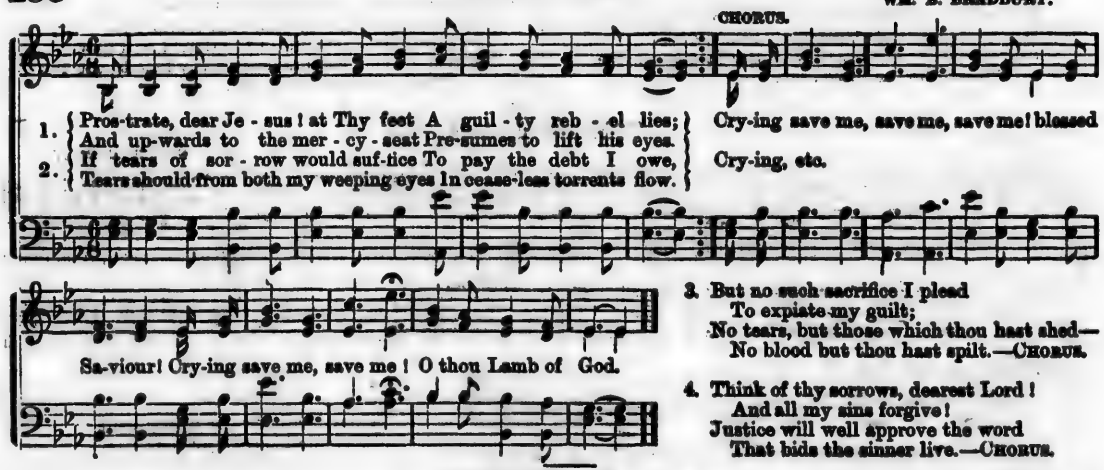
2.
There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE PENITENT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

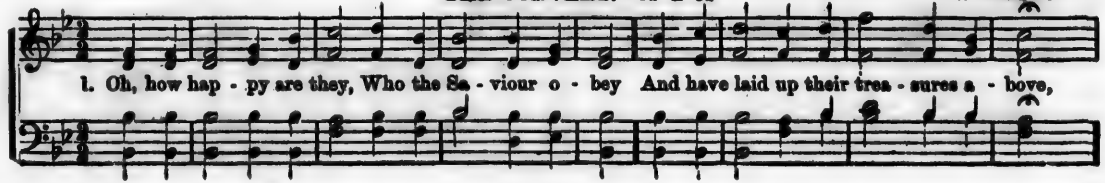


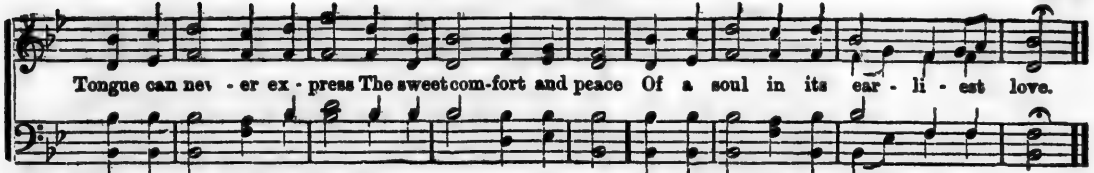
3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood but thou hast spilt.—CHORUS.

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.—CHORUS.

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

C. WESLEY.





2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5. Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

AUTHOR OF FAITH. L. M.*

1. Author of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2. Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3. Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

4. Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill
O save them from the demon, Pride!

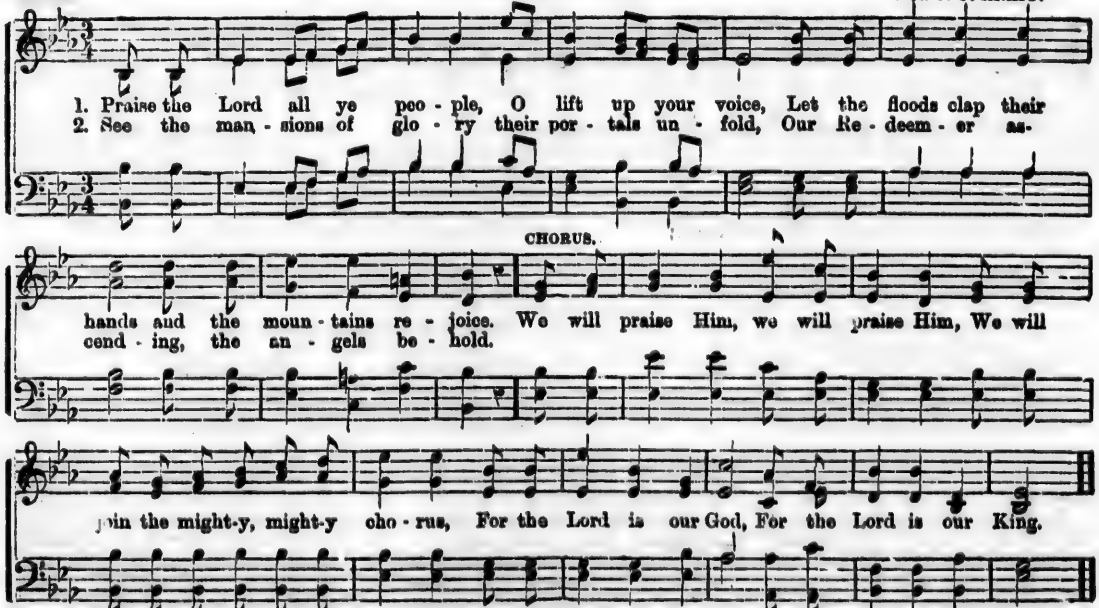
5. In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

—C. WESLEY.

*Tune "STERLING," page 135.

"THE LORD IS KING."

Mrs. J. ... KNAPP.

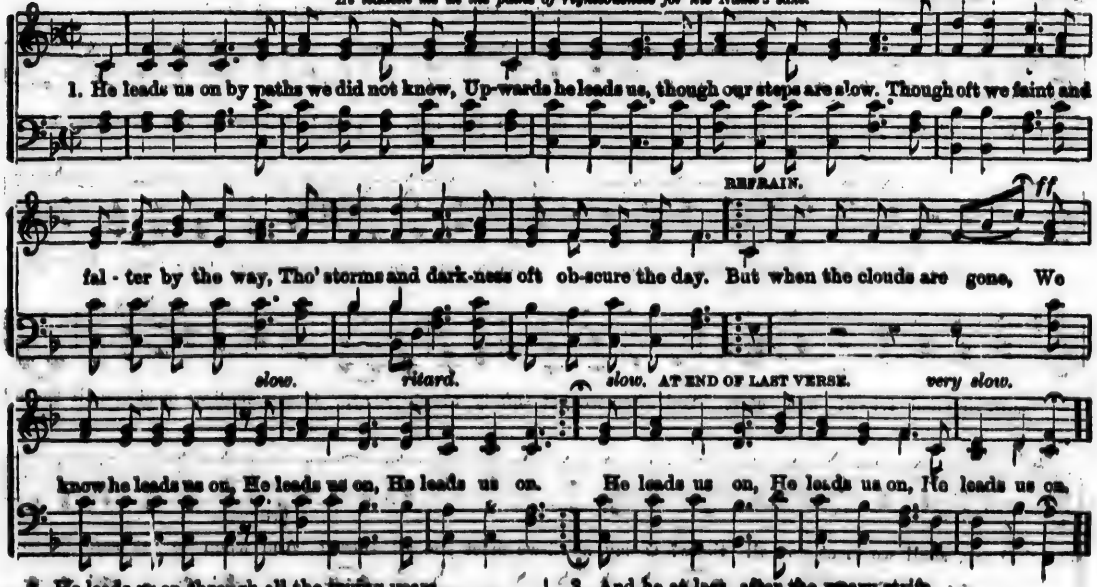


3. Though the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall,
Yet the Lord is triumphant He rules over all.—CHO.

4. To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
Let His name be exalted with rapture and songs.—CHO.

HE LEADS US ON.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



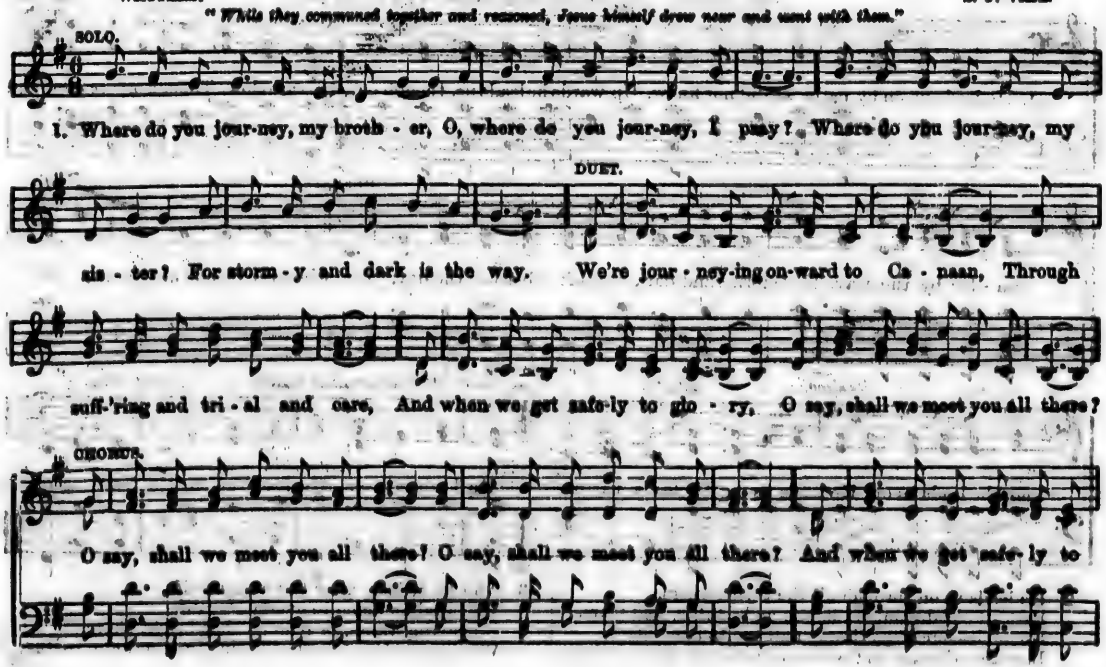
2. He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.—Rep.

3. And he at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life.
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.—Rep.

WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY, MY BROTHER?

WATTERS. S. J. VAIL.

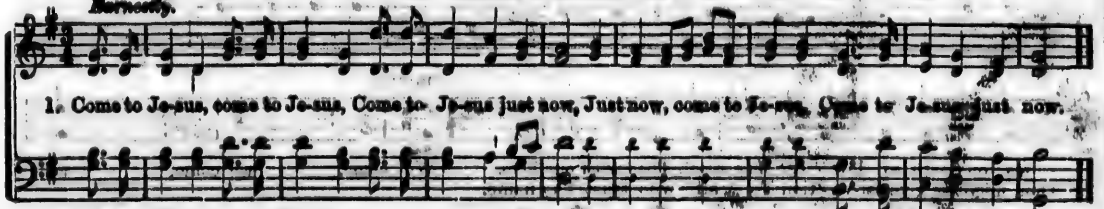
"While they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near and went with them."



2. What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practising mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.
O say, shall we meet, etc.

3. O yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin:
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suff'rings and trials and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
O say, shall we meet, etc.

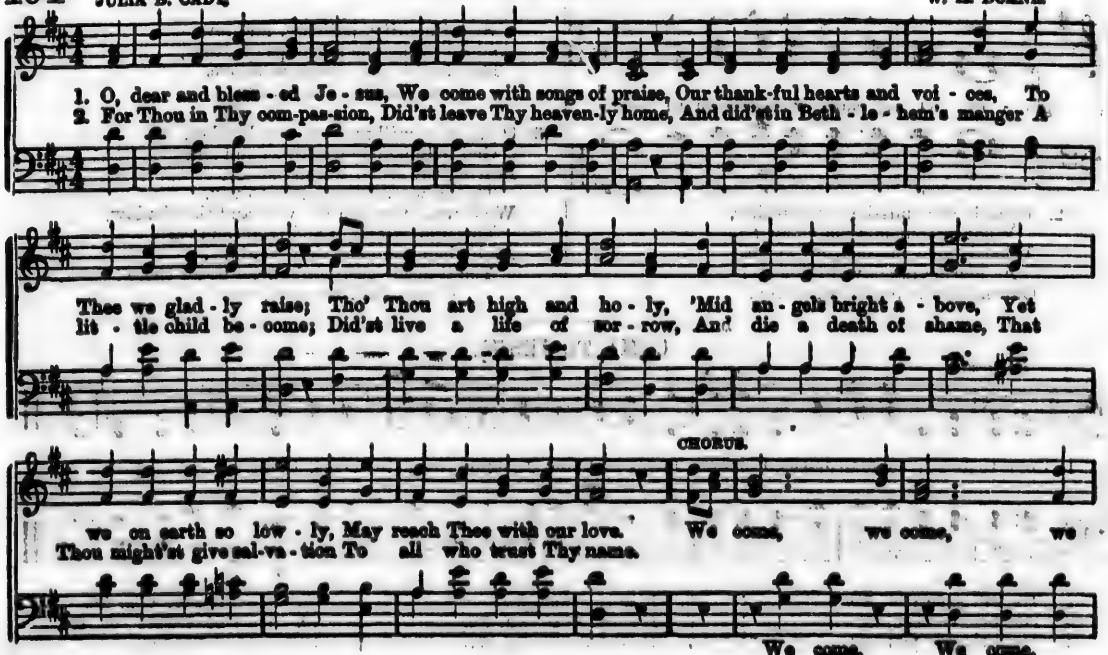
COME TO JESUS.

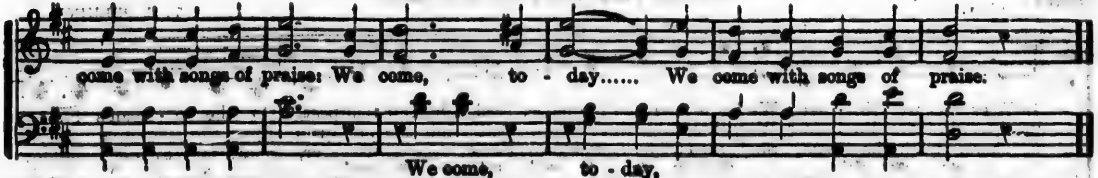


2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe Him, &c
4. He'll receive you, &c.
5. Flee to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.
8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS.

JULIA B. CADY. W. H. DOANE.

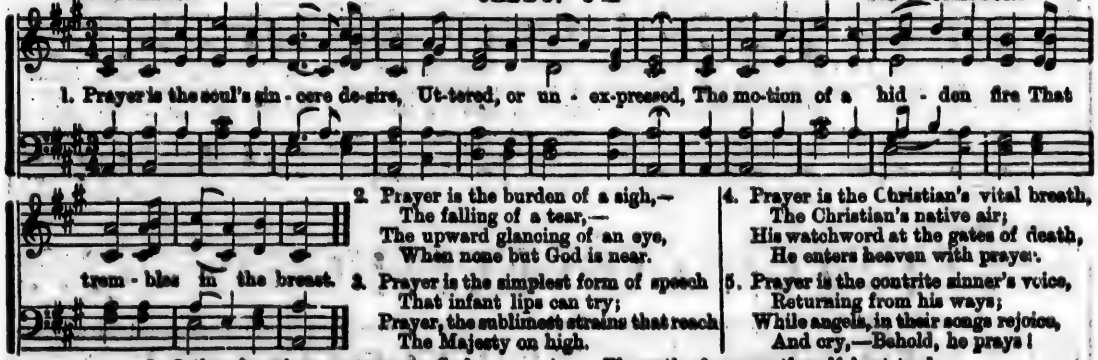




2. O, dear and blessed Jesus,
Accept our loving song,
As we now come to praise thee
A thankful happy throng;
As we recount thy story,
We wonder and adore,
Oh! may we sing thy glory,
Both now and evermore.

CADDO. C M.

MONTGOMERY. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

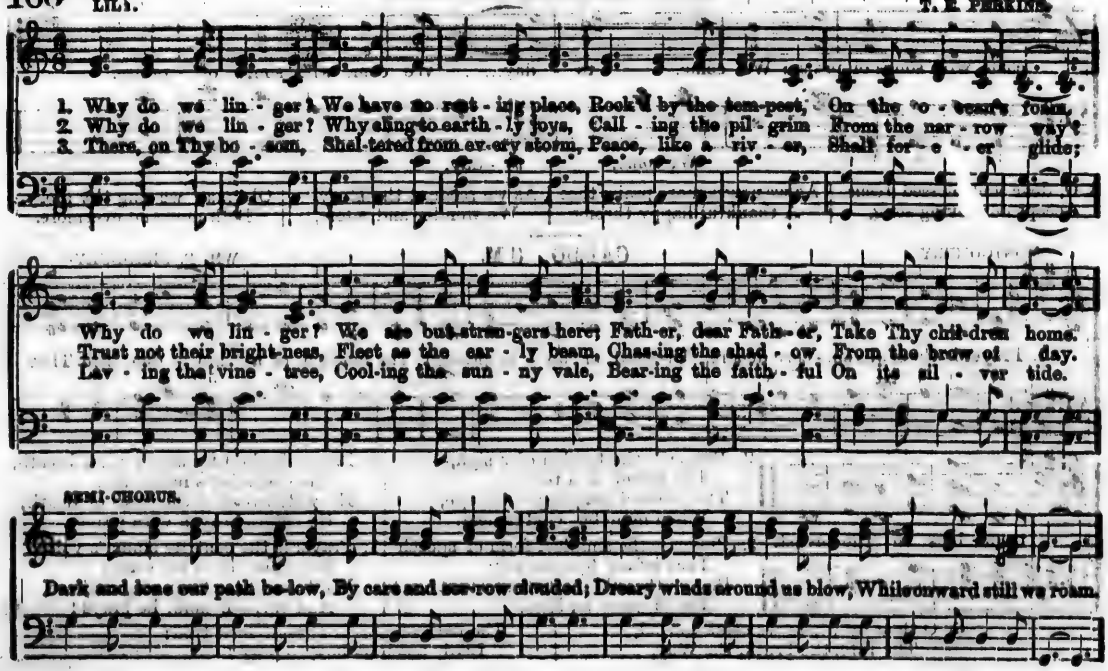
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

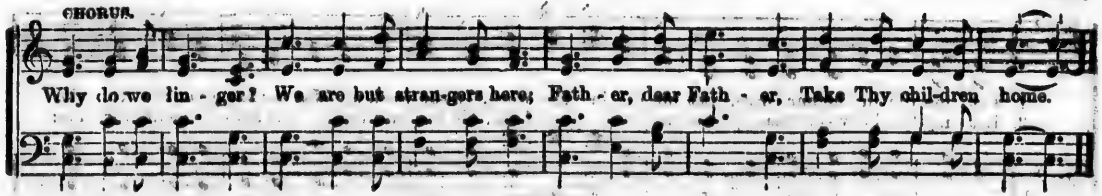
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

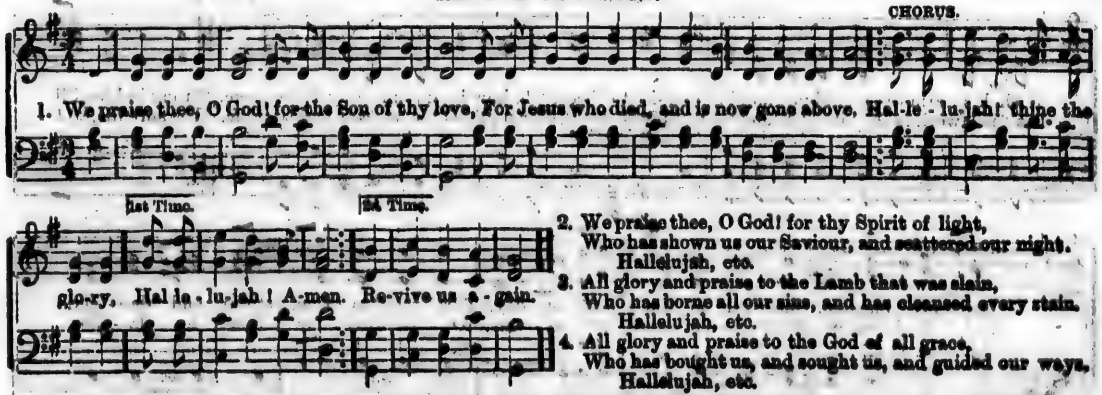
6. O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

LILA. **TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME.** T. E. PERKINS.





REVIVE US AGAIN.



2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
Hallelujah, etc.

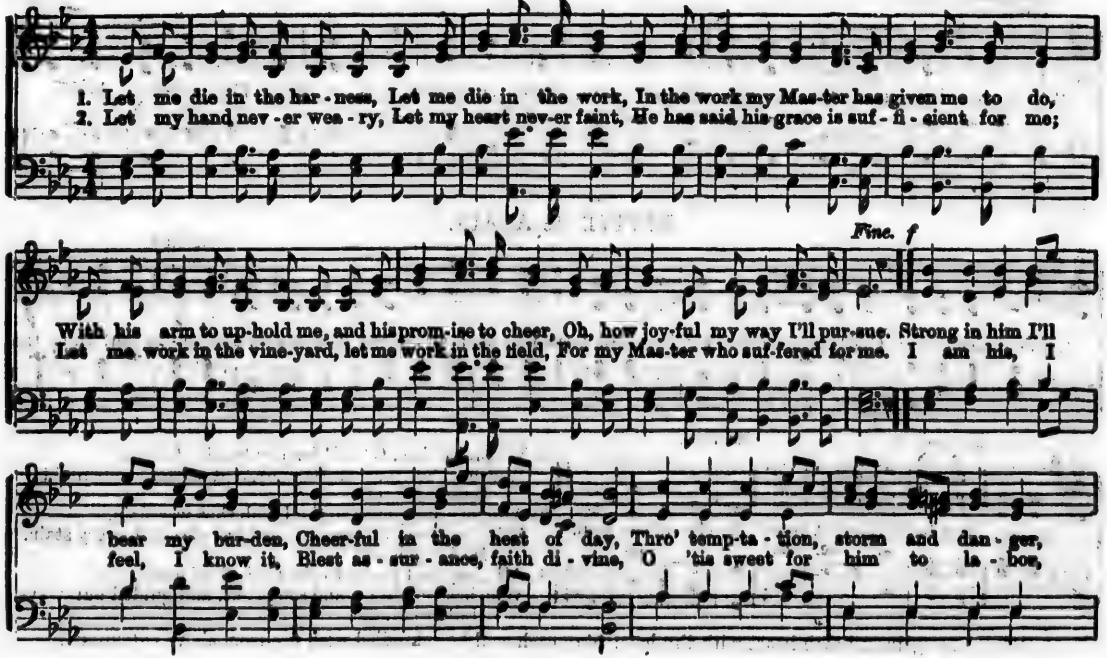
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
Hallelujah, etc.

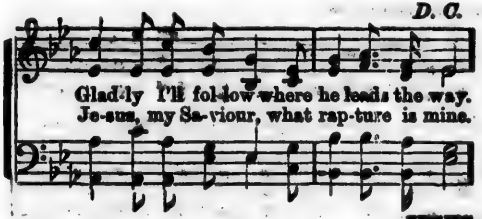
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
Hallelujah, etc.

5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—CHORUS.

LET ME DIE IN THE HARNESS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

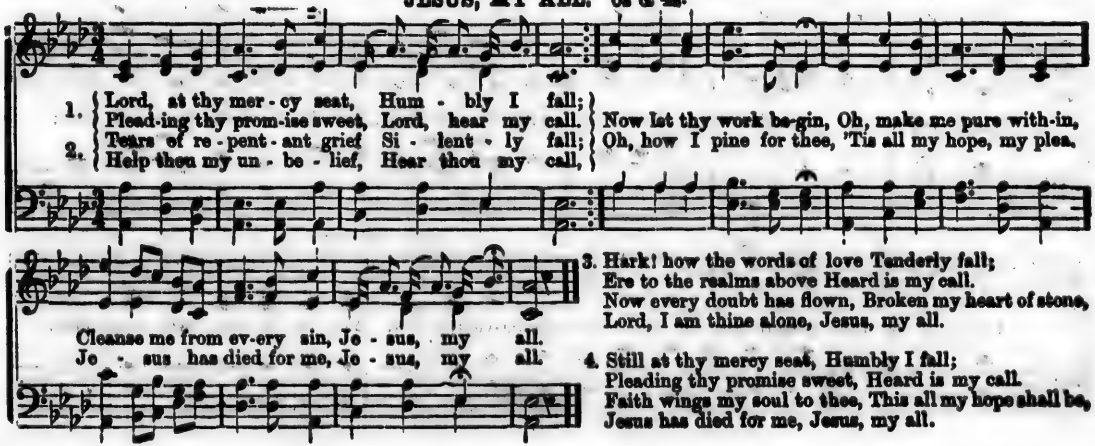




3.

With my lamp trimmed and burning, and my staff in my hand,
While the gospel truth for my sandals I wear;
May my Lord, when he cometh, find me still in the work,
Ever faithful! and watching in prayer;
Then through him to life awaking,
I shall see his smiling face,
On seraphic pinions wafted
Rest me forever in his dear embrace.

JESUS, MY ALL. 6s & 4s.



3. Hark! how the words of love Tenderly fall;
Ere to the realms above Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown, Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone, Jesus, my all.

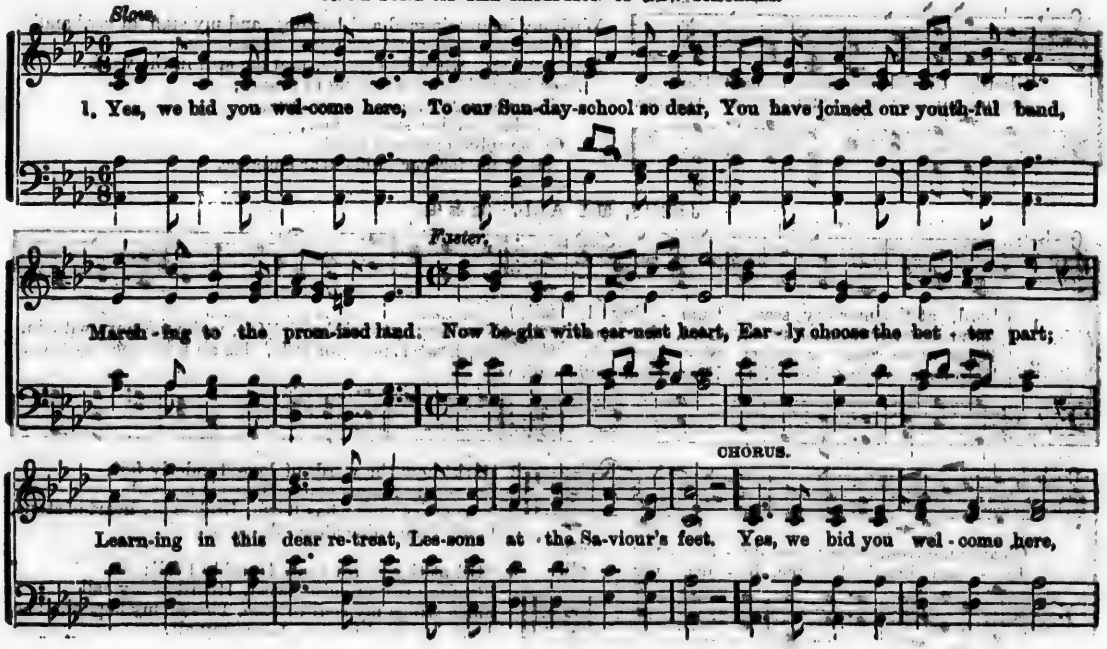
4. Still at thy mercy seat, Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee, This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me, Jesus, my all.

FANNY CROSBY.

WELCOME.

TO BE SUNG AT THE RECEPTION OF NEW SCHOLARS.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



2. God will help you by His grace,
If you try to seek His face,
He will guide you day by day,
If you love the narrow way.
You have joined our happy throng,
You will learn our cheerful song.
Thus together we will sing,
Praise to God, our Saviour King.
Yes, we bid you welcome, etc.

3. Let us all in love agree,
Then how happy we shall be!
Always ready to obey
What our teachers kindly say.
Never absent from the school,
Faithful to each golden rule;
Patient workers for the Lord,
Trusting in His holy word.
Yes, we bid you welcome, etc.

SAVIOUR, I LOOK TO THEE.

1.
Saviour, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
Mid storms that lower:
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2.
Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3.
Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

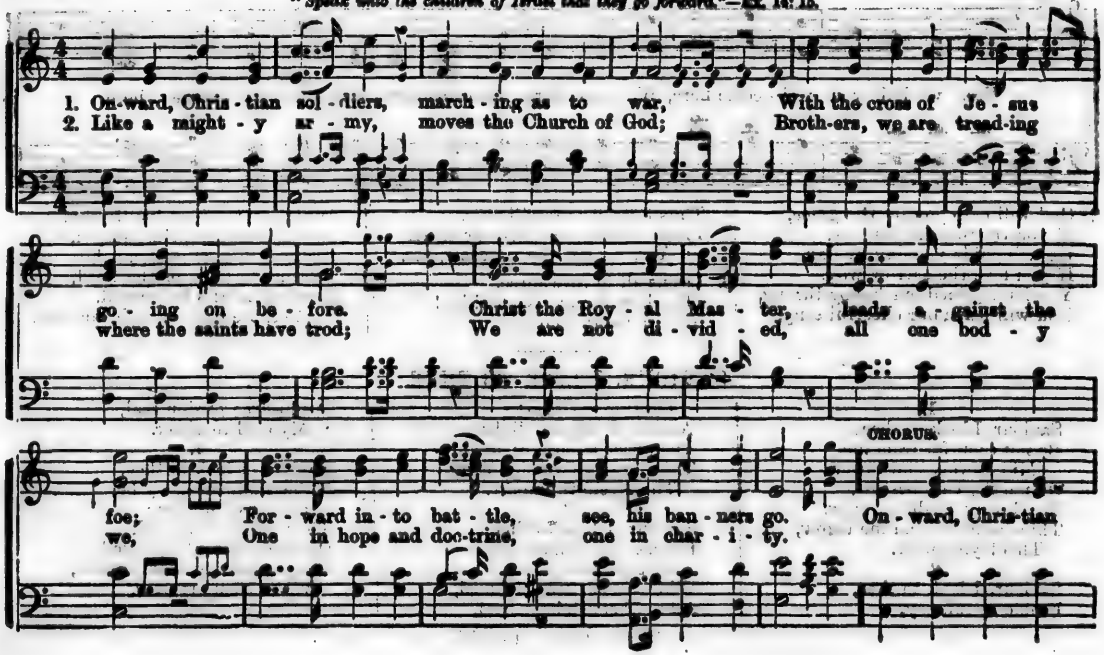
4.
Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

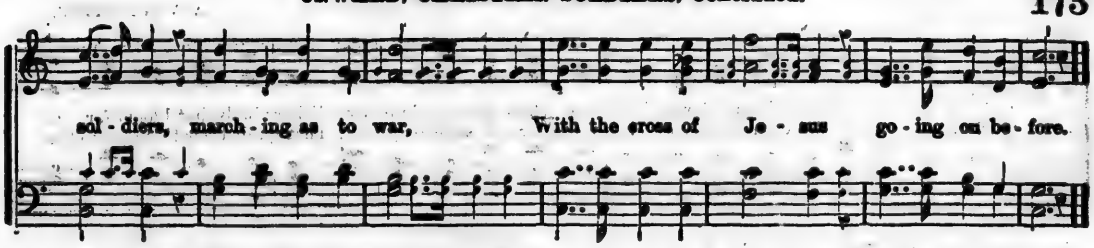
* Tune "OLIVER," page 103.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

T. RUSSELL.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—Ex. 14: 15.





3. Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

4. Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

THE SCRIPTURES. C. M.*

1. Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3. Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around:
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5. O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

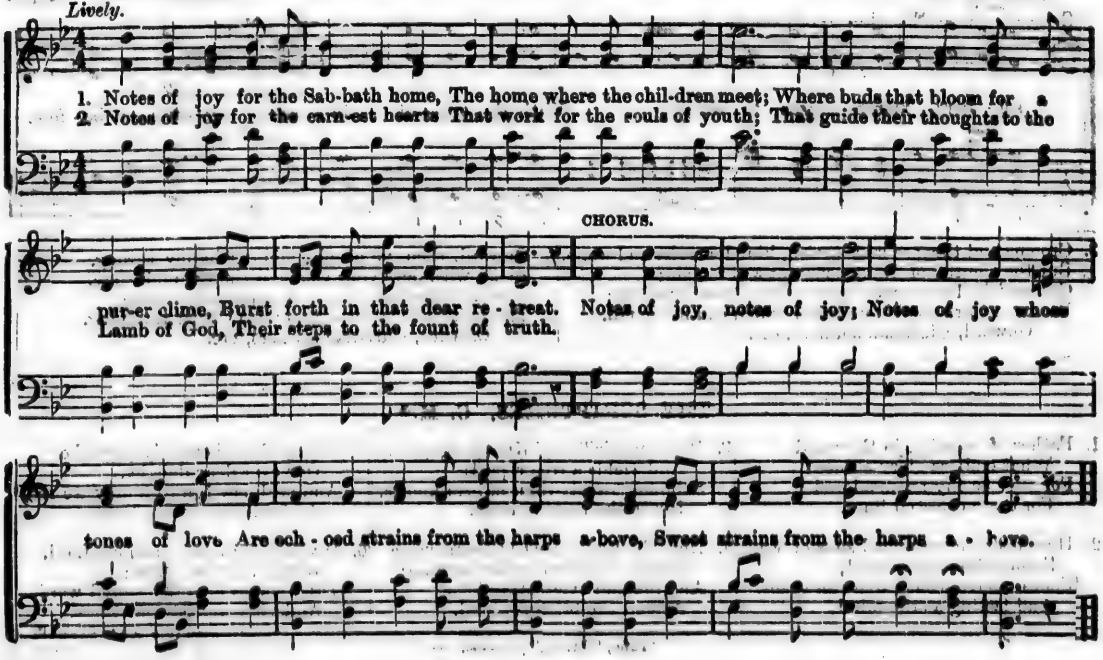
6. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

—MISS ANN STEELE.

*Tune, "CADDO," page 165.

FANNY CROSBY. A. VAN ALSTYNE.

Lively.

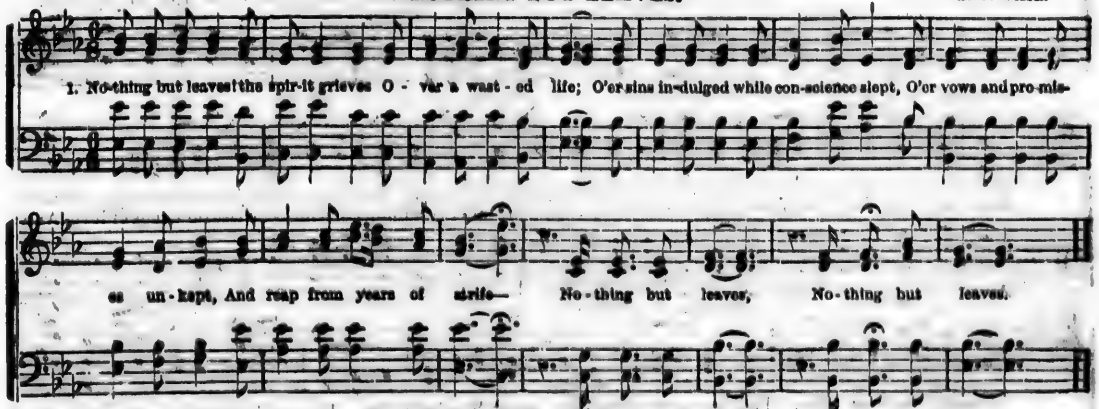


3. Notes of joy when the way is dark,
And hard is the cross to bear,
Glad notes of joy for the social throng,
To sing at the hour of prayer.—CHORUS.

4. Notes of joy for the mourning one,
That longs for a Saviour's love:
God speed them on till their voice from earth
Shall blend with the choir above.—CHORUS.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL.



2. O nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain.
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

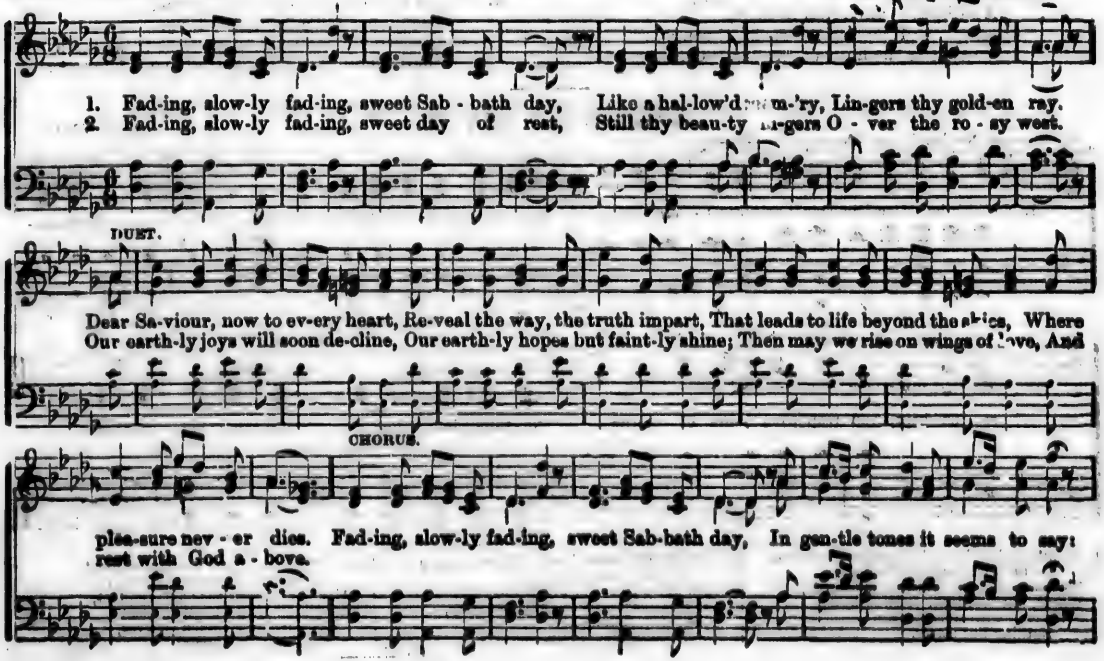
3. Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

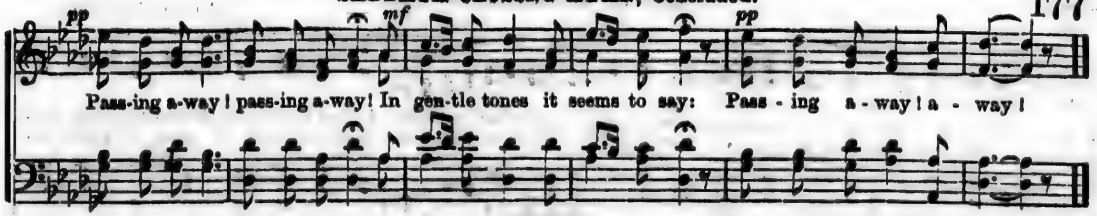
FANNY CROSBY

SABBATH CLOSING HYMN.

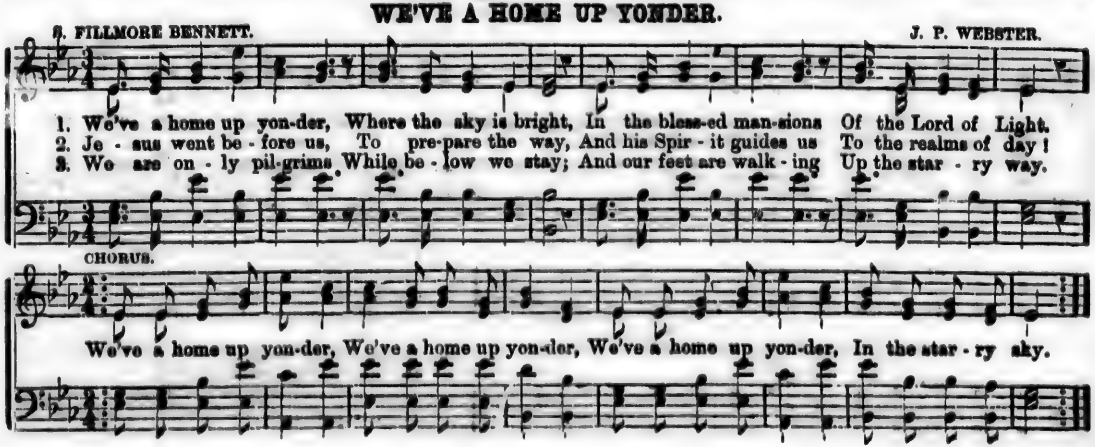
Mas. J. F. KNAPP.



SABBATH CLOSING HYMN, Concluded.

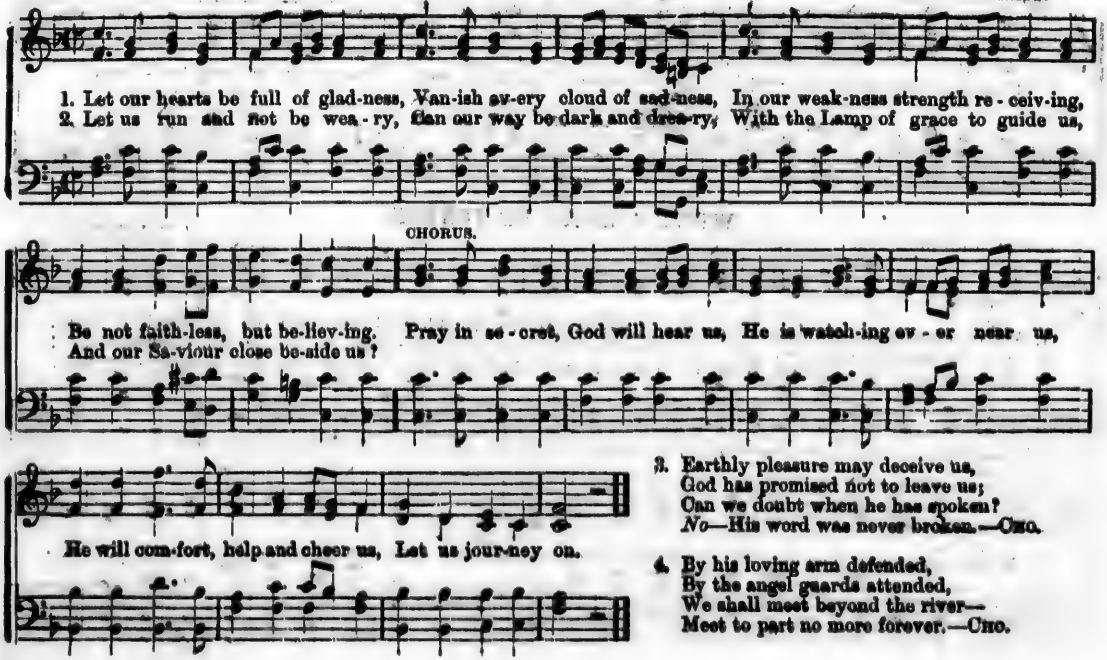


WE'VE A HOME UP YONDER.



LET US JOURNEY ON.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

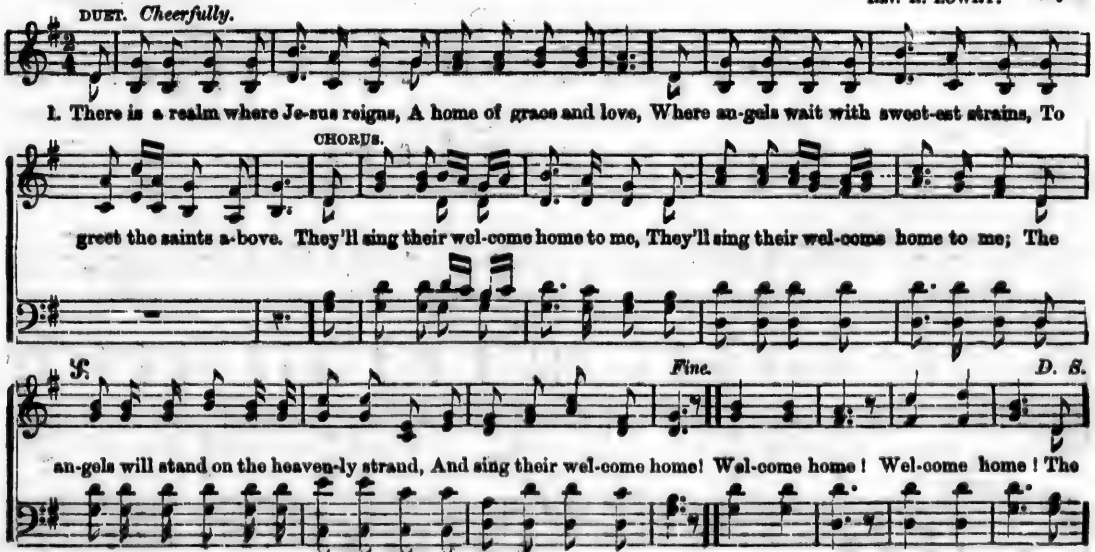


3. Earthly pleasure may deceive us,
God has promised not to leave us;
Can we doubt when he has spoken?
No—His word was never broken.—CHO.

4. By his loving arm defended,
By the angel guards attended,
We shall meet beyond the river—
Meet to part no more forever.—CHO.

WELCOME HOME.

REV. R. LOWRY.



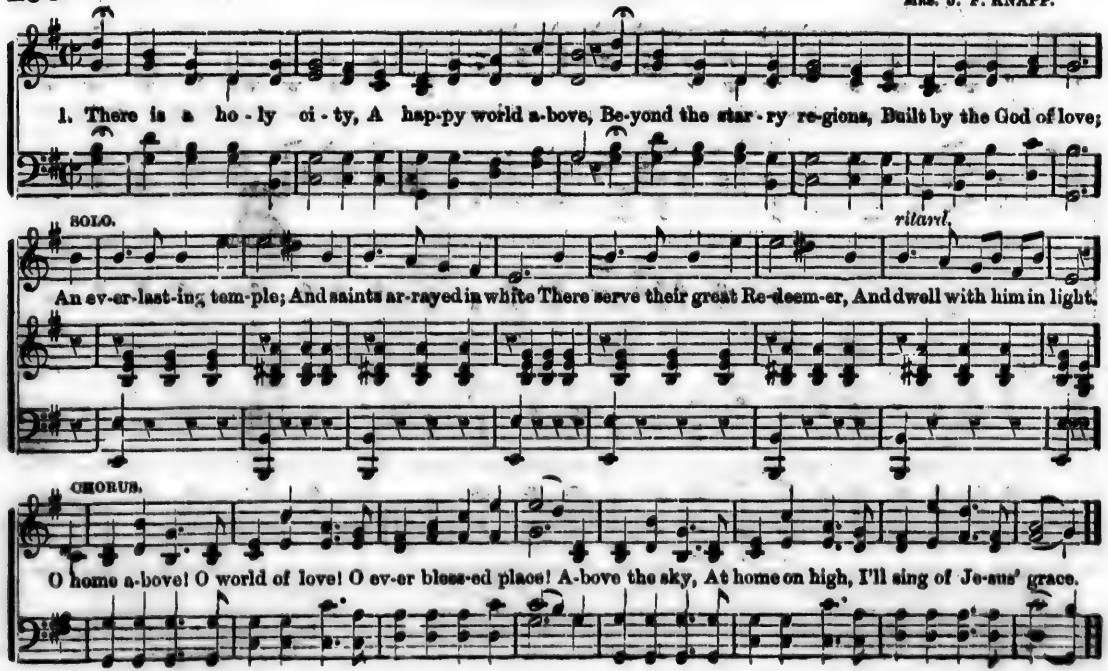
2. The sons of earth will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Cloth'd in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.
They'll sing, etc,

3. Yet all, alas! will not be there,
For some will slight his grace,
Though now he calls, they do not care,
To turn and seek his face.
They'll sing, etc.

4. He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
And I will give you rest;"
The angels wait their melody,
To greet you with the blest.
They'll sing, etc.

THE HOLY CITY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



2. The meanest child of glory,
Out-shines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.—CHO.

3. The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.—CHO.

4. And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.—CHO.

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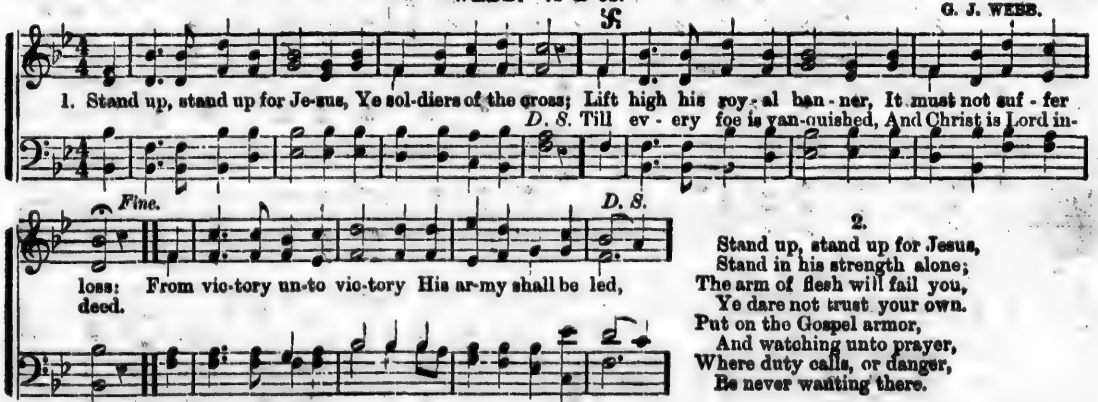


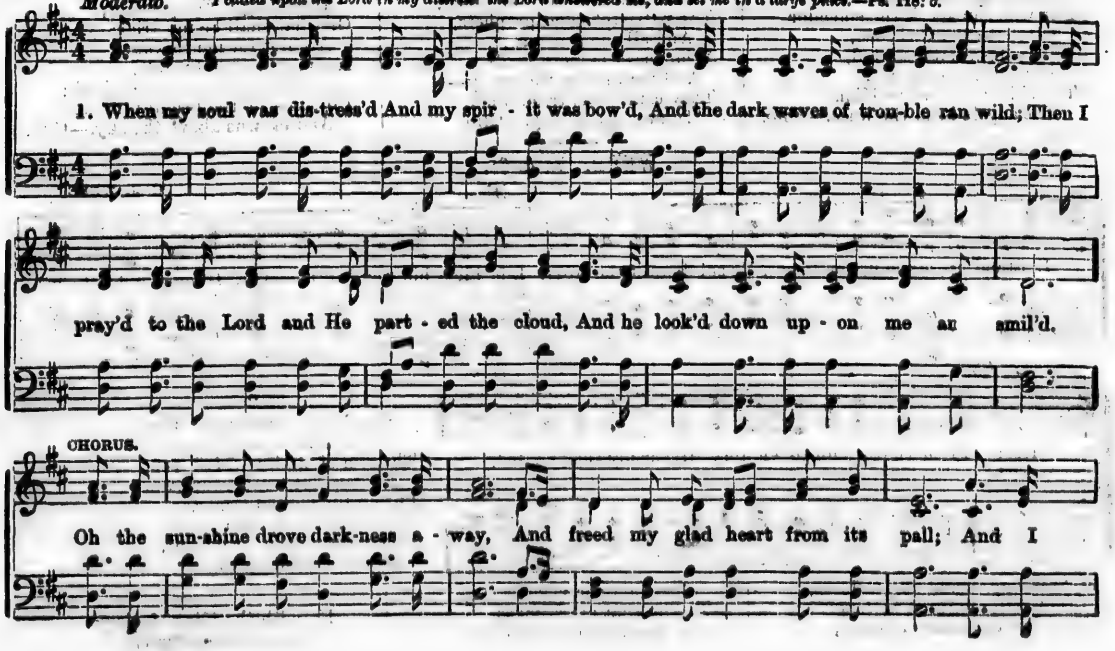
2.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

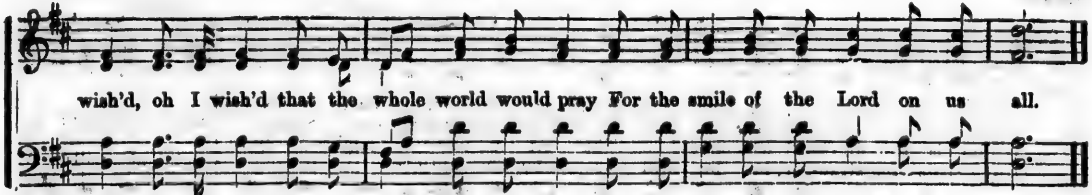
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato. *"I called upon the Lord in my distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place."—Ps. 118: 5.*



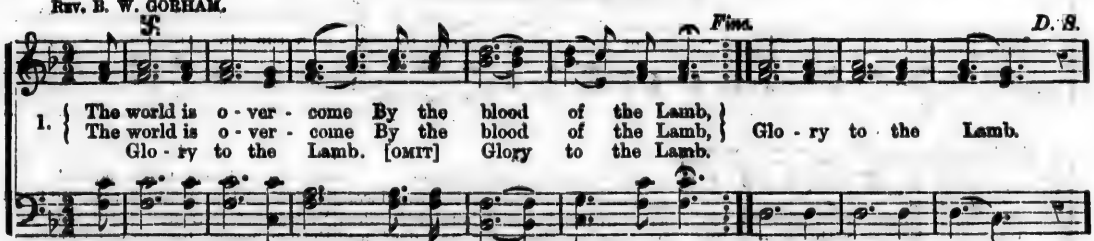


2. When my friends had all left me alone to my lot,
Then I went to my Saviour and Friend;
And He soothingly spake to my spirit, "Fear not;
I am with thee e'en unto the end."—CHORUS.

3. When billows of sorrow did over me roll,
Then I pray'd for His help from above;
And He looked down upon me and filled up my soul
With emotions of rapturous love.—CHORUS.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

REV. B. W. GORHAM.



2. My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.

3. I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.

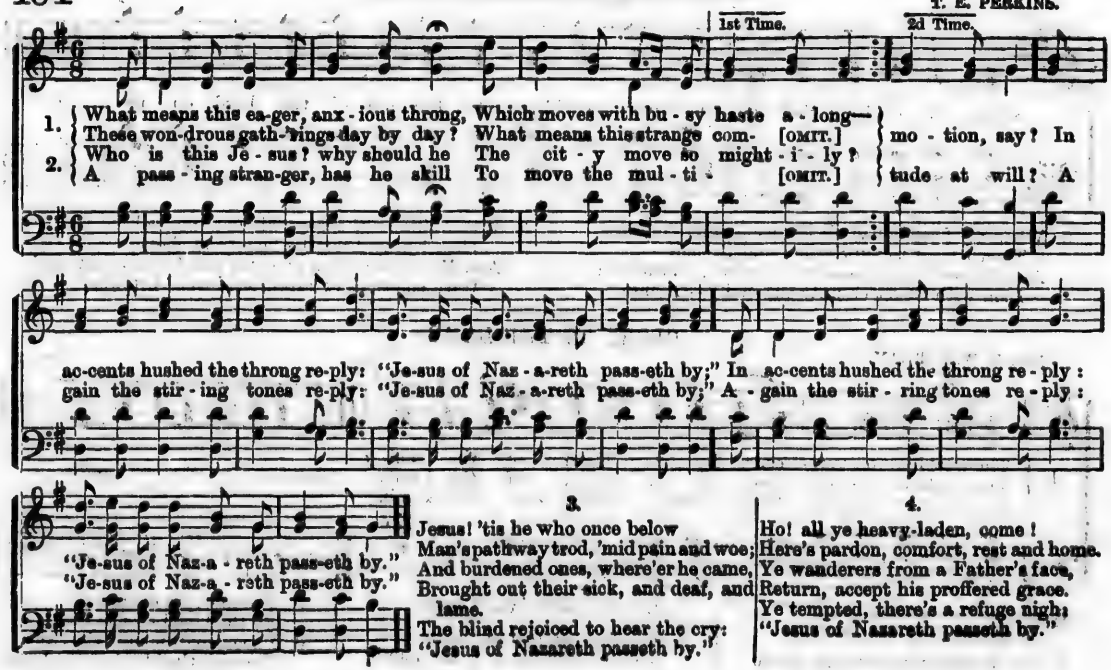
4. I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.

5. The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.

6. I soon shall mount the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

T. E. PERKINS.



3.

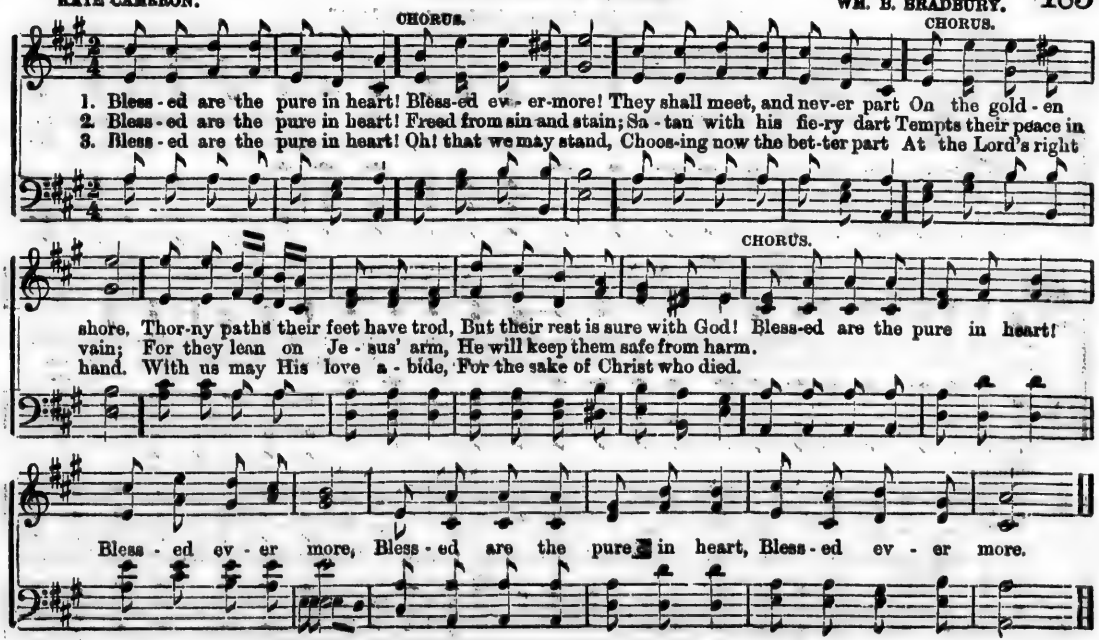
Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

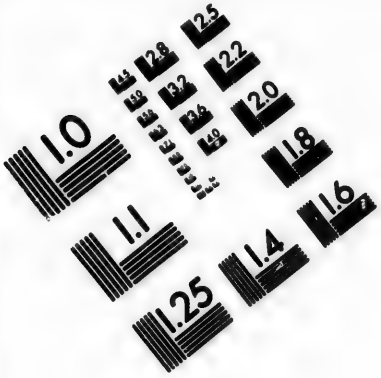
4.

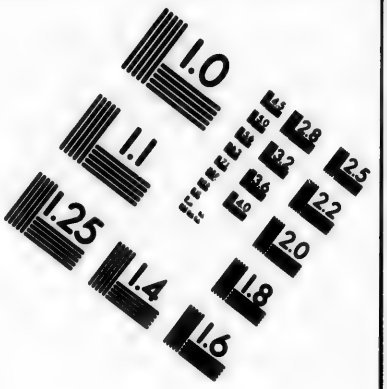
Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

THE PURE IN HEART.

KATE CAMERON. WM. B. BRADBURY.







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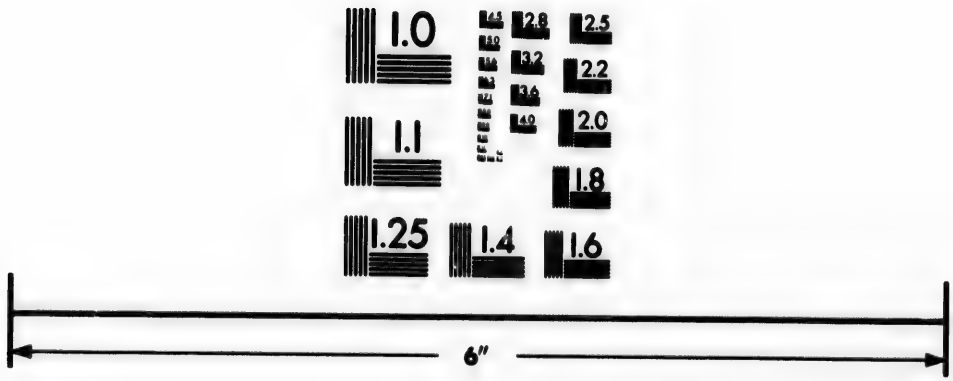

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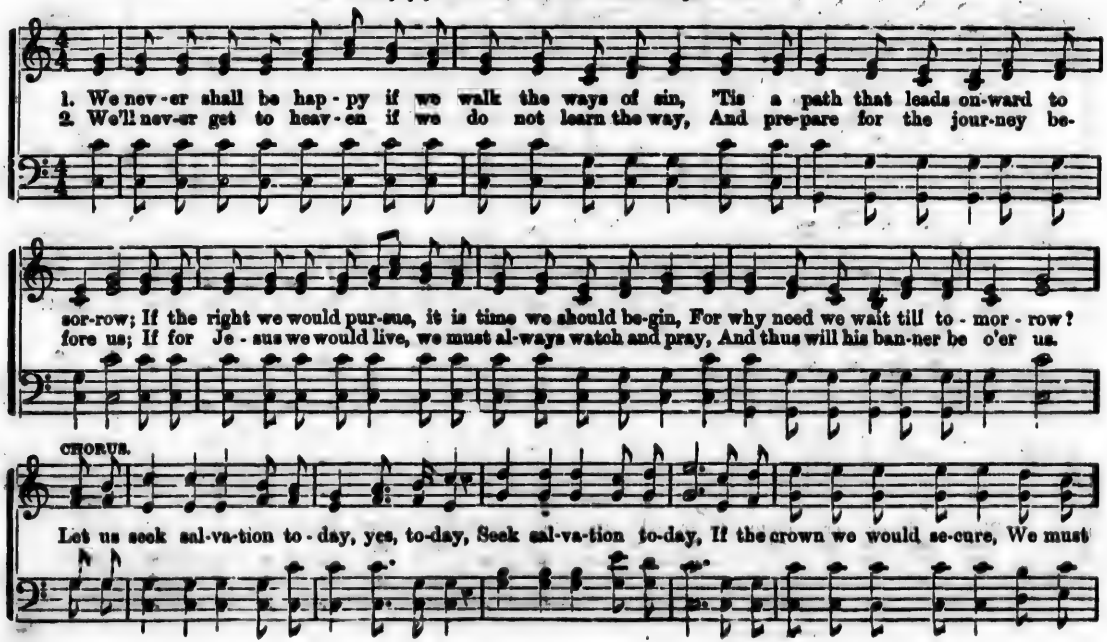
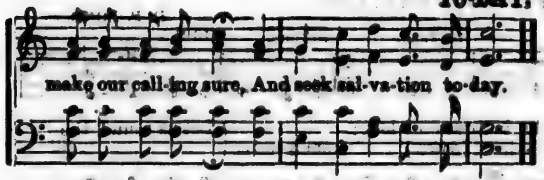
J. POLLARD.

TO-DAY.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart."

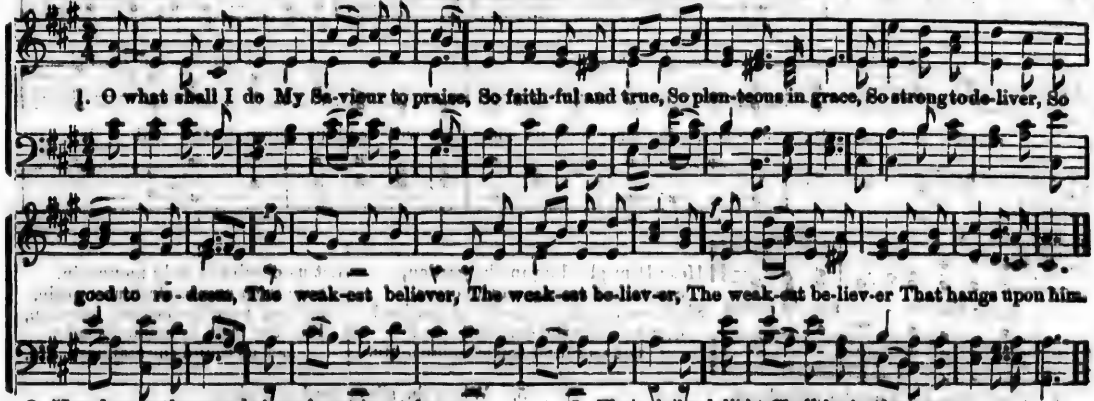




3

The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side,
And a hope in His power possessing;
We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide,
And count every trial a blessing.
Let us seek salvation, etc.

C. WESLEY. **PORTUGUESE.** 10s & 11s.

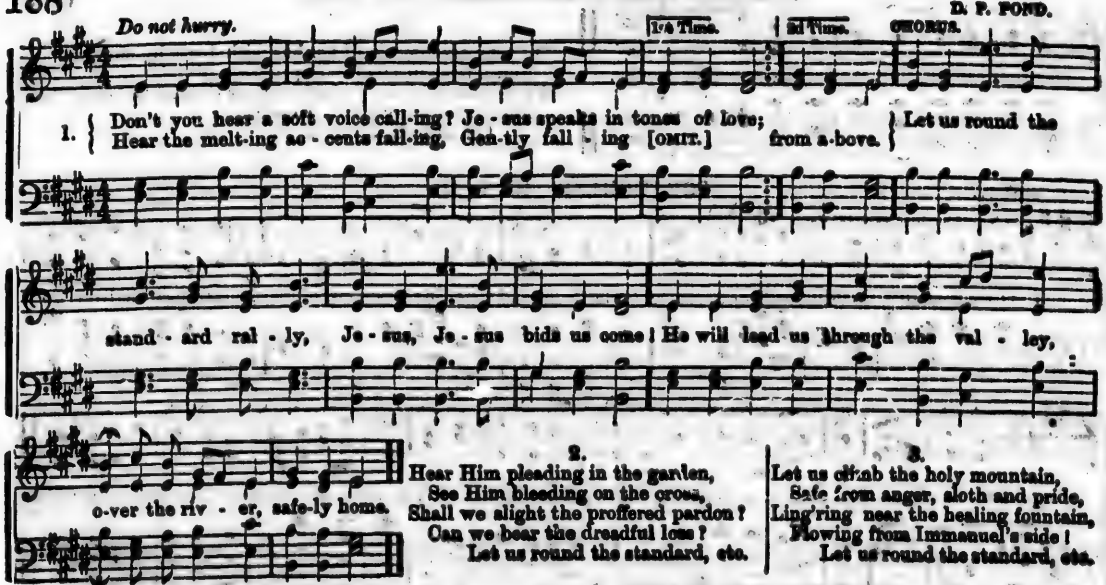


2. How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus' grace.

3. Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

DON'T YOU HEAR A SOFT VOICE CALLING?

D. P. POND.



2.

Hear Him pleading in the garden,
See Him bleeding on the cross,
Shall we slight the proffered pardon?
Can we bear the dreadful loss?
Let us round the standard, etc.

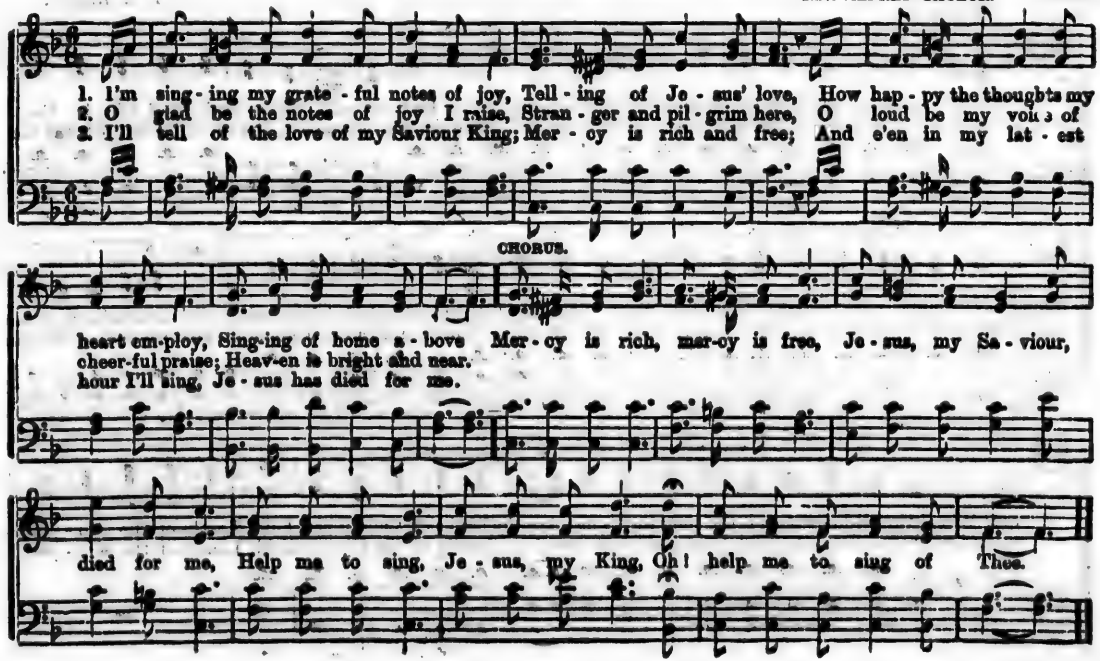
3.

Let us climb the holy mountain,
Safe from anger, sloth and pride,
Ling'ring near the healing fountain,
Flowing from Immanuel's side!
Let us round the standard, etc.

4. Christians need not be affrighted,
When the night of death shall come,
All the passage will be lighted,
To their own immortal home!—CHORUS.

5. When the silver cord is broken,
When our earthly house shall fall,
When the last "Farewell" is spoken,
Save us Jesus,—one and all.—CHORUS.

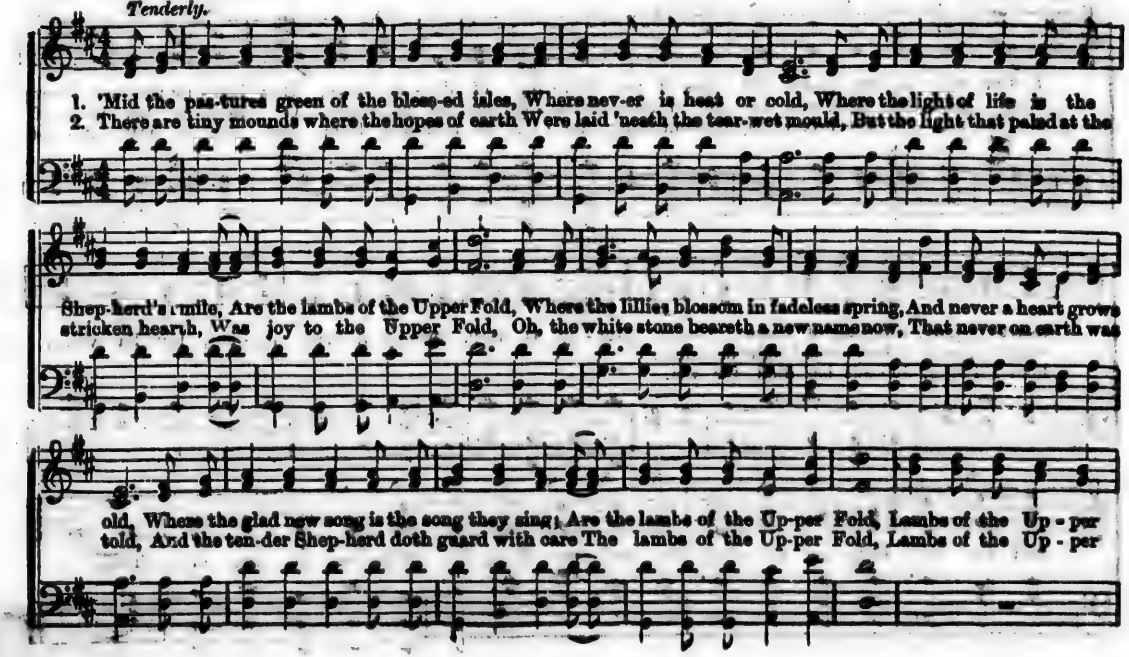
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

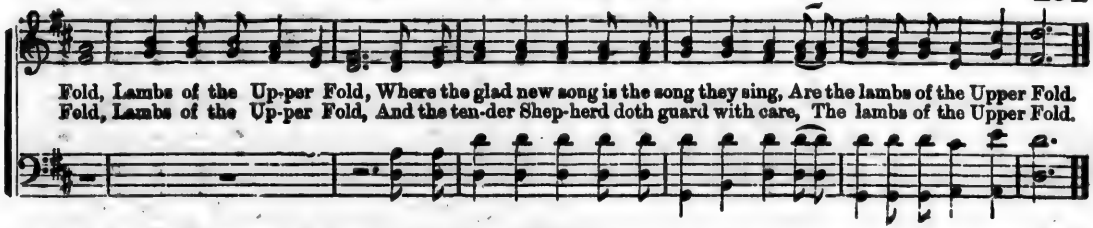


THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

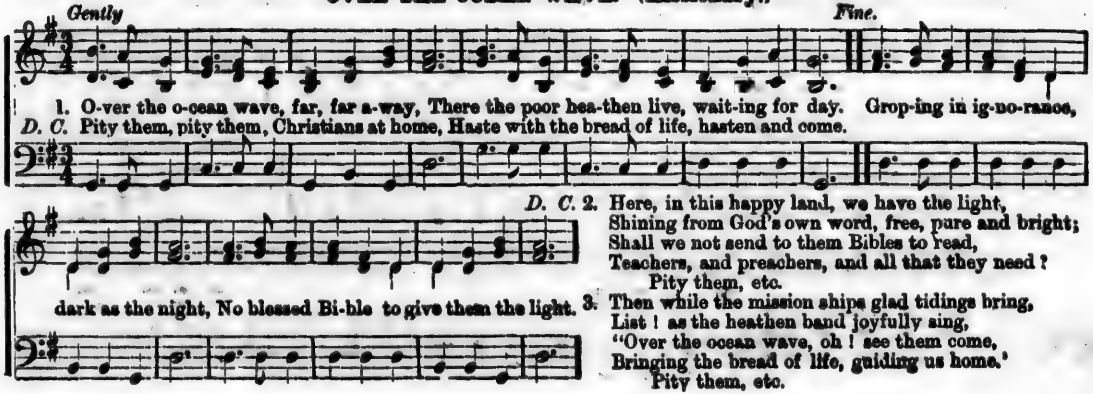
PAULINA.
Tenderly.

R. R. HANBY.



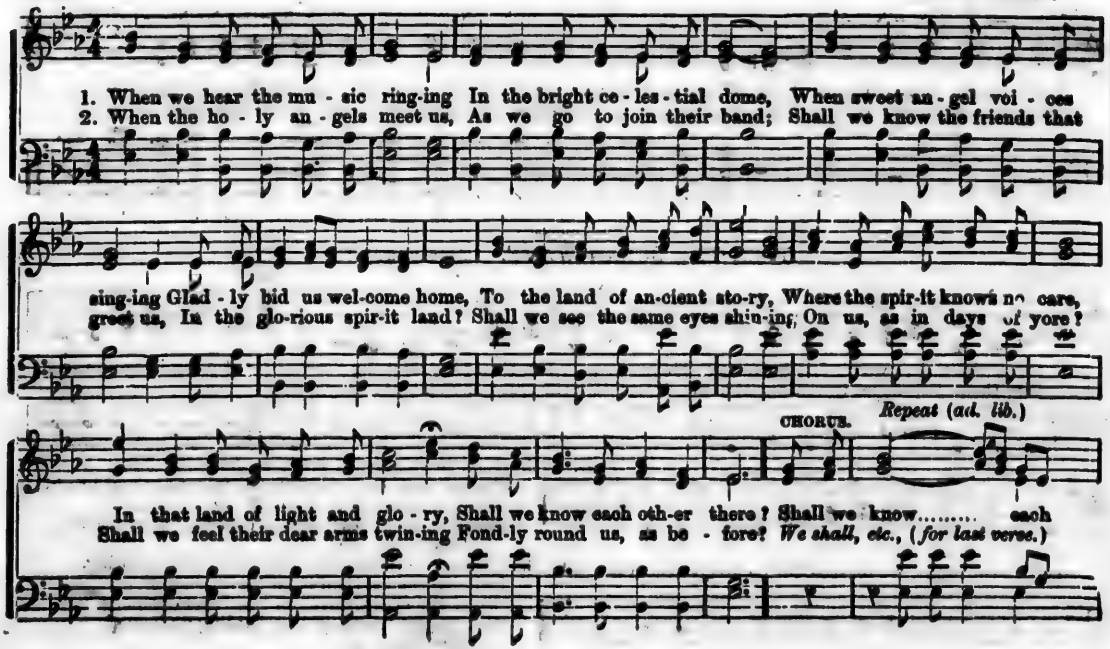


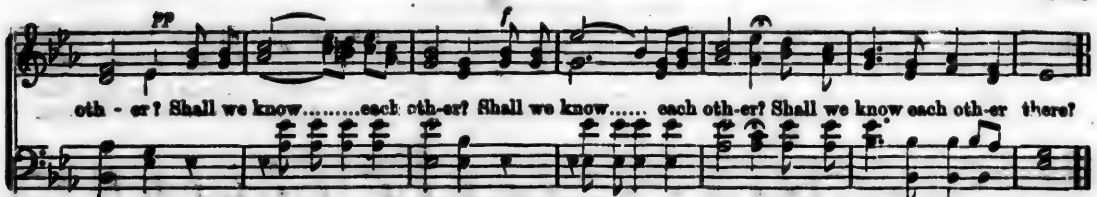
OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. (Missionary.)



SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Rev. R. LOWRY.





3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright:
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their earthly friends to know.
Shall we know, etc.

4. Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Ever more their sweet song lingers,
We shall know each other there!
We shall know, etc.

SHALL WE SEE OUR SAVIOUR THERE? *

1. When the scenes of earth have faded,
And we tarry here no more;
When we catch sweet shining glimpses,
Of the fair celestial shore;
Of the land that knows no sorrow,
Neither darkness nor despair,
Shall we see Him in His glory,
Shall we see our Saviour there?
Shall we see our Saviour? etc.

2. When the friends we love shall fail us,
As we brave death's chilling tide;
When the olive plants forsake us,
That have grown up by our side,
And no living thing we cherished,
Will avail us on that day,
As we near the hills of glory,
Shall we see Him on our way?
Shall we see our Saviour? etc.

3. When the dreams of youth have vanished,
And the hopes of riper years;
All our joys, and all our sorrows;
All our ills, and all our tears;
In that land of golden promise,
Where the flowers are blooming fair,
Shall we see Him in His glory,
Shall we see our Saviour there?—CHO.—*We shall*, etc.

*Tune above.

CALLING US AWAY.

DR. WATTS. "Here we have no continuing City." WALTER KITTRIDGE.

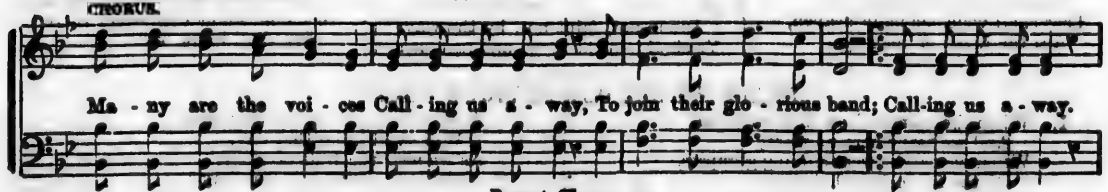
SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the veil, and see The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With

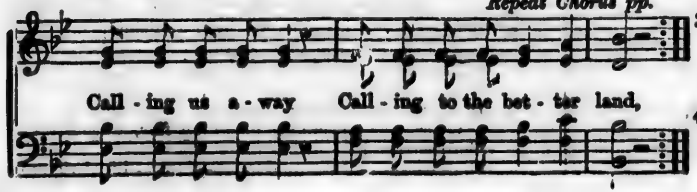
DUET.

bright their glories be. Ma-ny are the friends Who are wait-ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand;
sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHORUS.

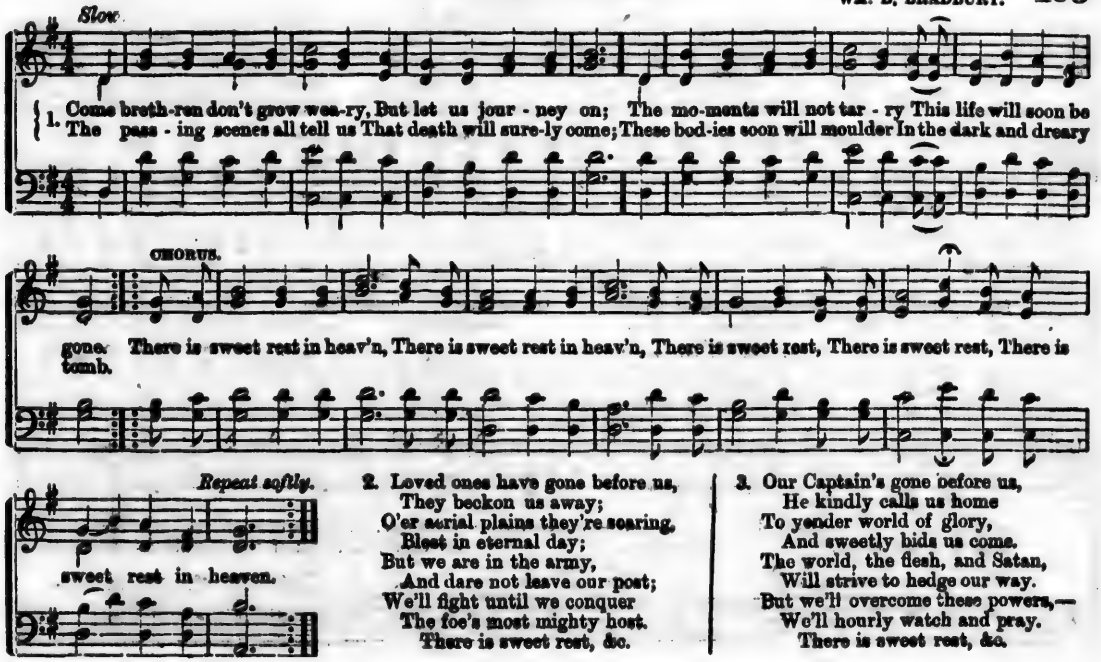


Repeat Chorus pp.



3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to His death.—CHO.

4. They mark'd the footsteps that He trod.
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.—CHO.

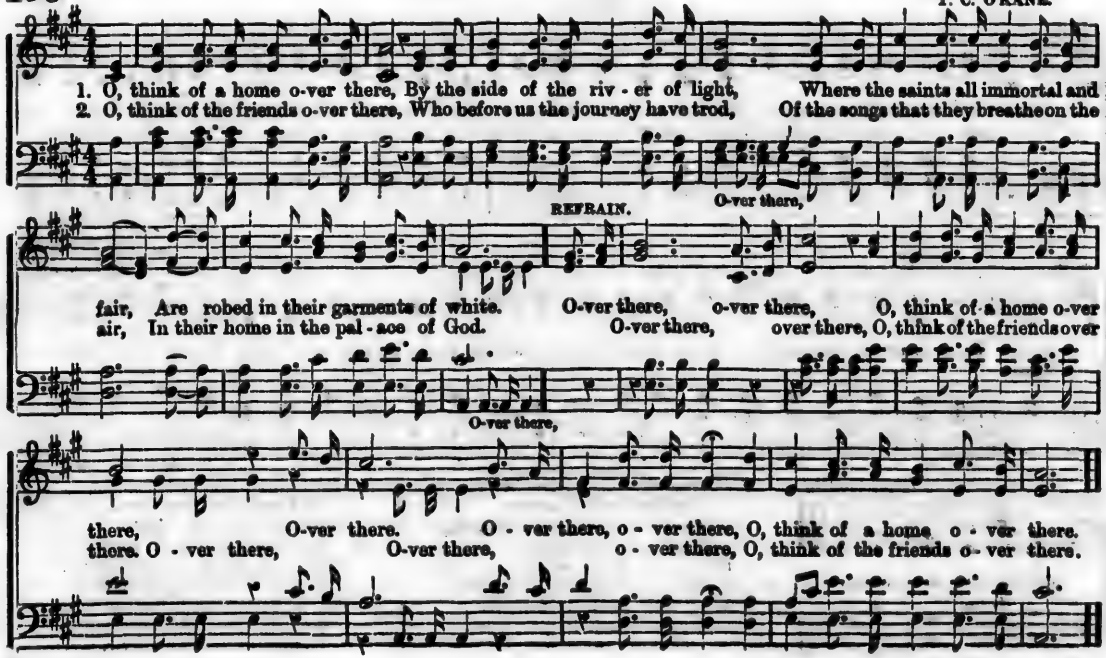


2. Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way.
But we'll overcome these powers,—
We'll hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest, &c.

OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE.



3. My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4. I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

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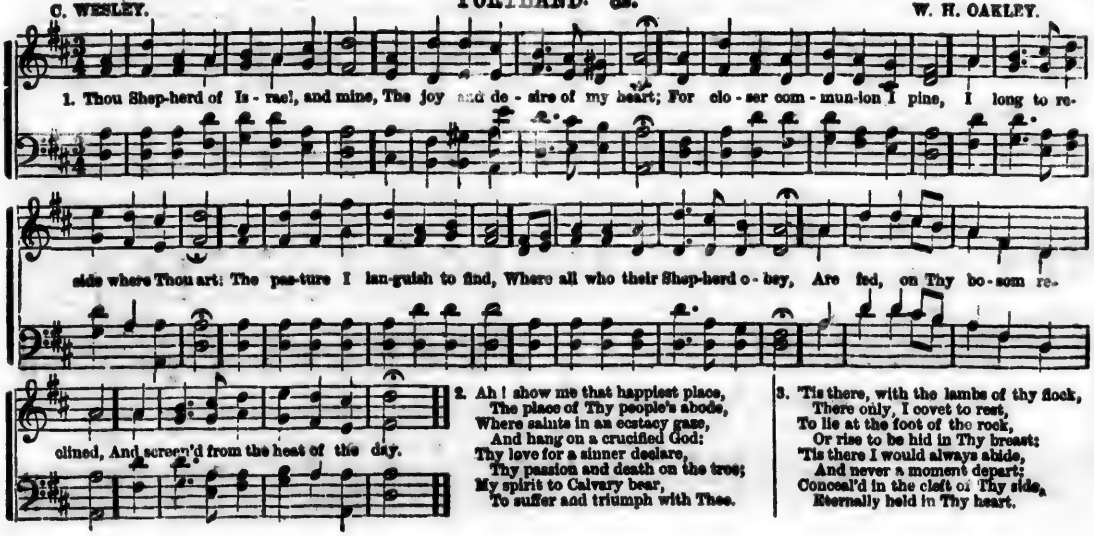
C. WESLEY. W. H. OAKLEY.



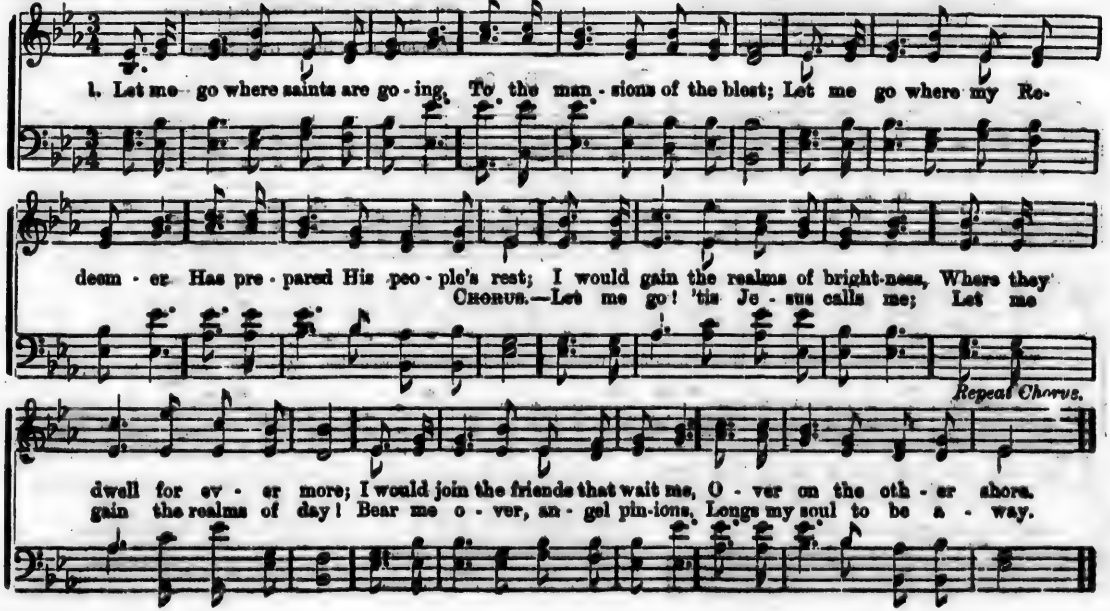
2. Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

"LET ME GO."

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

A little boy,—who had listened to the preaching of George Whitfield, and whose heart had been deeply moved by the sweet story of the cross, from the lips of that eloquent Evangelist,—lay upon his dying bed. During a momentary pause in his sufferings, and when his end was near, he stretched his hands upwards and cried: "Let me go to Mr. Whitfield's God!"



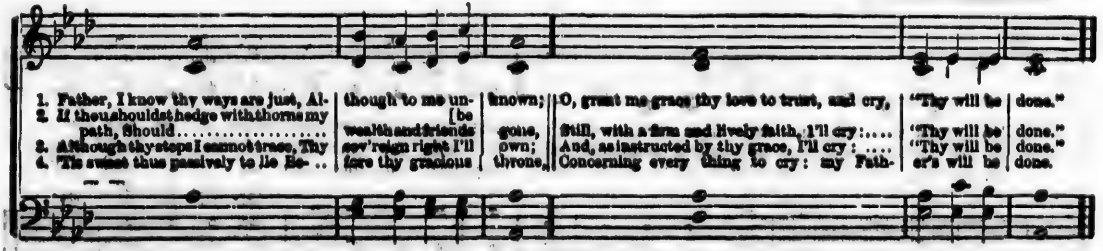
2.
Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail or woe;
Let me go, and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know:
Let me go! for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away;
And the victors' song triumphant
Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.
Let me go, etc.

3.
Let me go! why should I tarry?
What has earth to keep me here?
What, but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
What, but death, and pain, and fear?
Let me go! for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.
Let me go, etc.

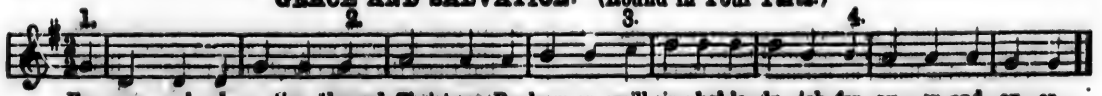
4.
Let me go! there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know:
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow;
There is where the angels tarry;
There the saved forever throng;
There the brightness wearies never;
There I'll sing Redemption's song.
Let me go, etc.

CHANT.—"Thy Will be Done."

WM. B. BRADBURY.



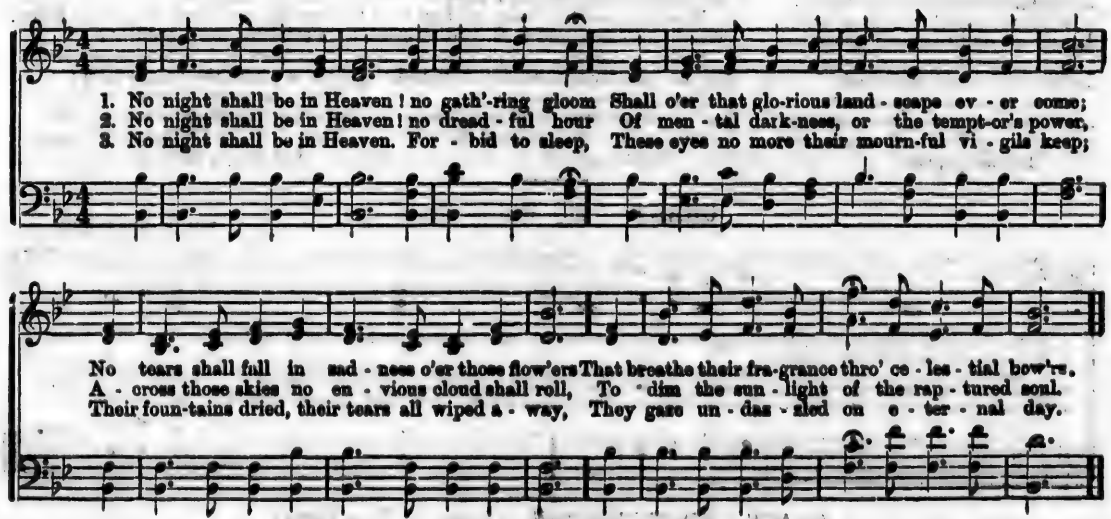
GRACE AND SALVATION. (Round in Four Parts.)



NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

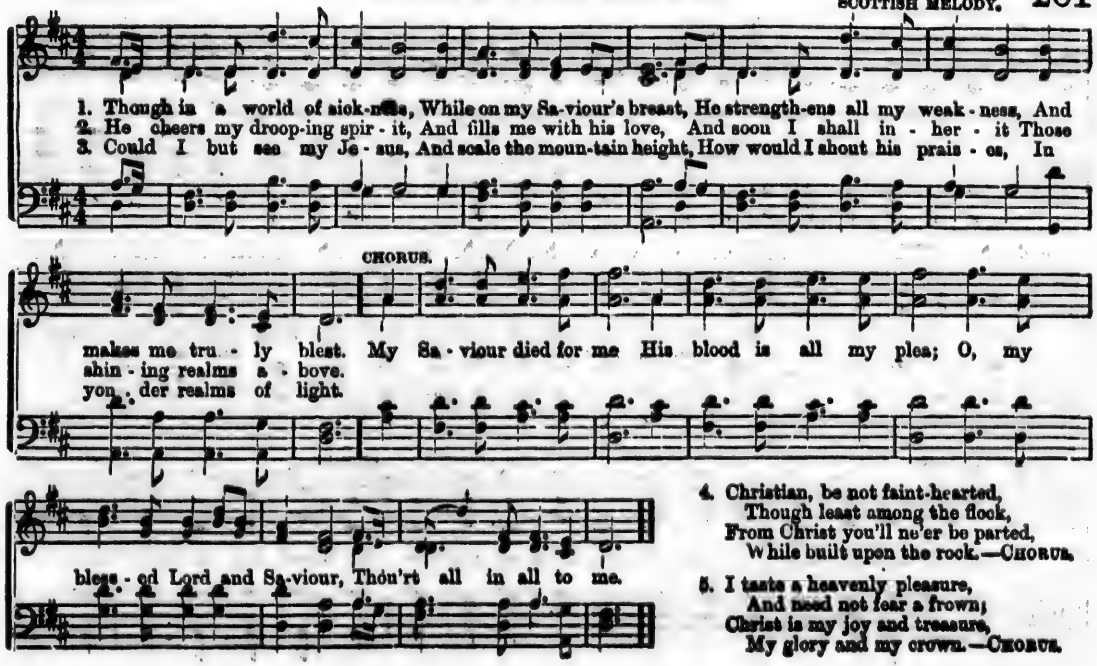


4. No night shall be in Heaven—no sorrows reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

5. No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon;
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

SCOTTISH MELODY.

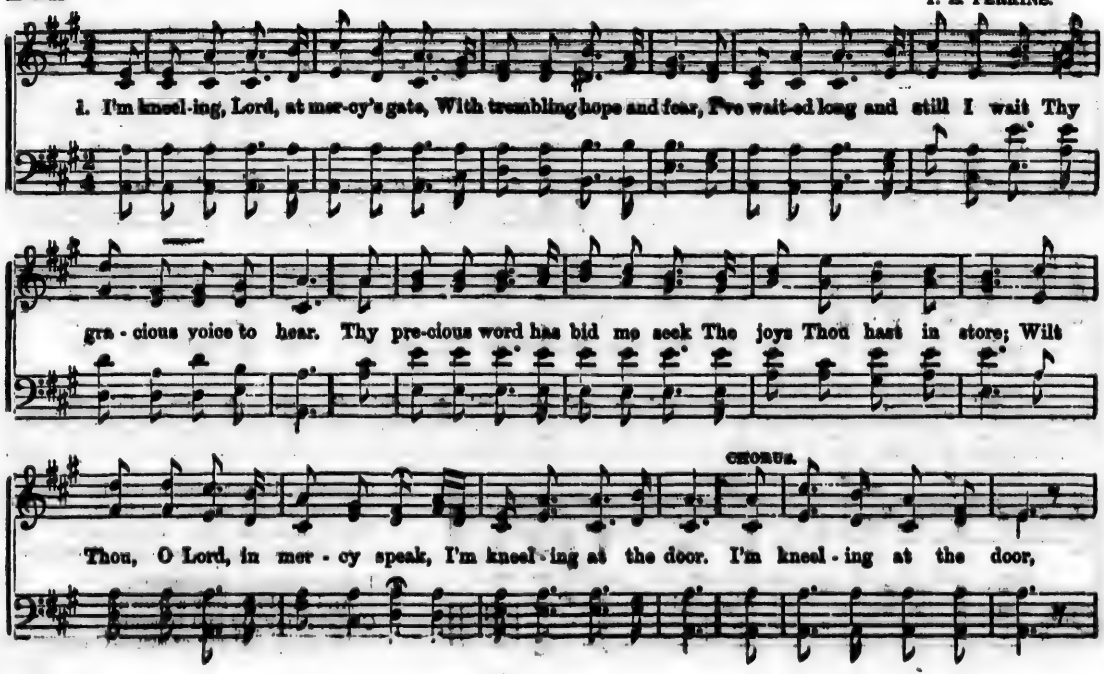


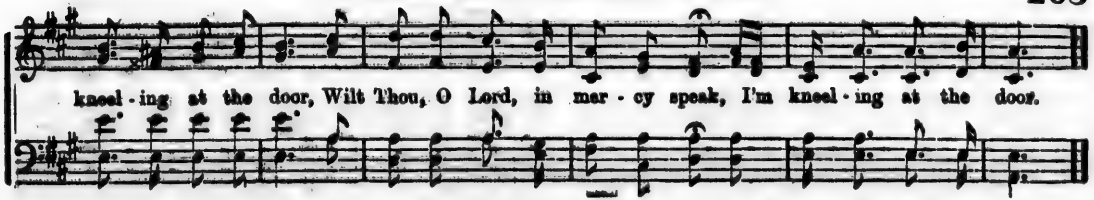
4. Christian, be not faint-hearted,
Though least among the flock,
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
While built upon the rock.—CHORUS.

5. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown;
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.—CHORUS.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

T. E. PERKINS.





2.
None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought Thy face:
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek Thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious blood is all my plea:
This can my soul restore;
Wilt Thou in mercy speak to me,
Low kneeling at the door.
I'm kneeling, etc.

3.
And when the ransomed millions rise,
From death and sorrow free,
To meet Thee in the upper skies,
With songs of victory,
May I through grace redeemed be there,
To thankfully adore
The love that heard my trembling pray'r,
While kneeling at the door.
I'm kneeling, etc.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST. *

1. More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make;
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

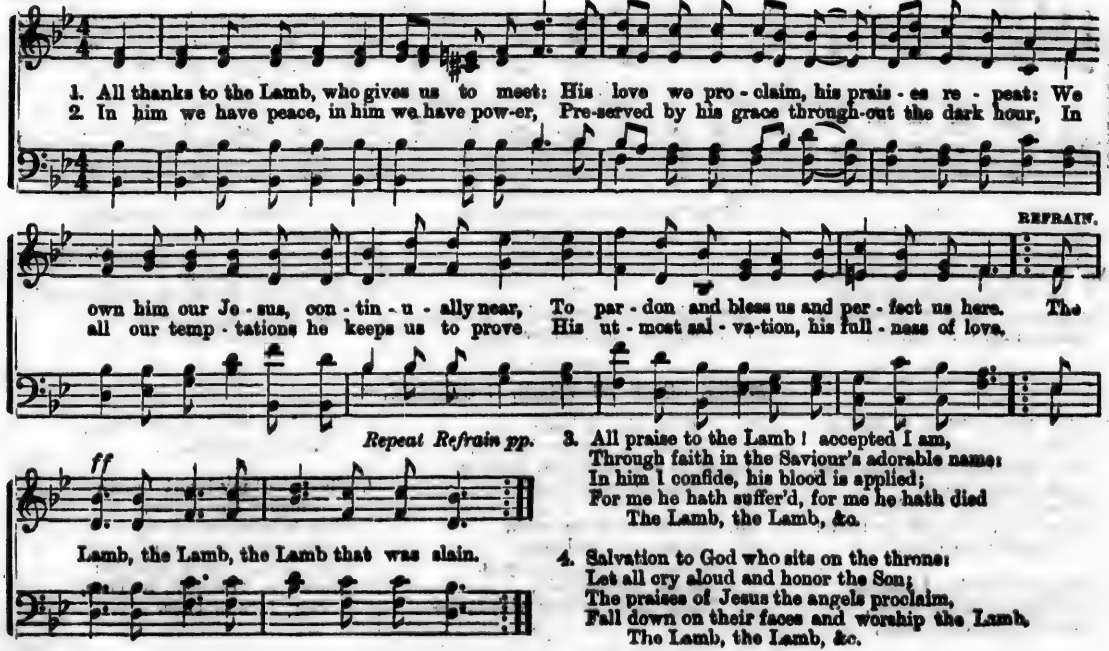
3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain,
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise.
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

*Tune, "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE," page 202, *S. S. Harp.*

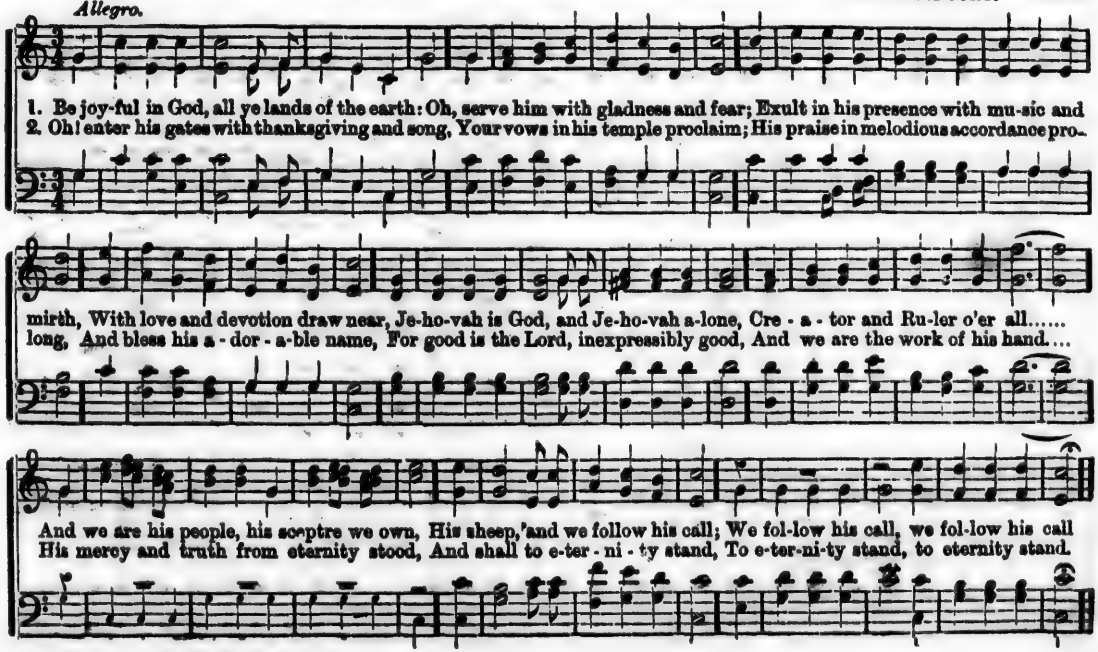
THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



3. All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath died
The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

4. Salvation to God who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb,
The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

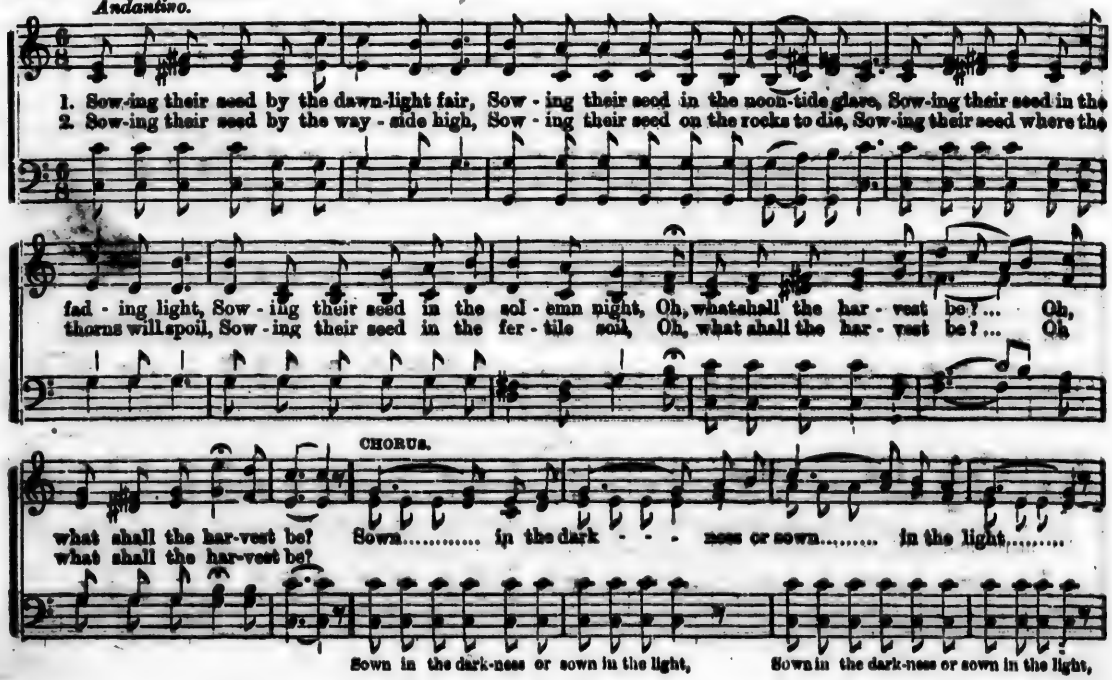

Allegro.
1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth: Oh, serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with mu-sic and
2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accordance pro-
mirth, With love and devotion draw near, Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre - a - tor and Ru-ler o'er all.....
long, And bless his a - dor - a-ble name, For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand....
And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call; We fol-low his call, we fol-low his call
His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to e-ter - ni - ty stand, To e-ter-ni-ty stand, to eternity stand.

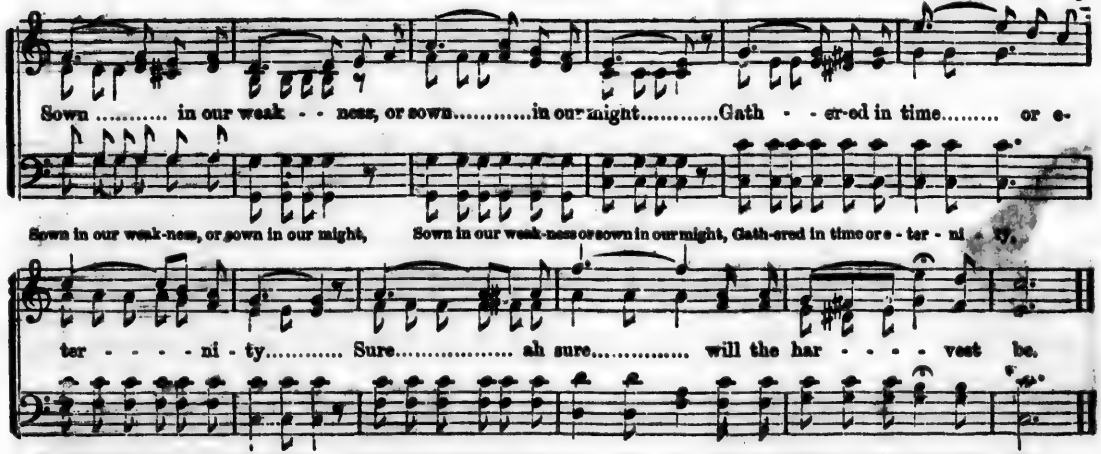
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

P. P. BLISS.

Andantino.



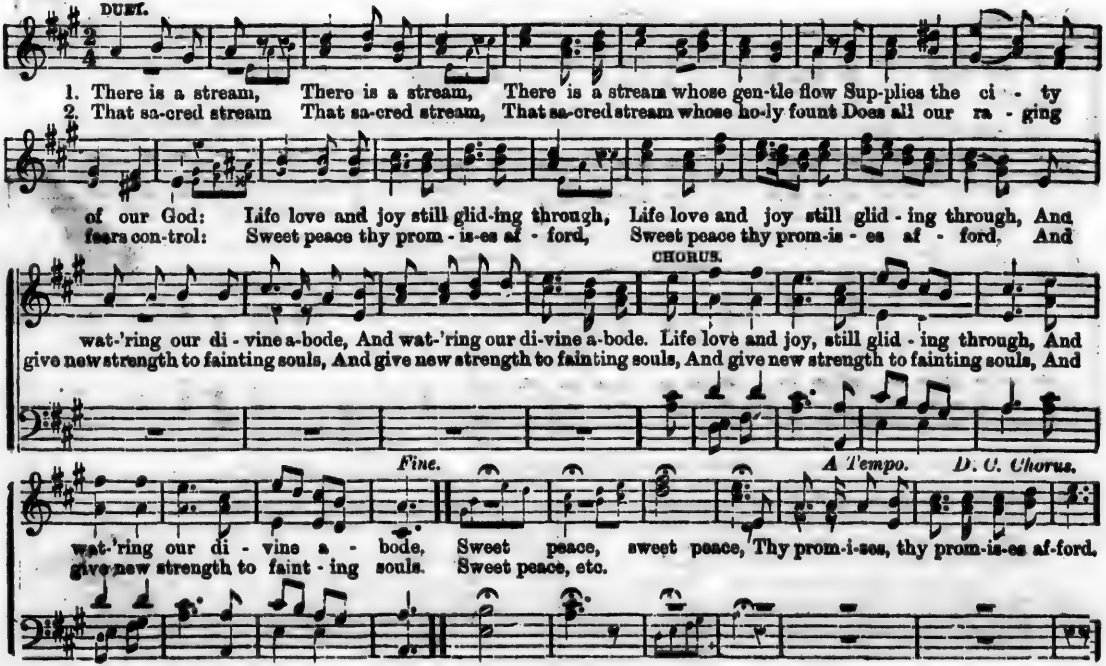


3. They're sowing the seed of word and deed,
The proud know not, nor the careless heed;
The gentle word and the kindest deed
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need.
Oh, sweet will the harvest be.—CHORUS.

4. They're sowing the seed of noble deed,
With sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With tireless hands they toil and sow,
And the fields are whit'ning where'er they go.
Oh, rich will the harvest be.—CHORUS.

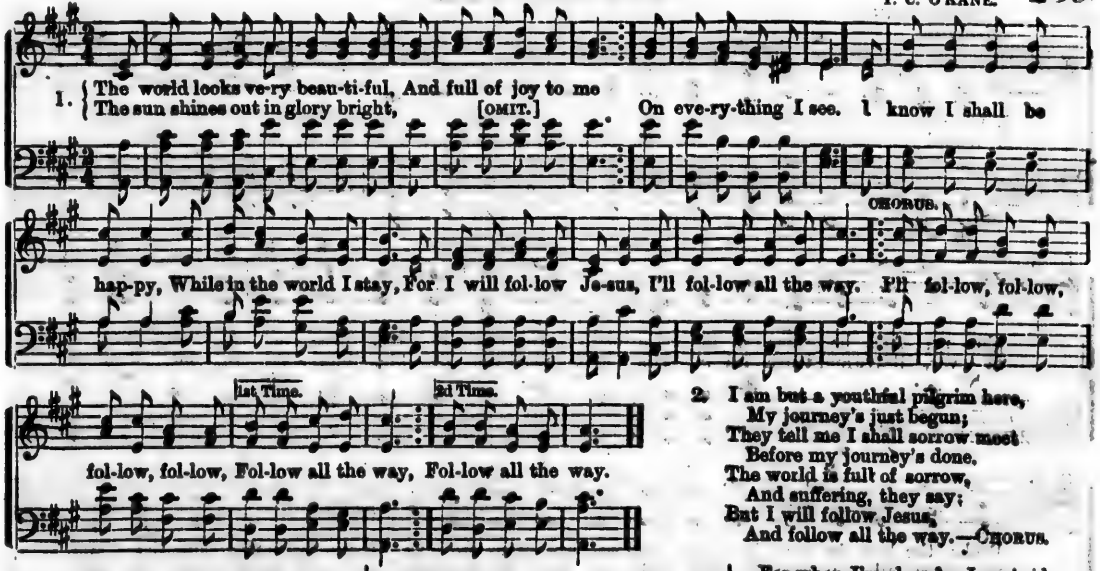
And many who stand with idle hand,
Are scattering seeds throughout the land,
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne, and still must bear.
Oh, sad will the harvest be.—CHORUS.

SWEET PEACE.—Duet and Chorus.



I'LL FOLLOW JESUS.

T. C. O'KANE.



2. I am but a youthful pilgrim here,
My journey's just begun;
They tell me I shall sorrow meet
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of sorrow,
And suffering, they say;
But I will follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

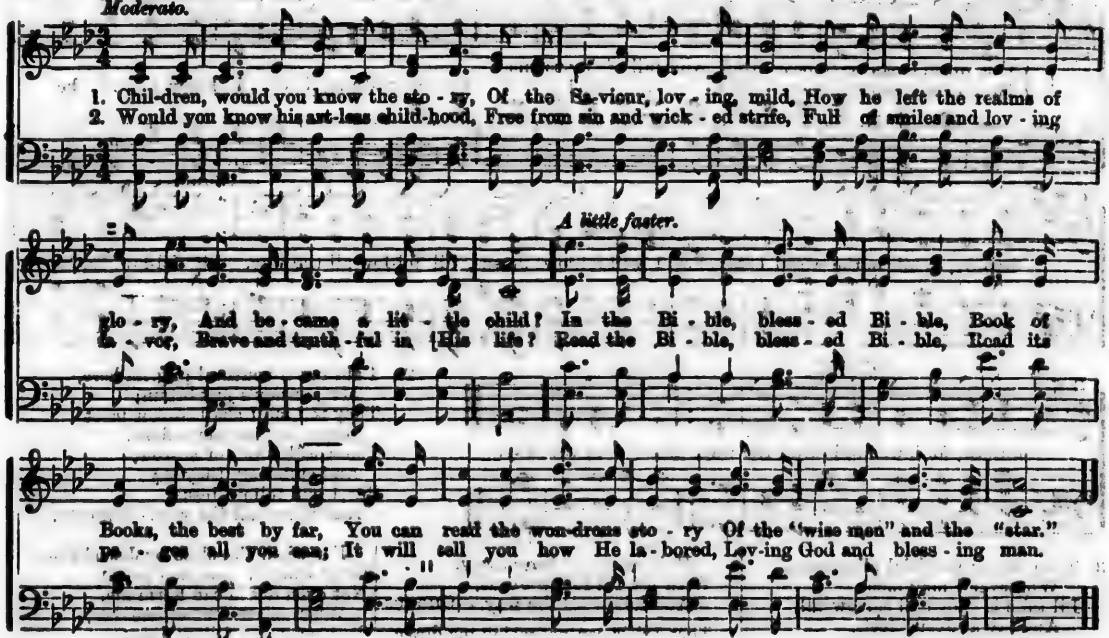
3. Then on my youthful pilgrimage,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy and sorrow all,
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

4. Then trials can not weigh me down,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
Grief can not come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day,
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—CHORUS.

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

O. D. SHERMAN. J. M. STILLMAN.

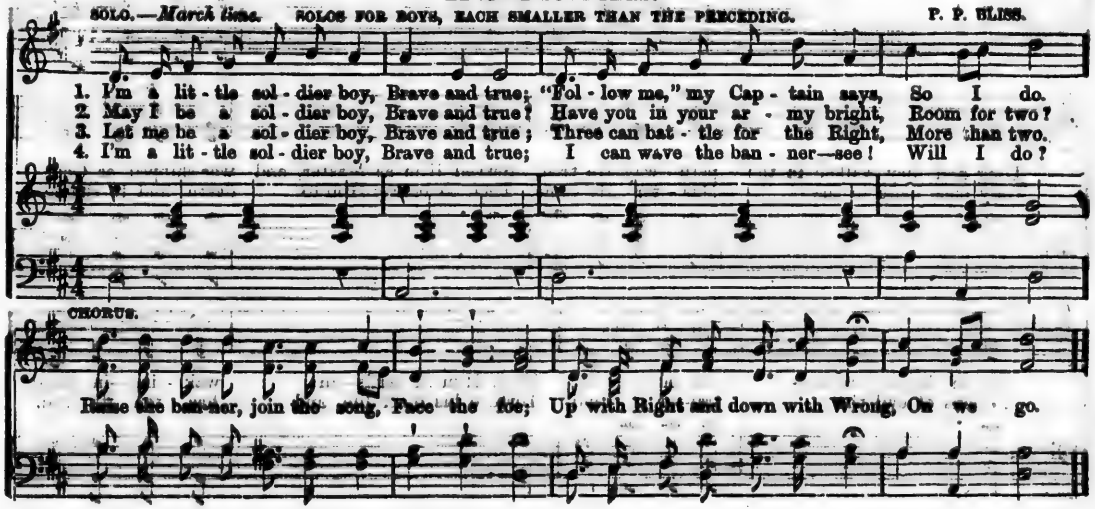
Moderato.



3.
Would you hear His words of wisdom,
See the glory of His face;
How He blessed the little children,
Held them in His close embrace,—
In the Bible, precious Bible,
All this matchless love appears;
How He healed the broken-hearted,
How He dried the mourner's tears.

4.
Would you know how dark that garden,
Terraced on the mountain side,
Would you know the taunts and jeerings,
See the cross on which He died,—
Read your Bible, precious Bible;
All the story you may know,
And the price of man's redemption,
Saved from sin and endless woe.

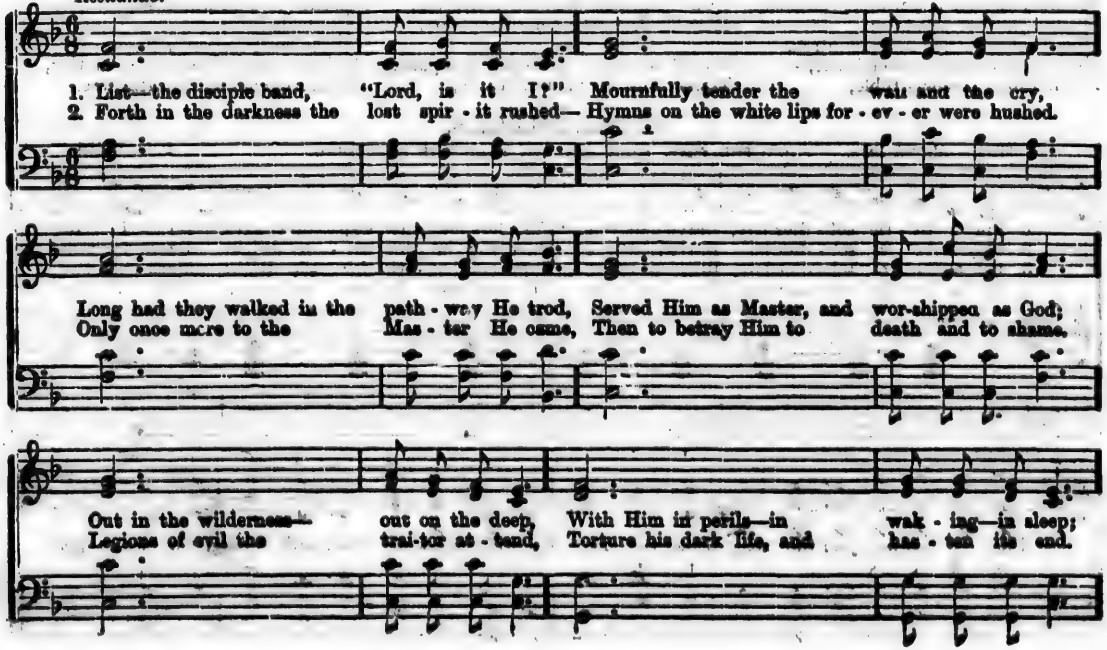
LITTLE SOLDIERS.

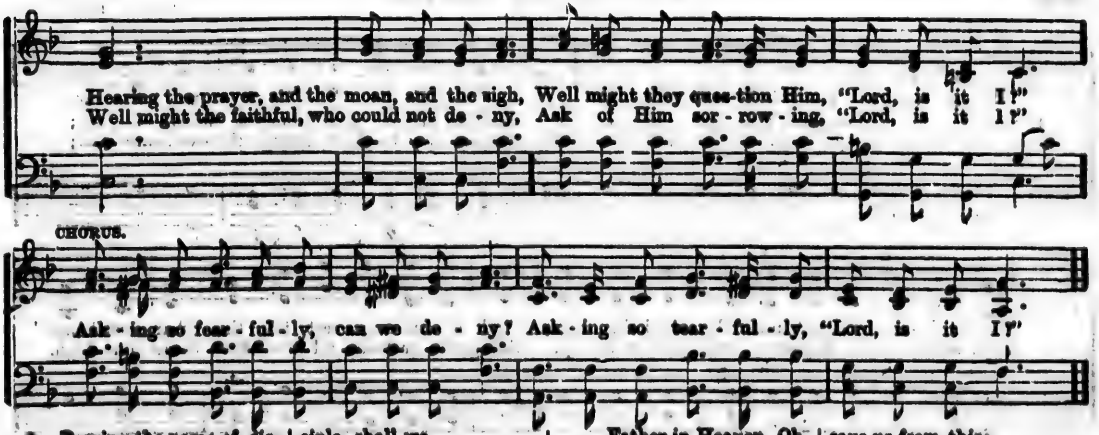


LORD, IS IT I?

PAULINA. GEO. F. ROOT.

Recitando.





3. Bearing the name of dis- | ciple, shall we
Shrink from the pathway, tho' | thorny it be?
Murmur, while under the | cross and the rod,
Craving the earthly, and | turning from God?

Father in Heaven, Oh, | save us from this;
Let us betray not Thy | love with a kiss.
Clasping the cross, though we | live or we die,
Still would we ask of Thee, "Lord, is it I?"—CHO.

THERE'LL BE REST BY AND BY. *

1. We must toil in the heat of the day,
From the dawn until daylight be o'er;
For we swiftly are passing away
To the land where we'll labor no more.
CHORUS.—There'll be rest by-and-by, by-and-by.

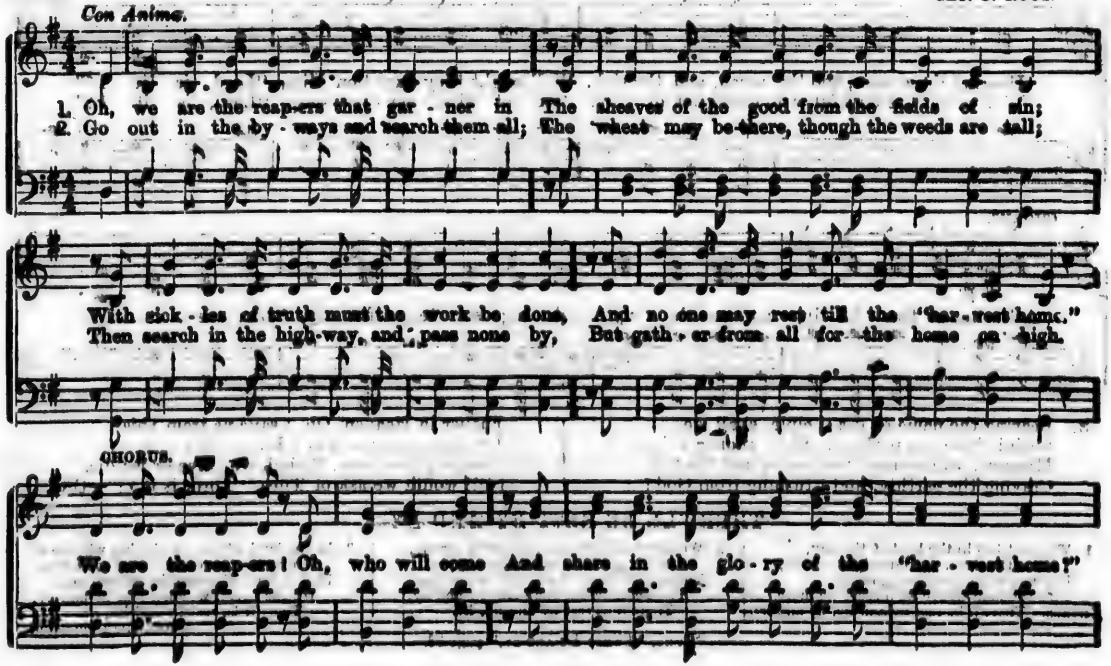
2. We are weak, but the Saviour is strong,
And his grace he will freely supply;
Though the time of our trial seem long,
Yet we know we shall rest by-and-by.
There'll be rest by-and-by, &c.

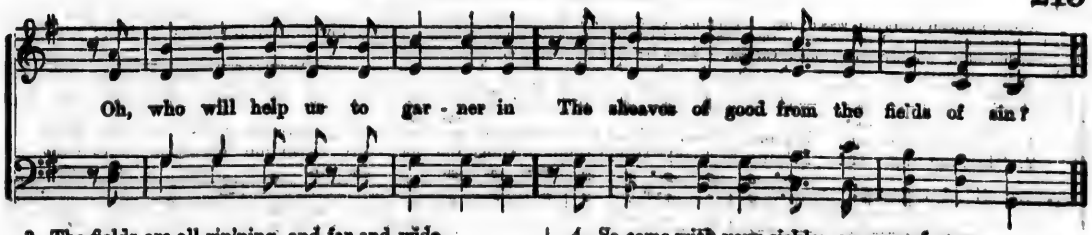
3. In the land where our sighing will cease,
Where no sorrow shall ever come nigh;
In that land of contentment and peace
We shall rest, we shall rest by-and-by.
There'll be rest by-and-by, &c.
—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

*Tune, 'SWEET BY-AND-BY," page 32.

THE SONG OF THE REAPERS.

GEO. F. ROOT.





3. The fields are all rip'ning, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.—CHO.

4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain:
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.—CHO

WE GATHER IN THE CHILDREN. 7s & 6s.*

1. We gather in the children,
From every street and lane,
To train them up for Jesus,
Eternal life to gain.
For this we band together,
And join our fervent prayer,
That Christ, the gracious Teacher,
Would bless our earnest care,

2. We gather in the children,
Devoutly to impart,
The Saviour's blessed gospel
To every youthful heart.
Oh, may the Spirit guide us
Its joyful lines to trace;
And while we try to teach them,
May He bestow the grace.

3. We gather in the children,
To teach them how to sing,
As they did in the temple,
"Hosanna to our King."
And while we tune our voices
To sing with sweet accord,
Oh, may they call Him blessed,
Their Saviour and their Lord!

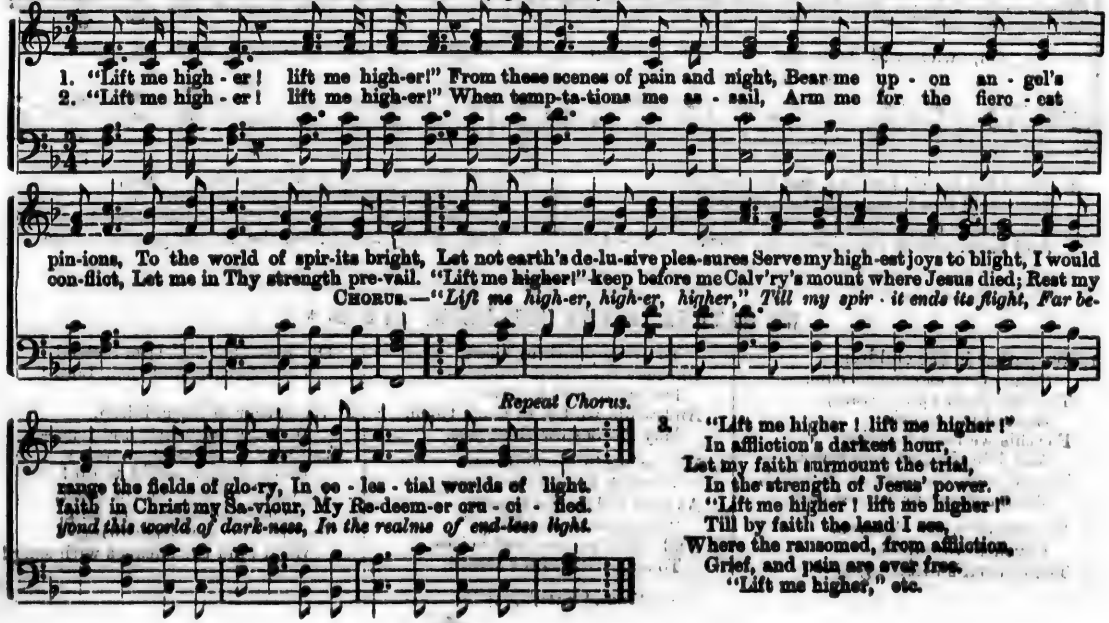
4. We gather in the children,
With loving hearts and true,—
And may we ne'er grow weary
While there is aught to do!
Though hard may be the labor,
Though toiling may be long,
And tears bedew the sowing—
We'll bind the sheaves with song!

*Tune, "Wass," page 181.

LIFT ME HIGHER.

S. V. R. FORD. T. C. O'KANE.

A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!"—again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her tomb-stone is carved:—"JANE B——, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

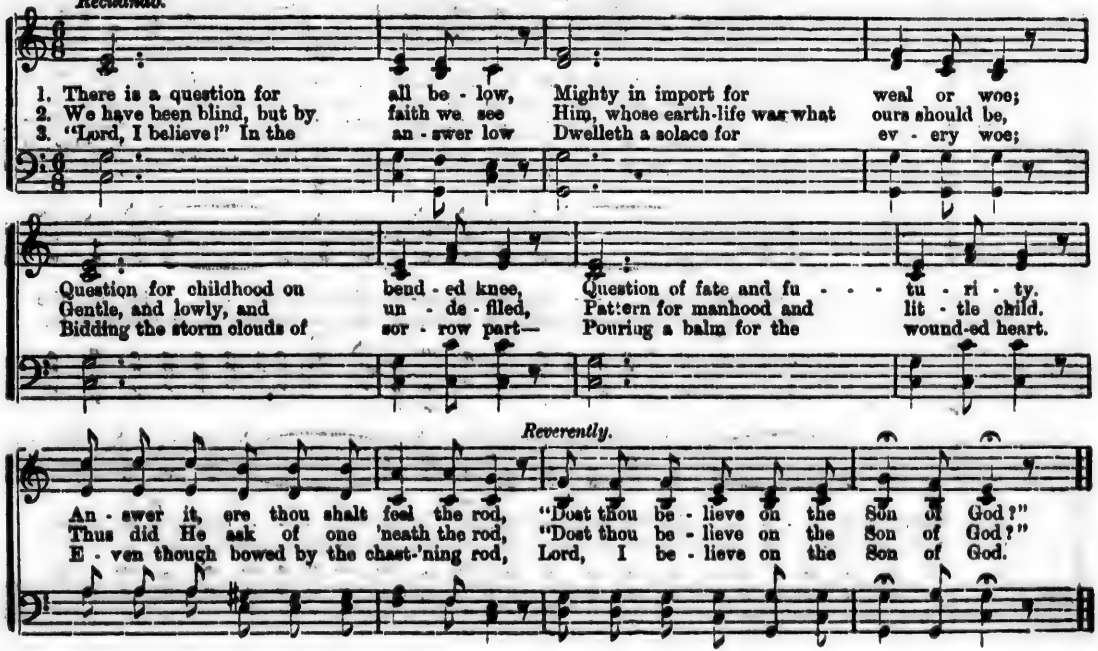


3. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
In affliction's darkest hour,
Let my faith surmount the trial,
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see,
Where the ransomed, from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.
"Lift me higher," etc.

THERE IS A QUESTION.

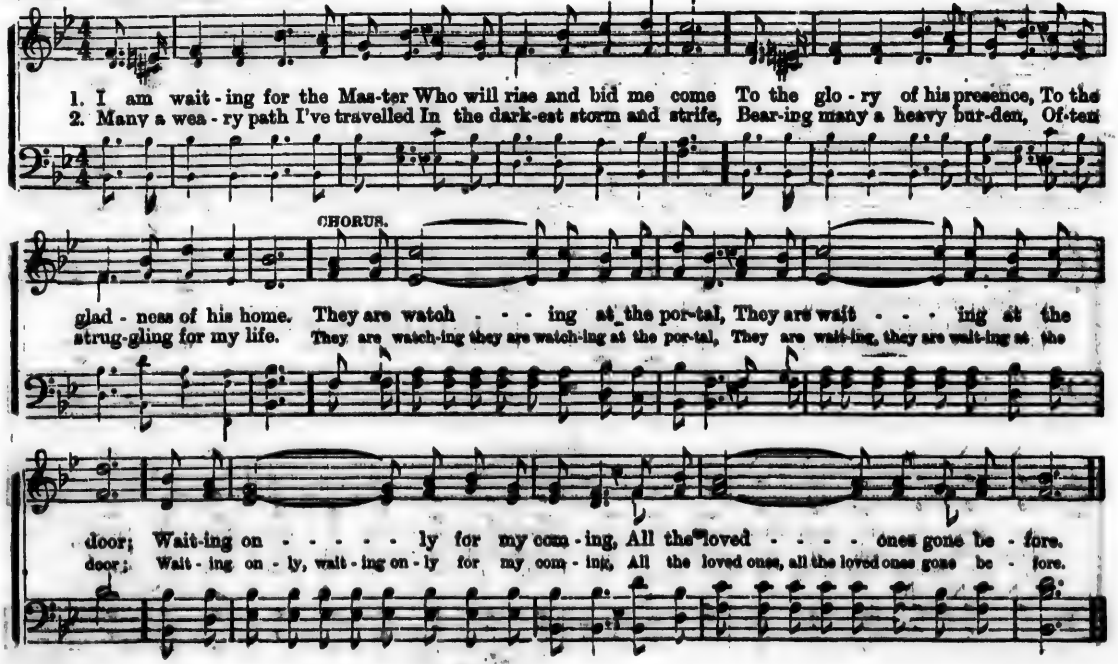
PAULINA. GEO. F. ROOT.

Recitando.



WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. KATE M. REASONER.



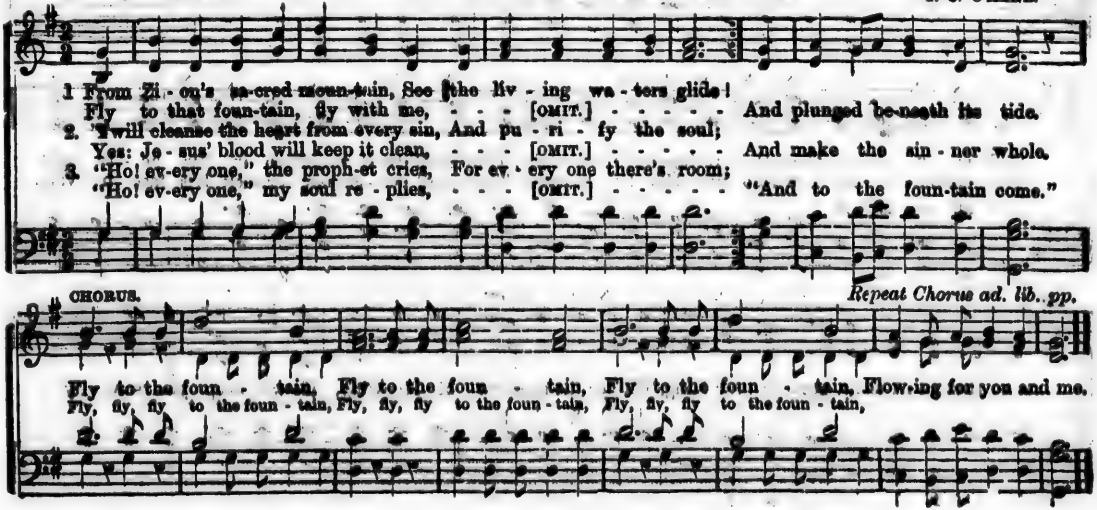
3. Many friends that travelled with me,
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
But they're watching, etc.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
O, how lovingly they'll greet me,
When the toils of life are done!
For they're watching, etc.

5. O, how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorious throng;
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song!
Yes, they're watching, etc.

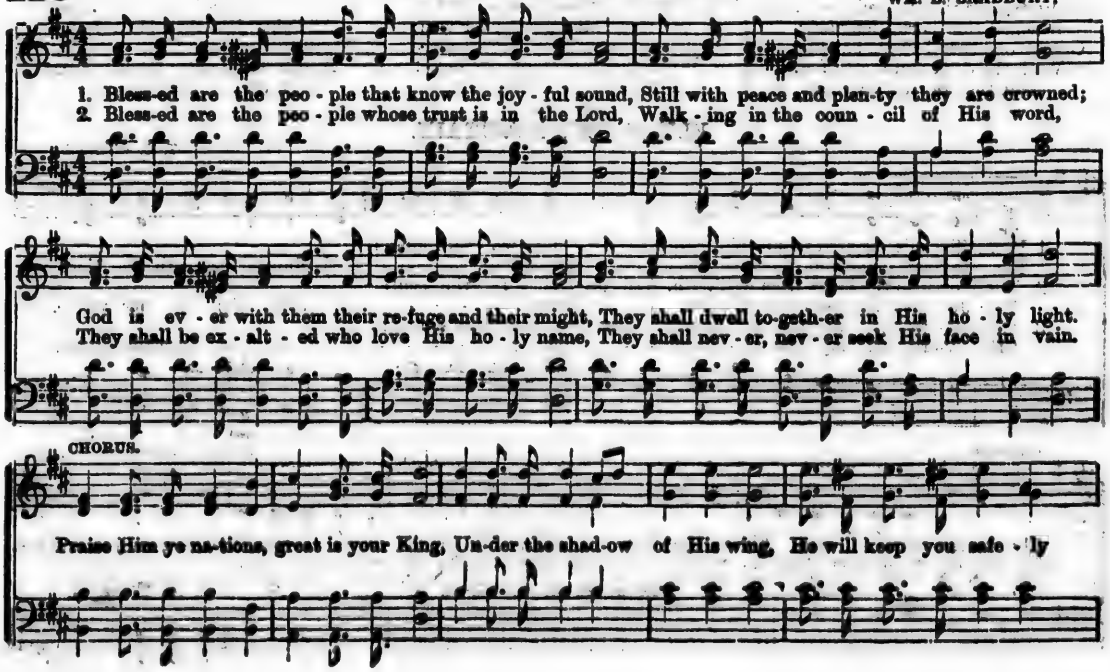
FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

T. C. O'KANE.



BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

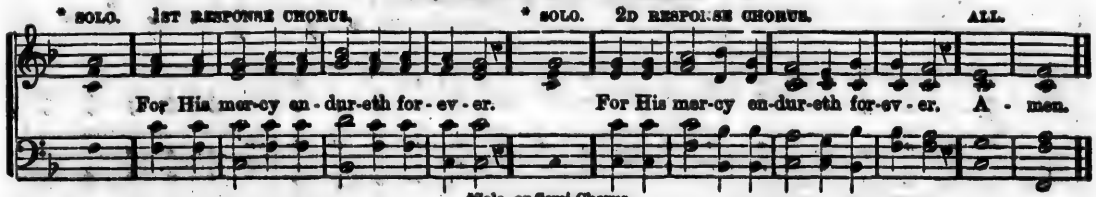
WM. B. BRADBURY.



3. Blessed are the people who on His arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows;
They shall grow and flourish who in His strength abide,
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
Praise Him, ye nations, etc.

4. Blessed are the people, who trust in Christ alone;
He shall claim and crown them as His own;
They shall reign forever, in realms of cloudless light,
Where the day is darkened by no shades of night.
Praise Him, ye nations, etc.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.



*Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord—1*st Resp.*
2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords—1*st Resp.*
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens—1*st Resp.*
4. To Him that made great lights—1*st Resp.*
5. Who remembered us in our low estate—1*st Resp.*
6. Who giveth food to all flesh—1*st Resp.*

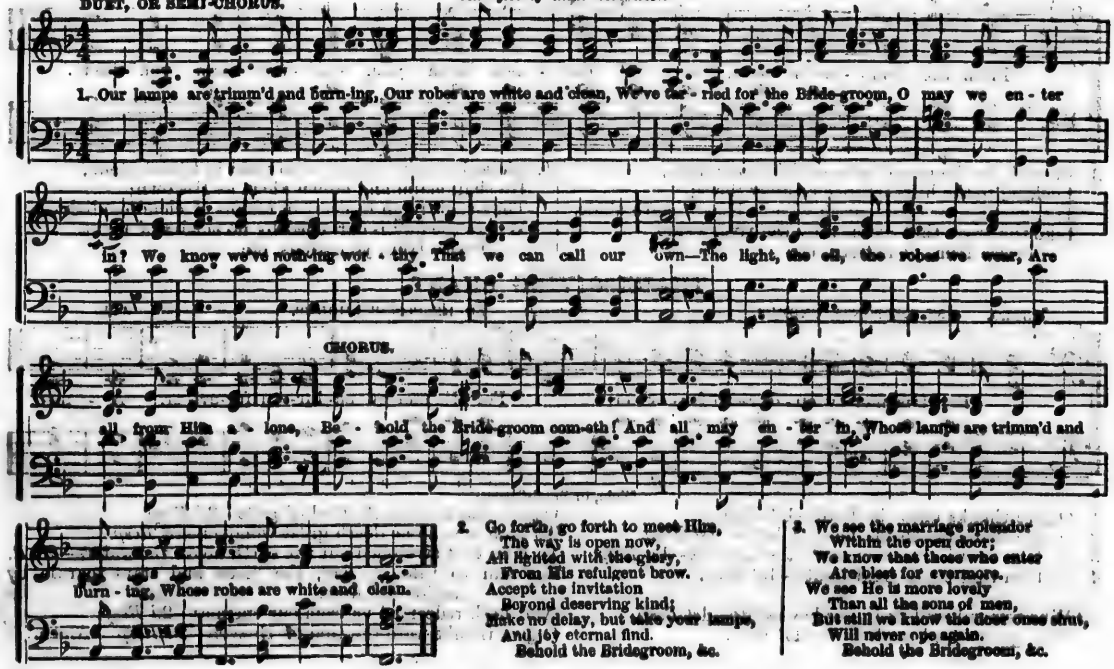
O give thanks unto the God of gods—2*d Resp.*
To Him who alone doeth great wonders—2*d Resp.*
To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters—2*d R.*
The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by night—2*d Resp.*
And hath redeemed us from our enemies—2*d Resp.*
O give thanks unto the God of Heaven—2*d Resp.* Amen.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

"And five of them were wise."

GEO. F. ROOT.

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him,
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory,
From His refulgent brow.
Accept the invitation
Beyond deserving kind;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

3. We see the marriage splendor
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.
We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door once shut,
Will never ope again.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

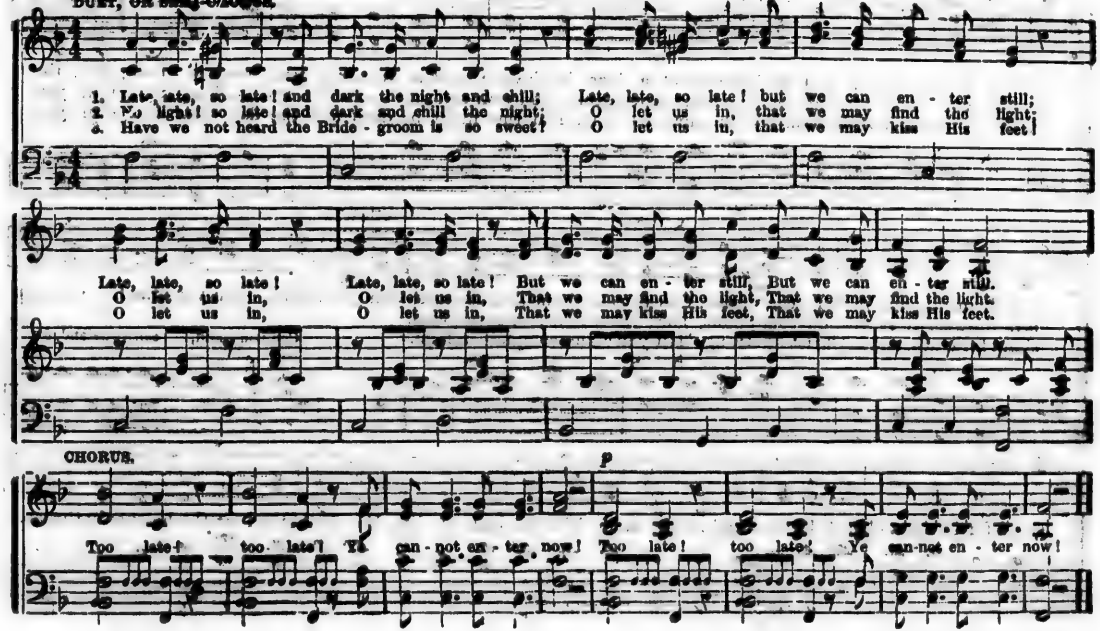
TOO LATE.

"*And five were foolish.*"

TENNYSON.

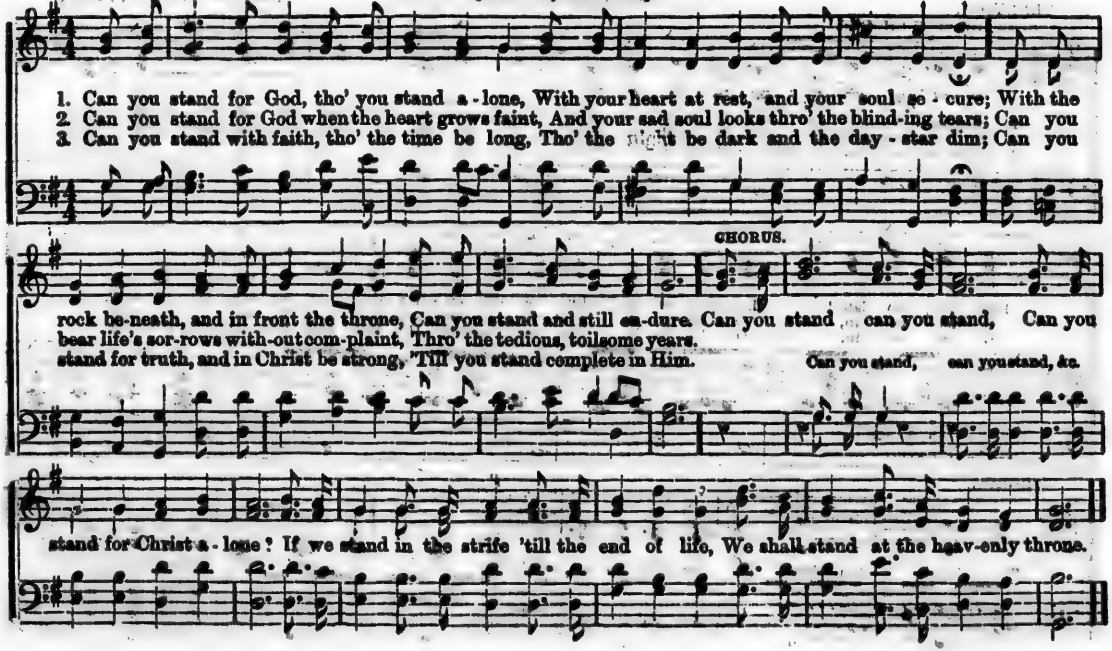
ARRANGED BY GEO. F. ROOT.

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



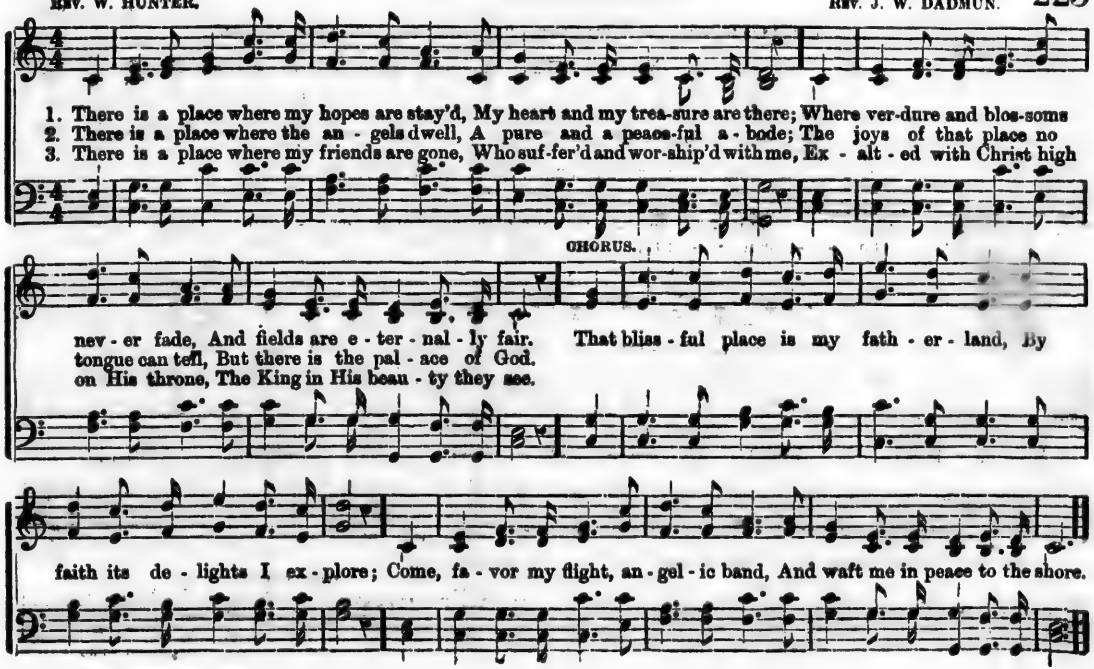
STAND FAST.

"*And having done all, stand.*"—Eph. vi. 13.



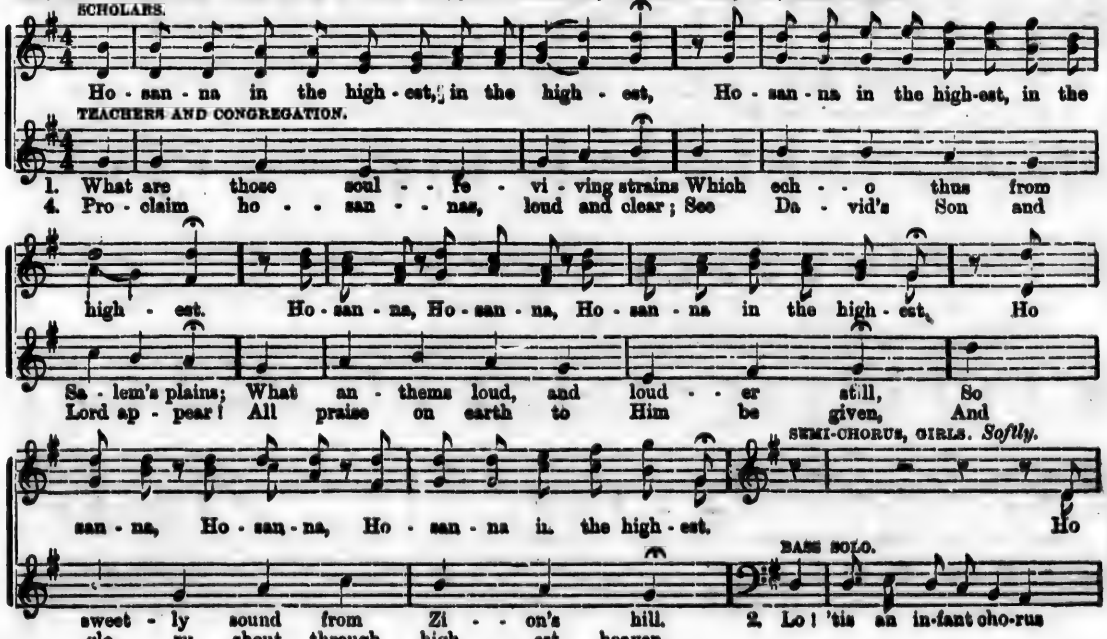
MY FATHER-LAND.

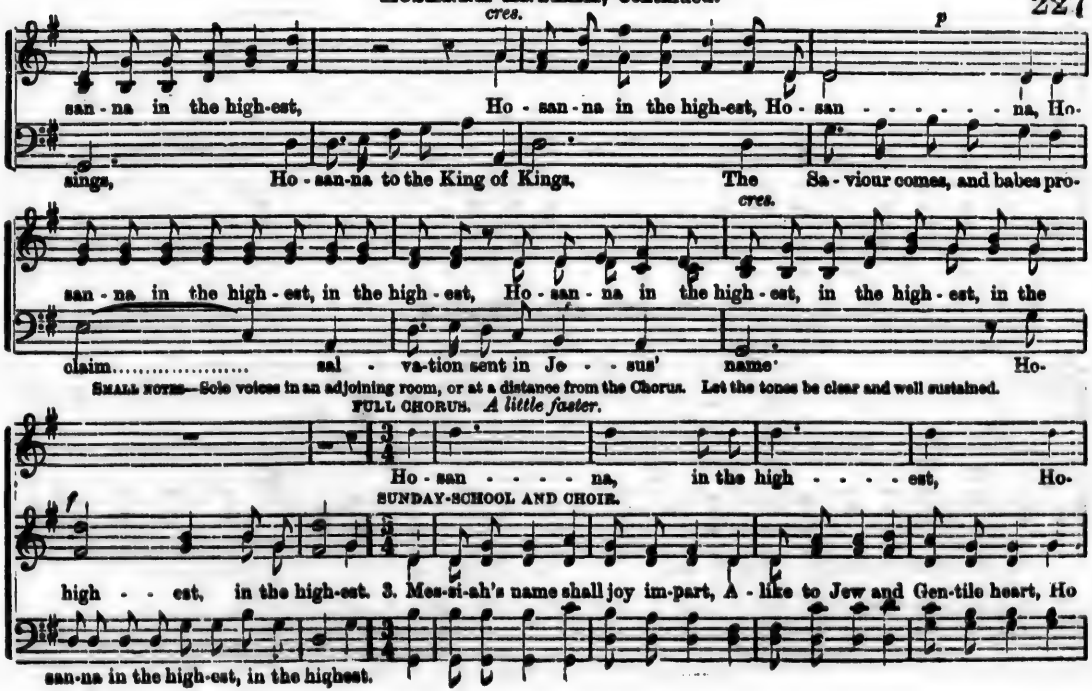
Rev. W. HUNTER. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



HOSANNA ANTHEM.

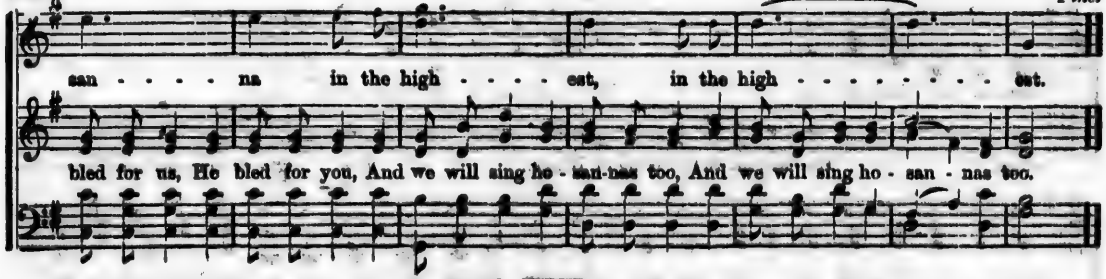
The children should sing their Hosanna through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two unite. Also sing "Hosanna,' etc., with 4th verse. From the end of the 4th verse, go to FULL CHORUS, "Messiah's name," etc., thence to *Fine*.




cres.
p
san - na in the high-est, Ho - san - na in the high-est, Ho - san - - - - - - na, Ho-
sings, Ho - san-na to the King of Kings, The Sa - viour comes, and babes pro-
cres.
san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, in the
claim..... sal - va-tion sent in Je - - sus' name. Ho-
SMALL NOTES—Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.
FULL CHORUS. A little faster.
Ho - san - - - - na, in the high - - - - est, Ho-
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND CHOIR.
high - - est, in the high-est. 3. Mes-si-ah's name shall joy im-part, A - like to Jew and Gen-tile heart, Ho
san-na in the high-est, in the highest.

HOSANNA ANTHEM, Concluded.

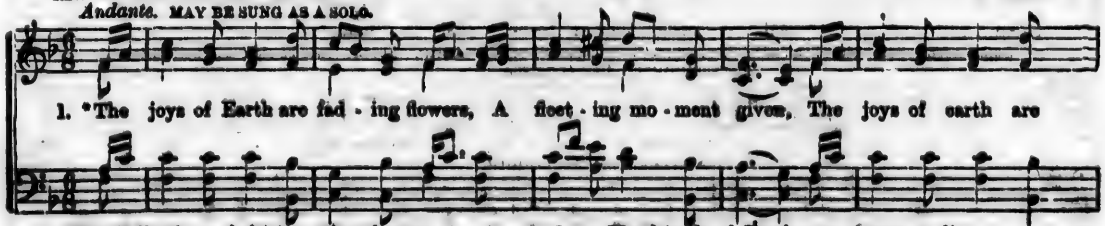
Fine.



EARTH AND HEAVEN.

REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART. O. SHAW.

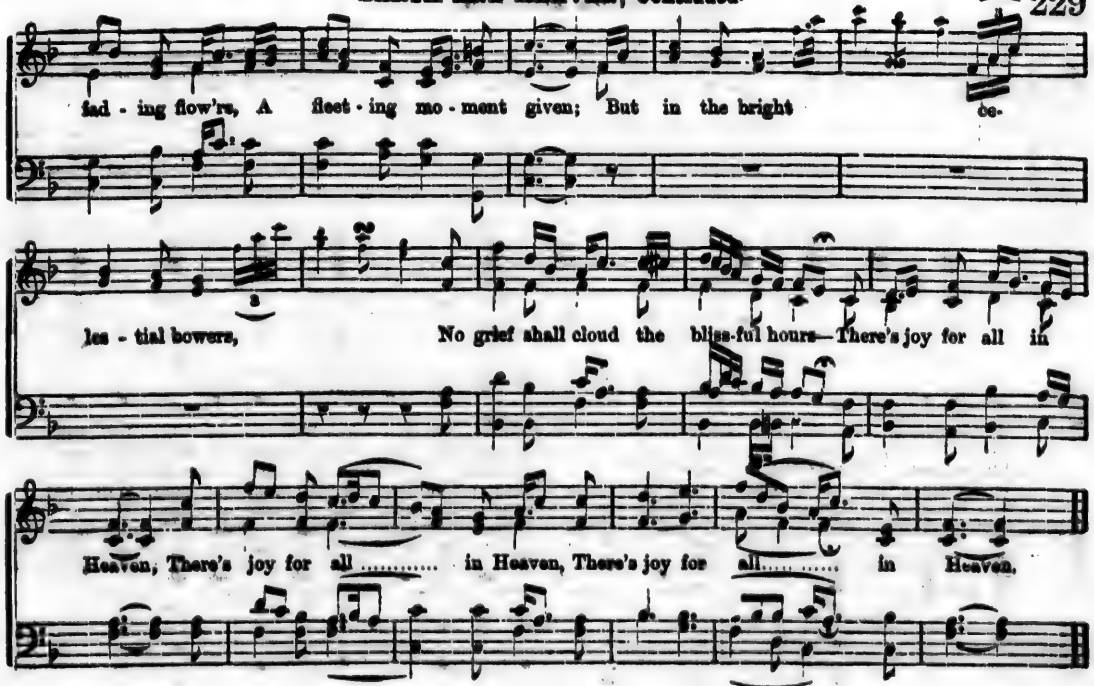
Andante. MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.



2. ‖: Though Earth no shelt'ring refuge knows,
For souls by tempests driven, :‖
From faithless fears, from sorrow's woes,
And every storm of life that blows—
There's rest from all in Heaven.

3. ‖: The friends of Earth may change or die
And leave us sorrow-riven ; :‖
But Christ, on whom our souls rely,
Is ever true, and ever nigh—
There's love for all in Heaven.

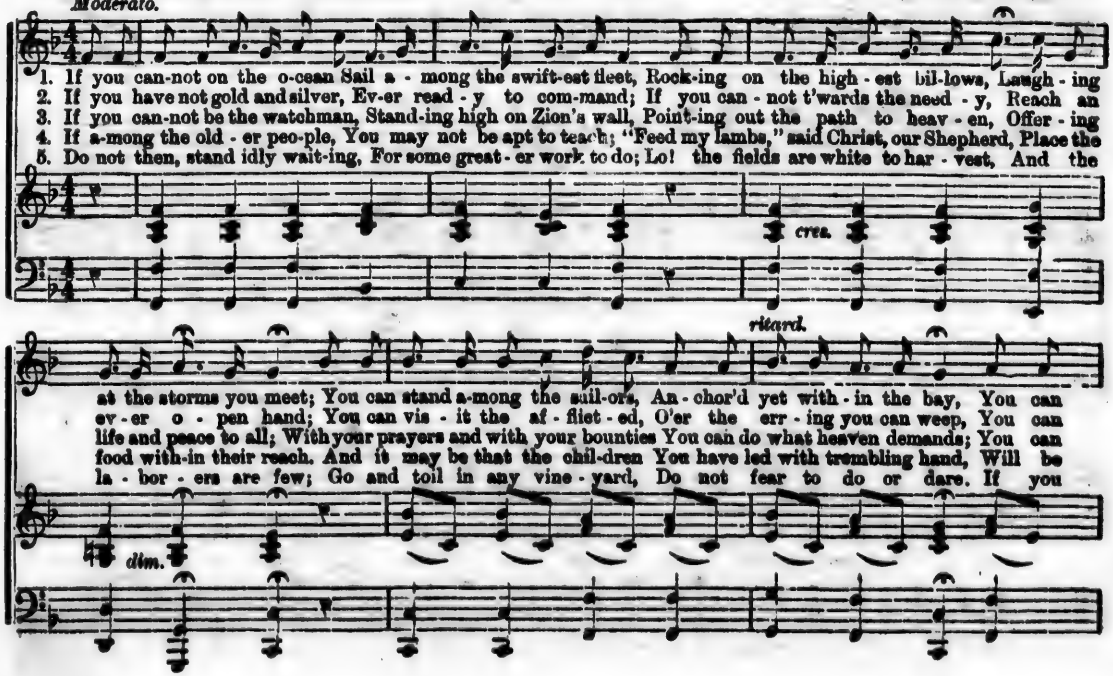
*These words may be sung to the tune "TAPPAN," page 157.

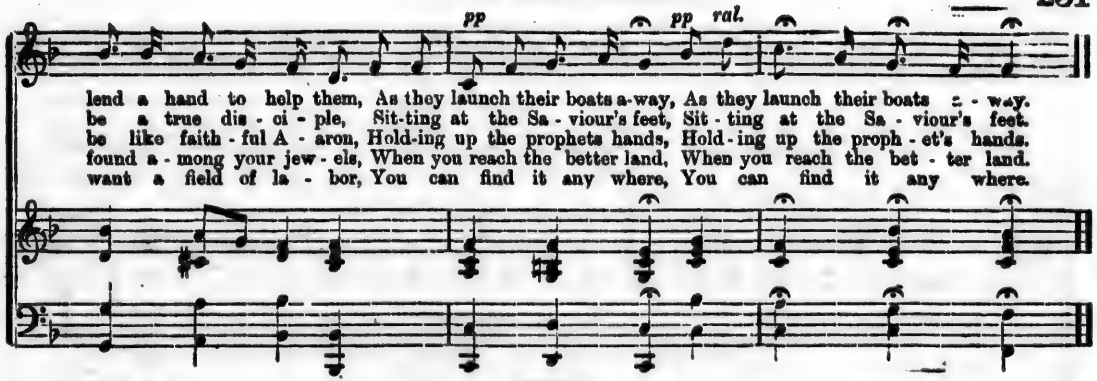

fad - ing flow'rs, A fleet - ing mo - ment given; But in the bright ce-
les - tial bowers, No grief shall cloud the bliss-ful hours—There's joy for all in
Heaven, There's joy for all ..... in Heaven, There's joy for all..... in Heaven.

YOUR MISSION

ELLEN M. GATES AND CHAPLAIN LOZIER. S. M. GRANNIS.

Moderato.





MISSION SONG. (Tune Above.)

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2. If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widows' mite,
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

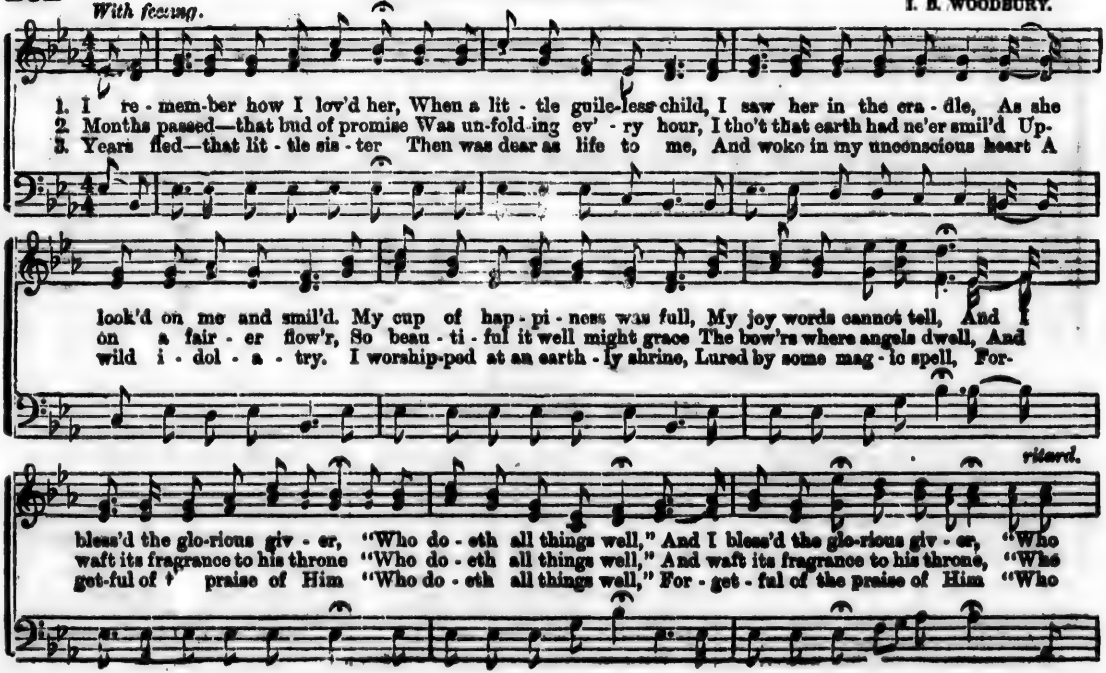
3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you fail to rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You may lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

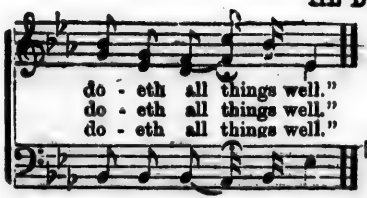
4. While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There's nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I. B. WOODBURY.

With feeling.



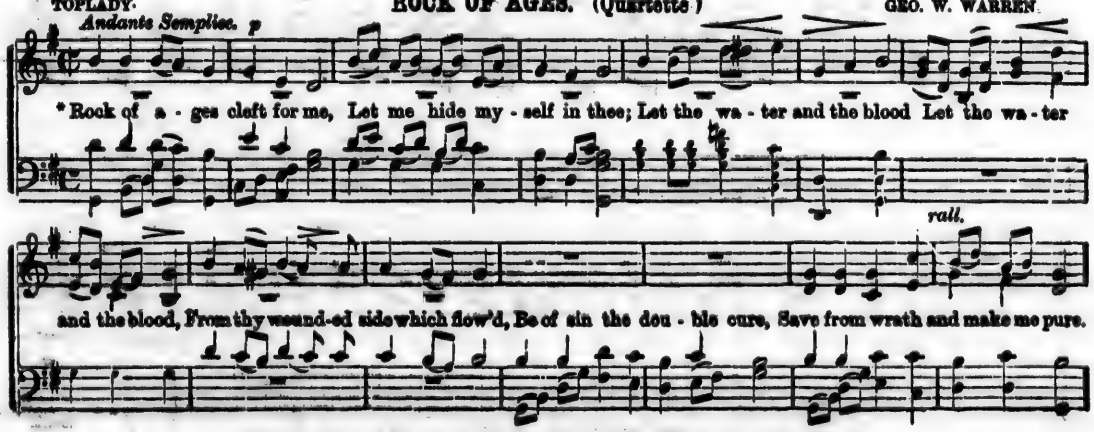


4. That star went down in beauty,
Yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the Destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God hath told us,
"He doeth all things well." ‖

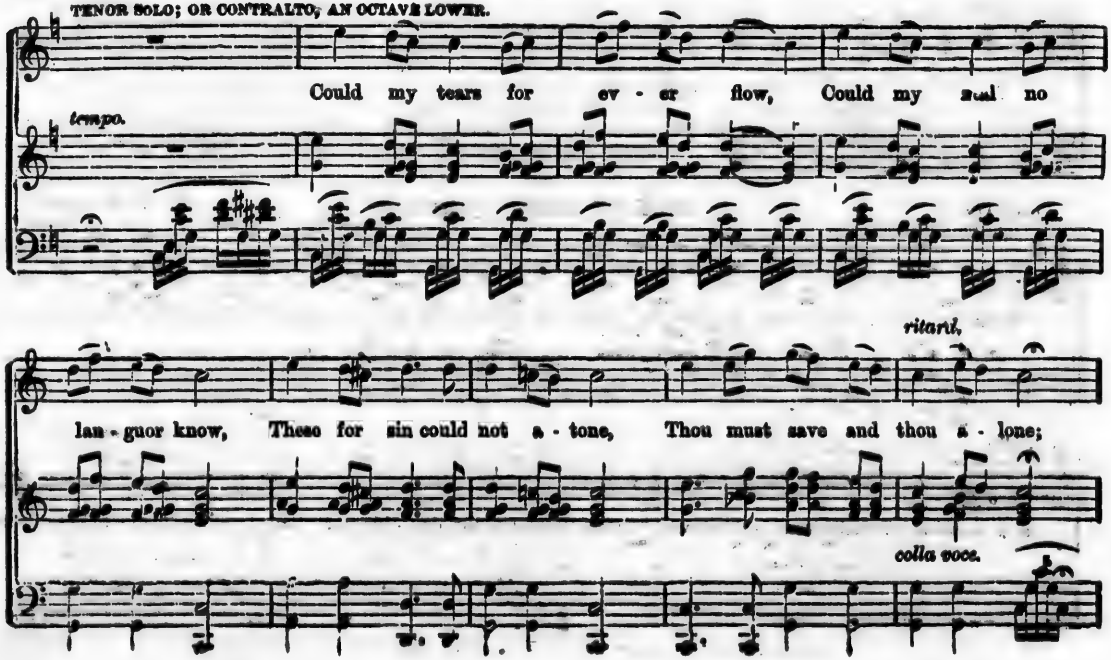
5. I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish
When they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness,
Let not my heart rebel;
God gave, He took, He will restore,
"He doeth all things well." ‖

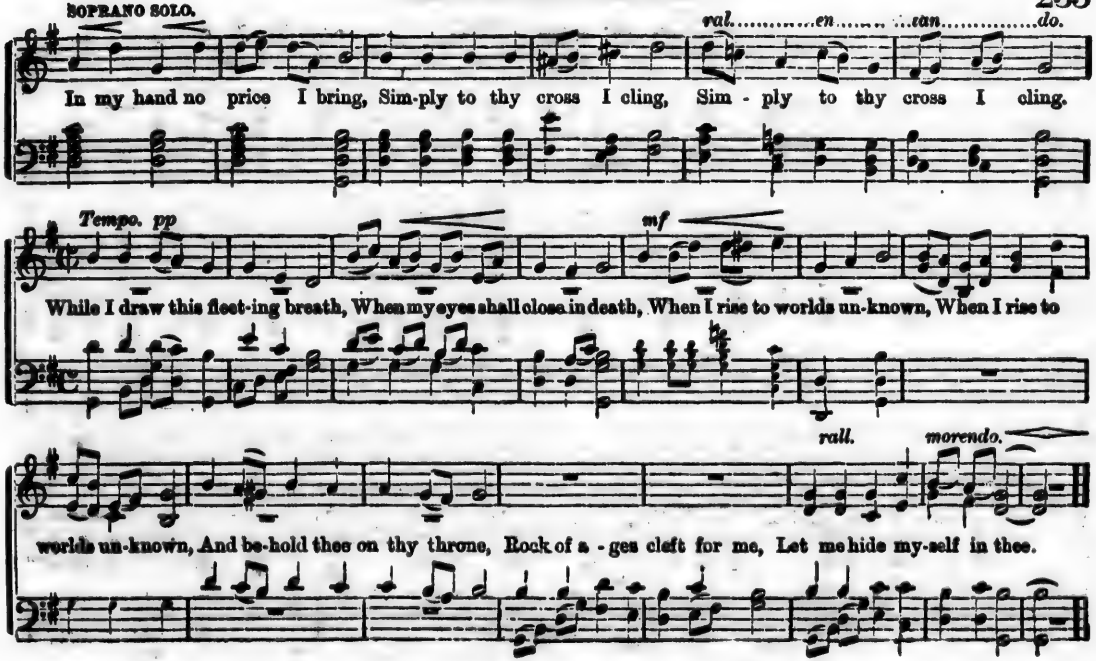
ROCK OF AGES. (Quartette)

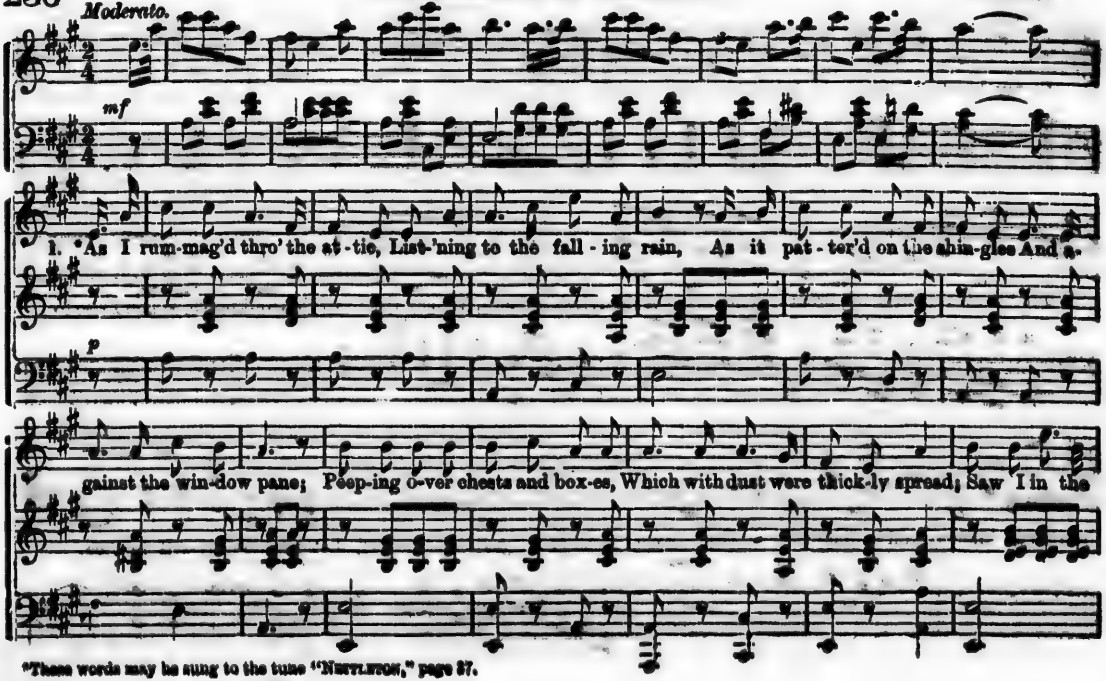
TOPLADY. GEO. W. WARREN.



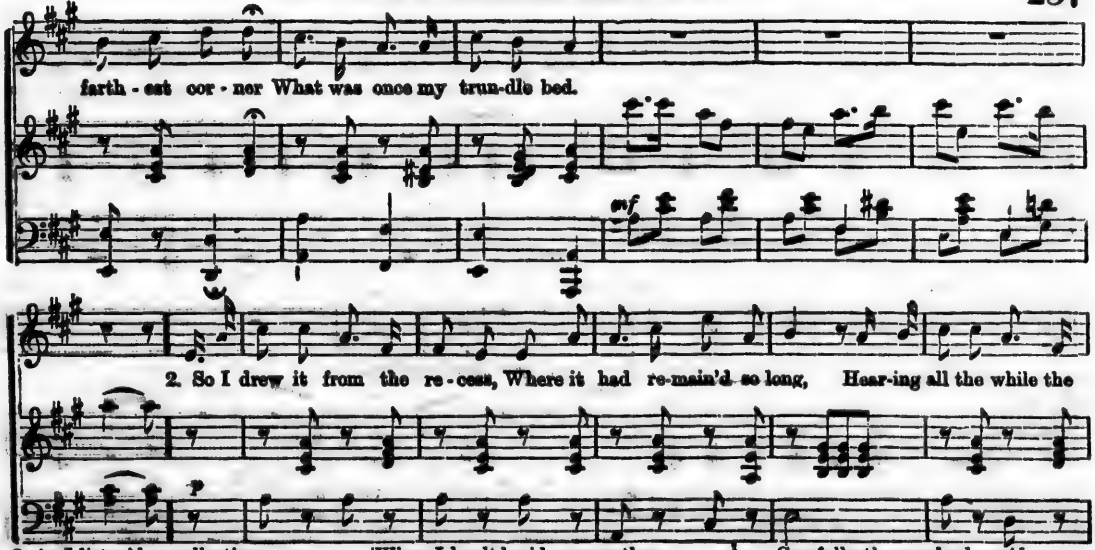
* These words may be sung to the tune "Guess," by omitting the repeat, page 81.


TENOR SOLO; OR CONTRALTO, AN OCTAVE LOWER.
Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no
tempo.
ritard.
lan - guor know, These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone;
colla voce.


SOPRANO SOLO.
val.....en.....tan.....do.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Tempo. pp
mf
While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known, When I rise to
rall.
morendo.
worlds un-known, And be-hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

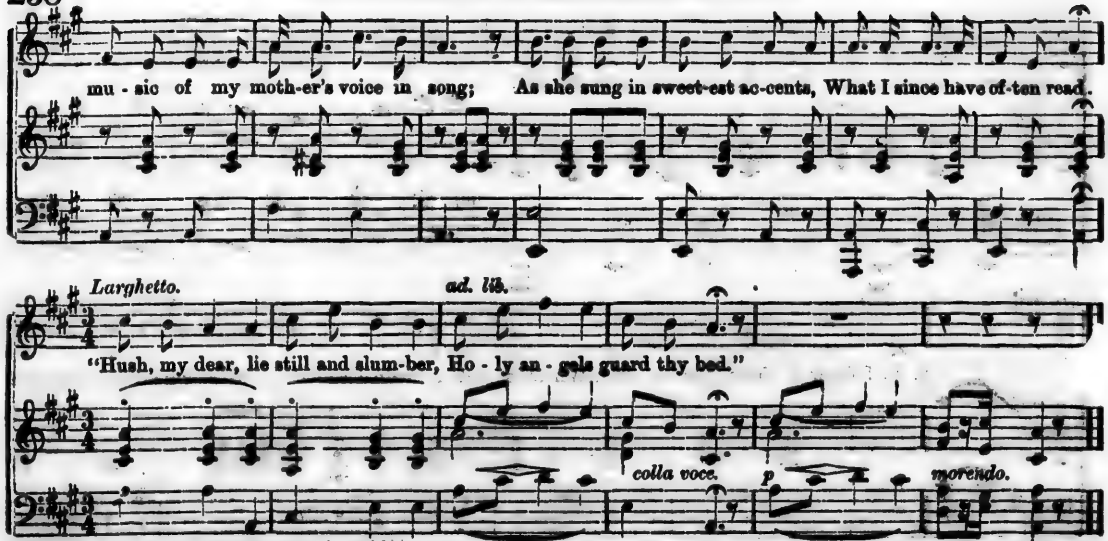


*These words may be sung to the tune "NEWTON," page 87.



3. As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wander'd back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

4. Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."



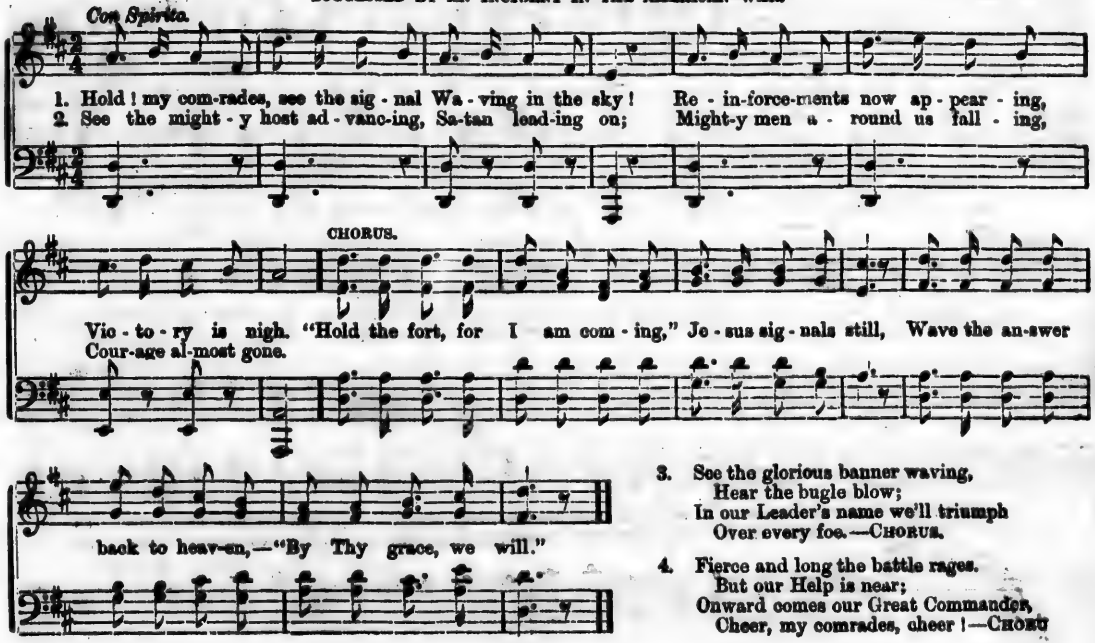
5. Years have pass'd, and that dear mother,
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight,
Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

6. This she taught me, then she told me,
Of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep:"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

HOLD THE FORT.

P. P. BLISS.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

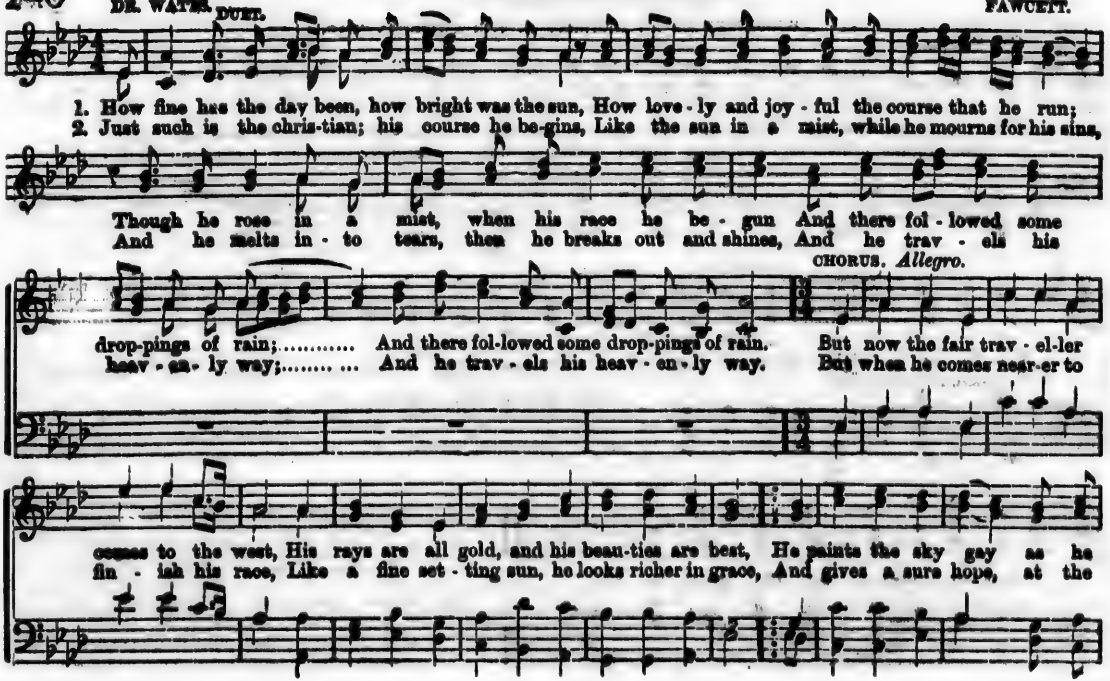


3. See the glorious banner waving,
   Hear the bugle blow;
   In our Leader's name we'll triumph
   Over every foe.—CHORUS.

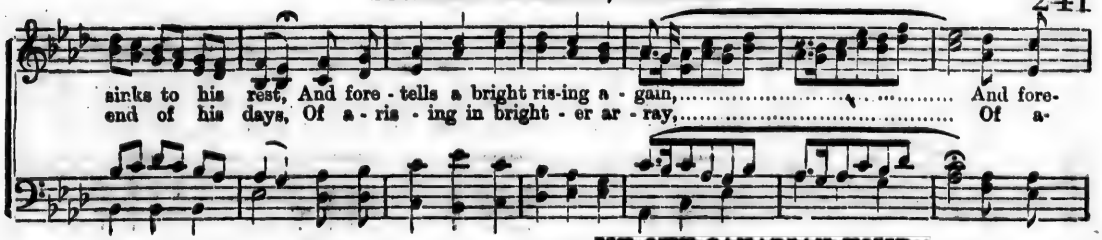
4. Fierce and long the battle rages,
   But our Help is near;
   Onward comes our Great Commander,
   Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—CHORUS

SUMMER'S EVENING.

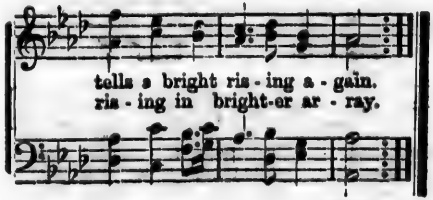
DR. WATTS. DUET. FAWCETT.



SUMMER'S EVENING, Concluded.



MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.*



1. My own Canadian home,
Wherever I may roam,
I love thee best.
Land where our fathers sleep,
Who crossed the stormy deep,
Their memory green we keep,
Cherished and blest.

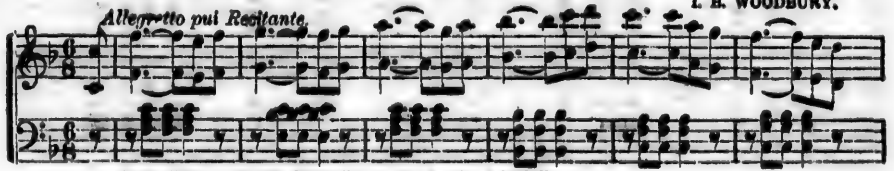
2. Blest land where God is known,
Where justice rears her throne
On truth divine!
Thy hills and vales are fair—
No tyrant's yoke we wear,
No slave can breathe thine air,
Freedom is thine.

3. May all thy children stand
A brave united band,
True evermore.
If we in God confide,
Whatever fate betide,
His arm will shield and guide,
Till life is o'er

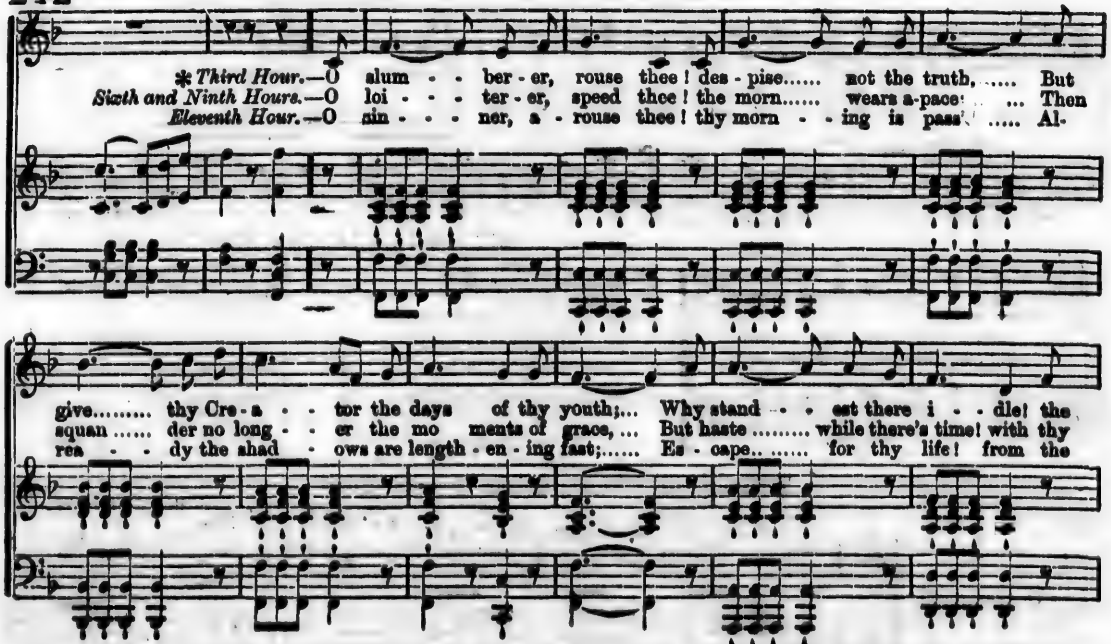
—E. H. DEWART.

THE THREE CALLS; Or the Eleventh Hour.

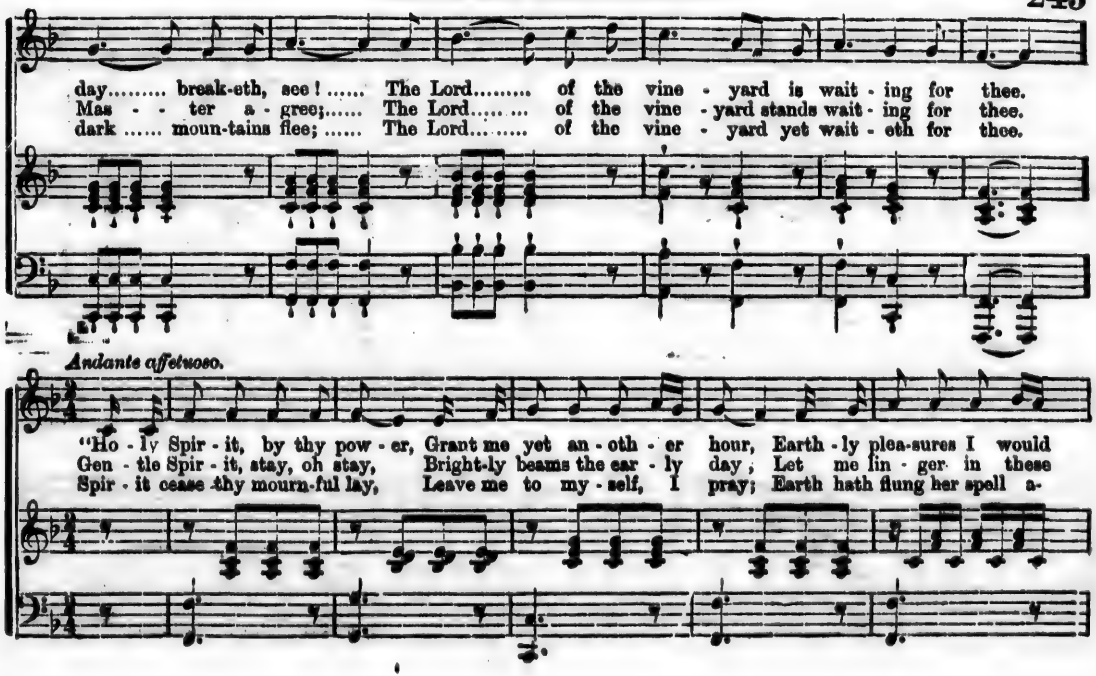
I. B. WOODBURY.

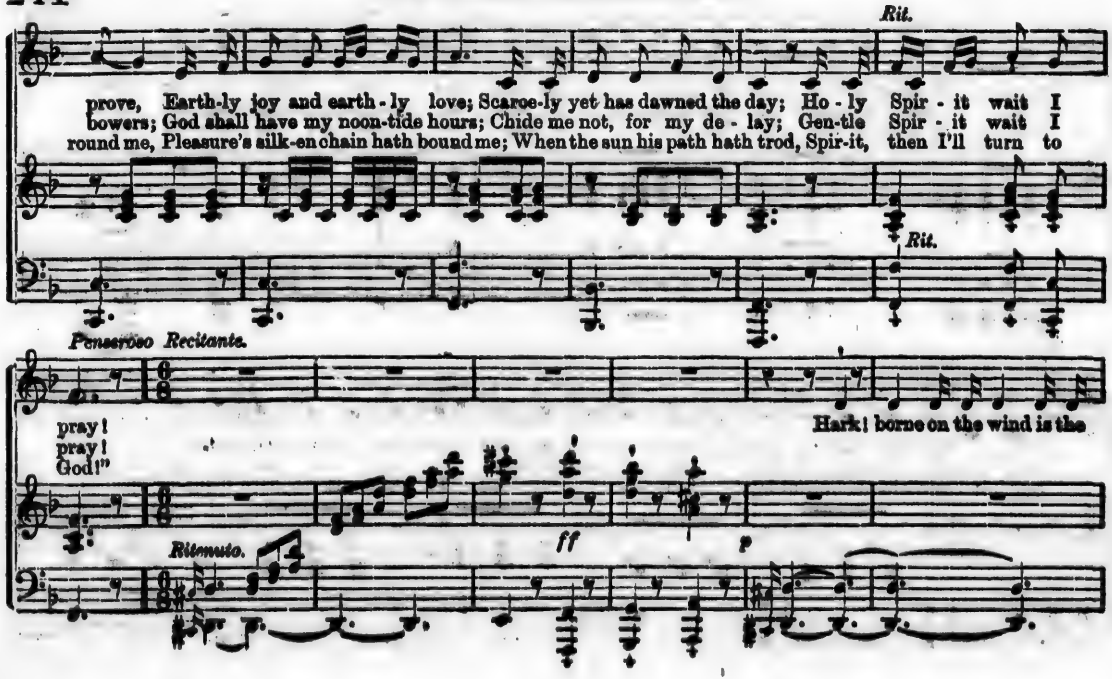


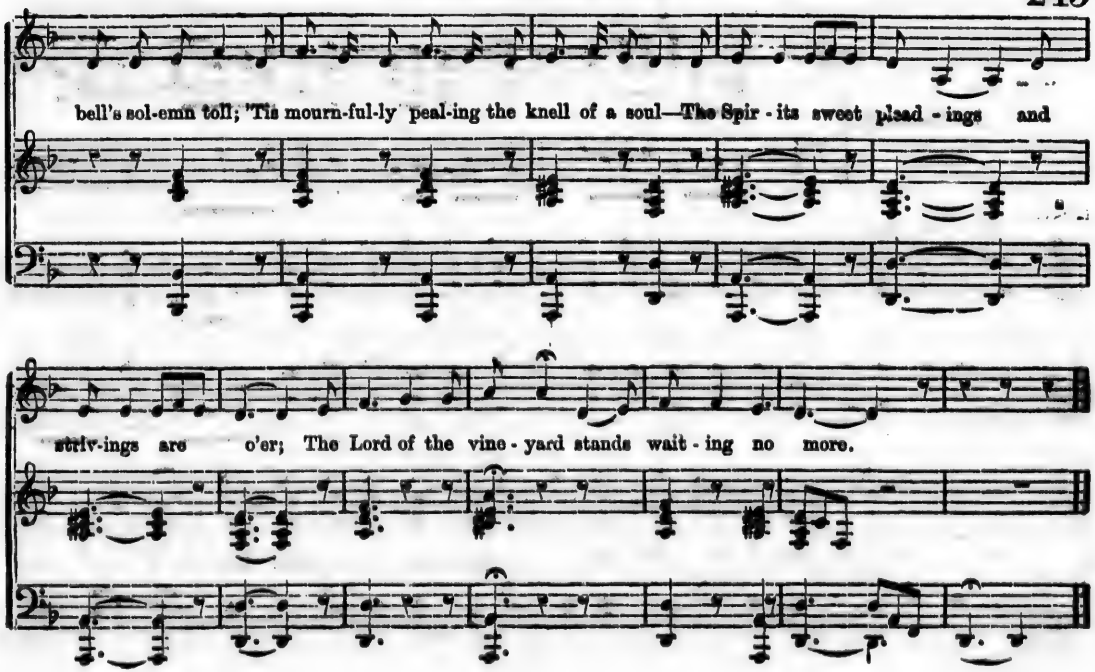
Tune "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," page 52, *Sunday-School Harp.*



*These words may be sung to the tune, "Pentecost," page 197, by using also, for the second part, "Holy Spirit," &c., the tune "Guide," page 61, omitting the repeat

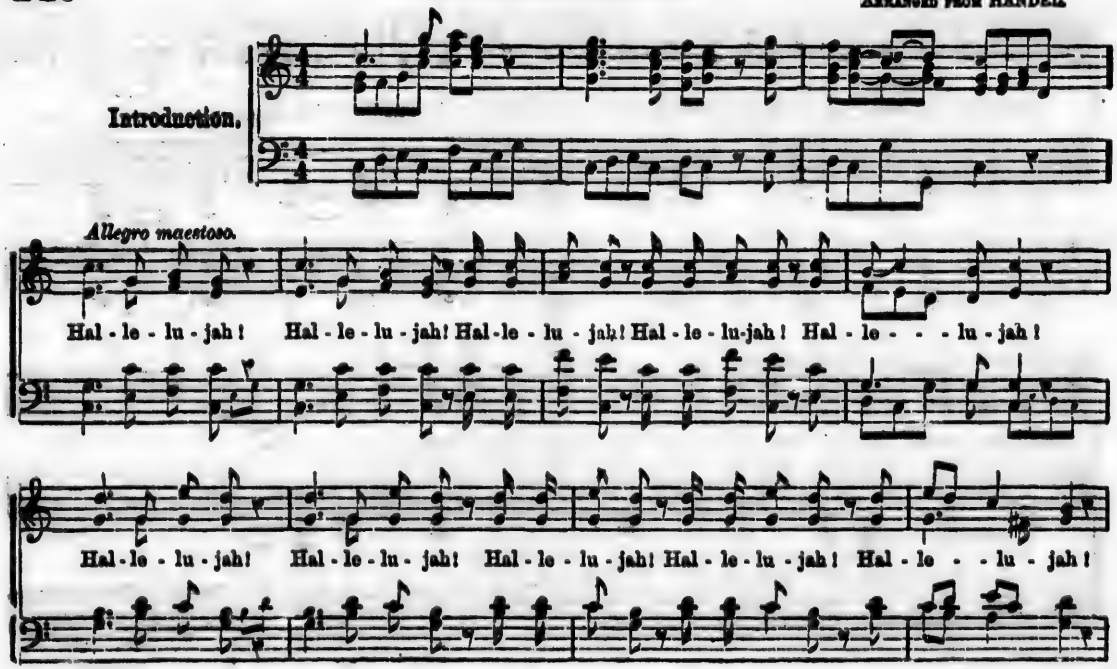

day..... break-eth, see! ..... The Lord..... of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
Mas - - ter a - gree;..... The Lord..... of the vine - yard stands wait - ing for thee.
dark ..... moun-tains flee; ..... The Lord..... of the vine - yard yet wait - eth for thee.
Andante affetuoso.
"Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow - er, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour, Earth - ly plea-sures I would
Gen - tle Spir - it, stay, oh stay, Bright-ly beams the ear - ly day, Let me lin - ger in these
Spir - it cease thy mourn-ful lay, Leave me to my - self, I pray; Earth hath flung her spell a-

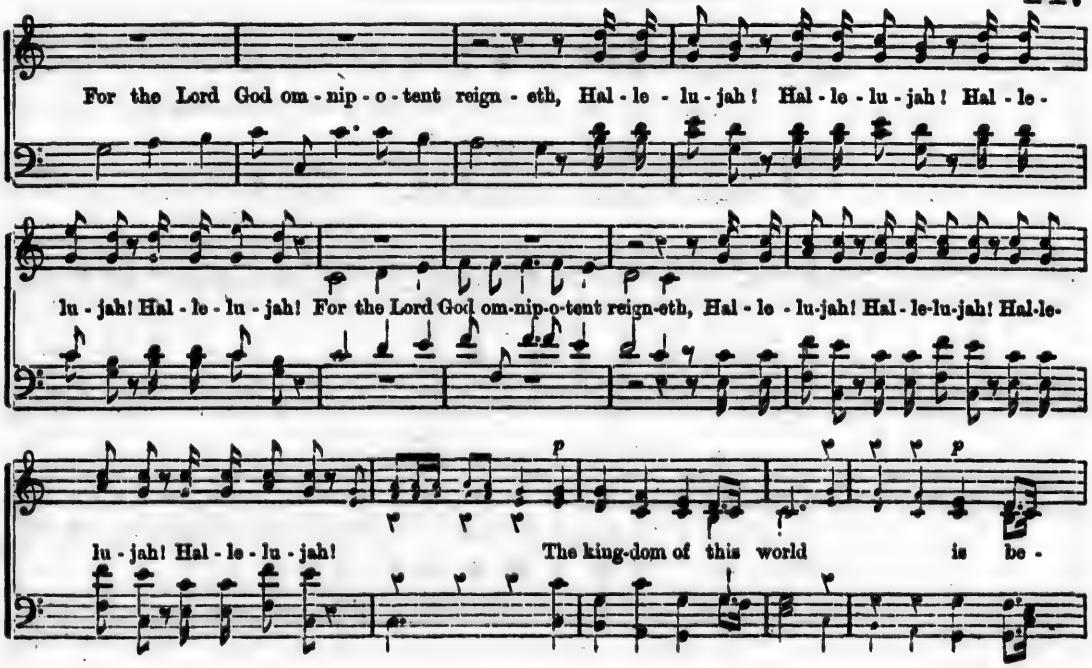

Rit.
prove, Earth-ly joy and earth-ly love; Scarce-ly yet has dawned the day; Ho-ly Spir-it wait I
bowers; God shall have my noon-tide hours; Chide me not, for my de-lay; Gen-tle Spir-it wait I
round me, Pleasure's silk-en chain hath bound me; When the sun his path hath trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to
Rit.
Pensieroso Recitante.
pray!
pray!
God!"
Hark! borne on the wind is the
Ritmuto.
ff
p

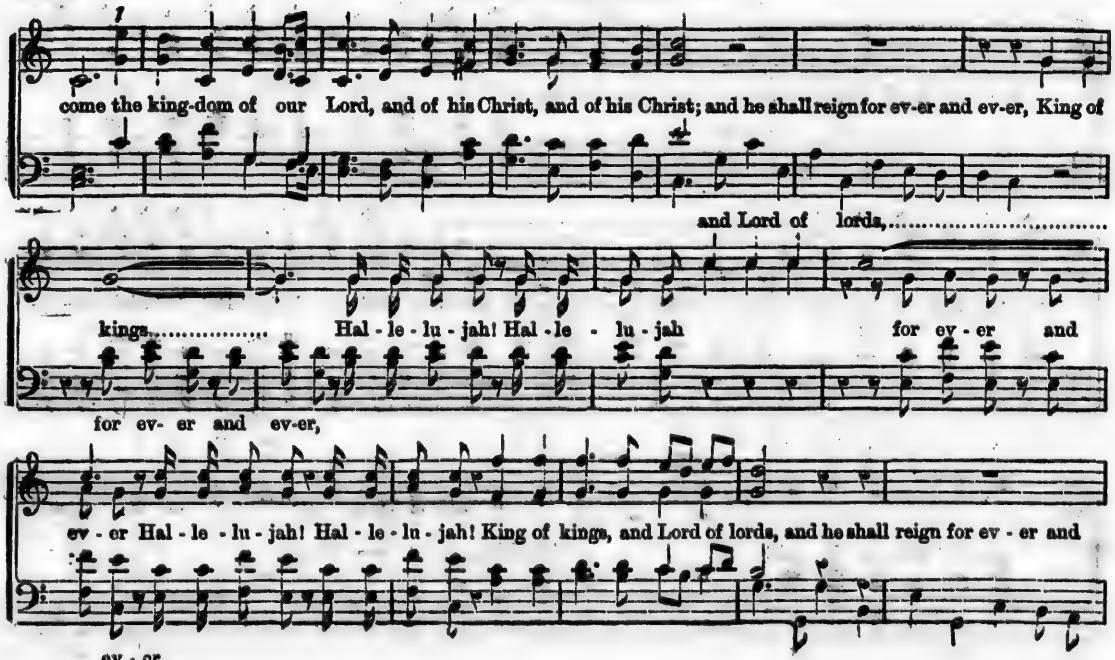

bell's sol-emn toll; 'Tis mourn-ful-ly peal-ing the knell of a soul—The Spir - its sweet plead - ings and
striv-ings are o'er; The Lord of the vine - yard stands wait - ing no more.

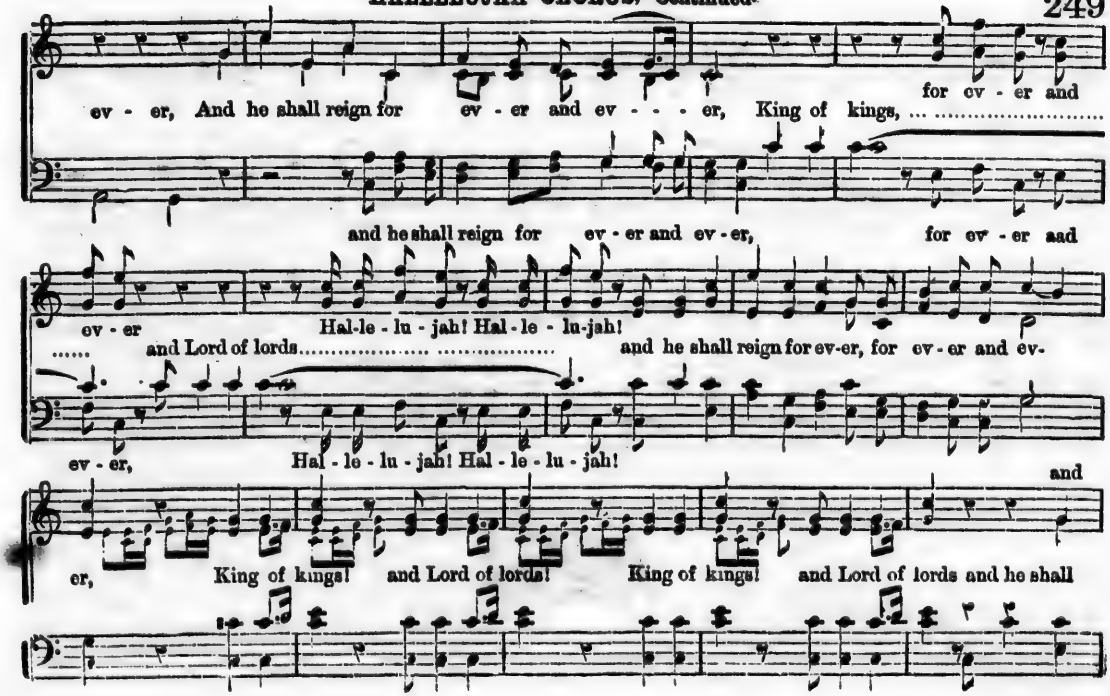
HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.

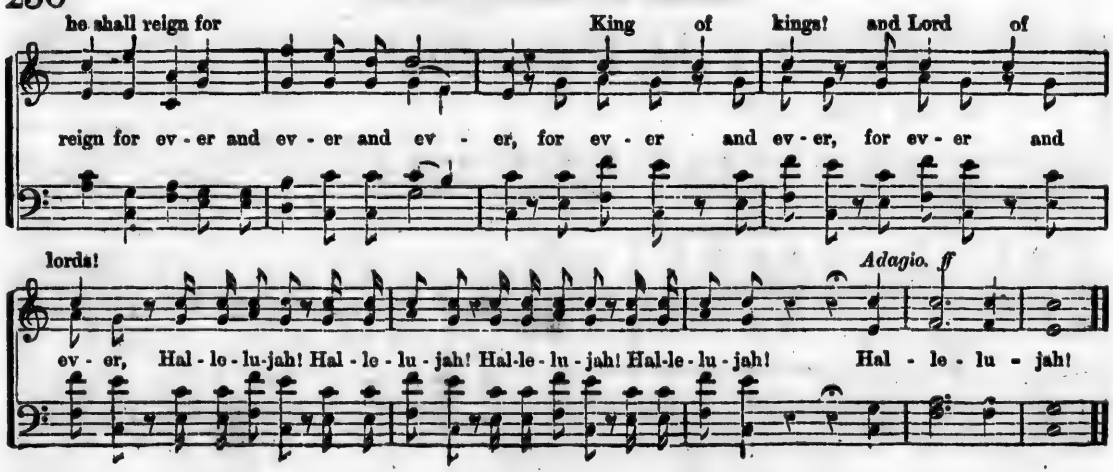



For the Lord God om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign-eth, Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The king-dom of this world is be -


come the king-dom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ev-er and ev-er, King of
and Lord of lords,
kings..... Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah for ev-er and
for ev- er and ev-er,
ev - er Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! King of kings, and Lord of lords, and he shall reign for ev - er and
ev - er,


ev - er, And he shall reign for ev - er and ev - - - - er, King of kings, ...
for ev - er and
and he shall reign for ev - er and ev - er,
for ev - er and
ev - er
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah!
..... and Lord of lords..... ..... and he shall reign for ev-er, for ev - er and ev-
ev - er,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
and
er, King of kings! and Lord of lords! King of kings! and Lord of lords and he shall

HALLELUJAH CHORUS, Concluded.



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